Liberty

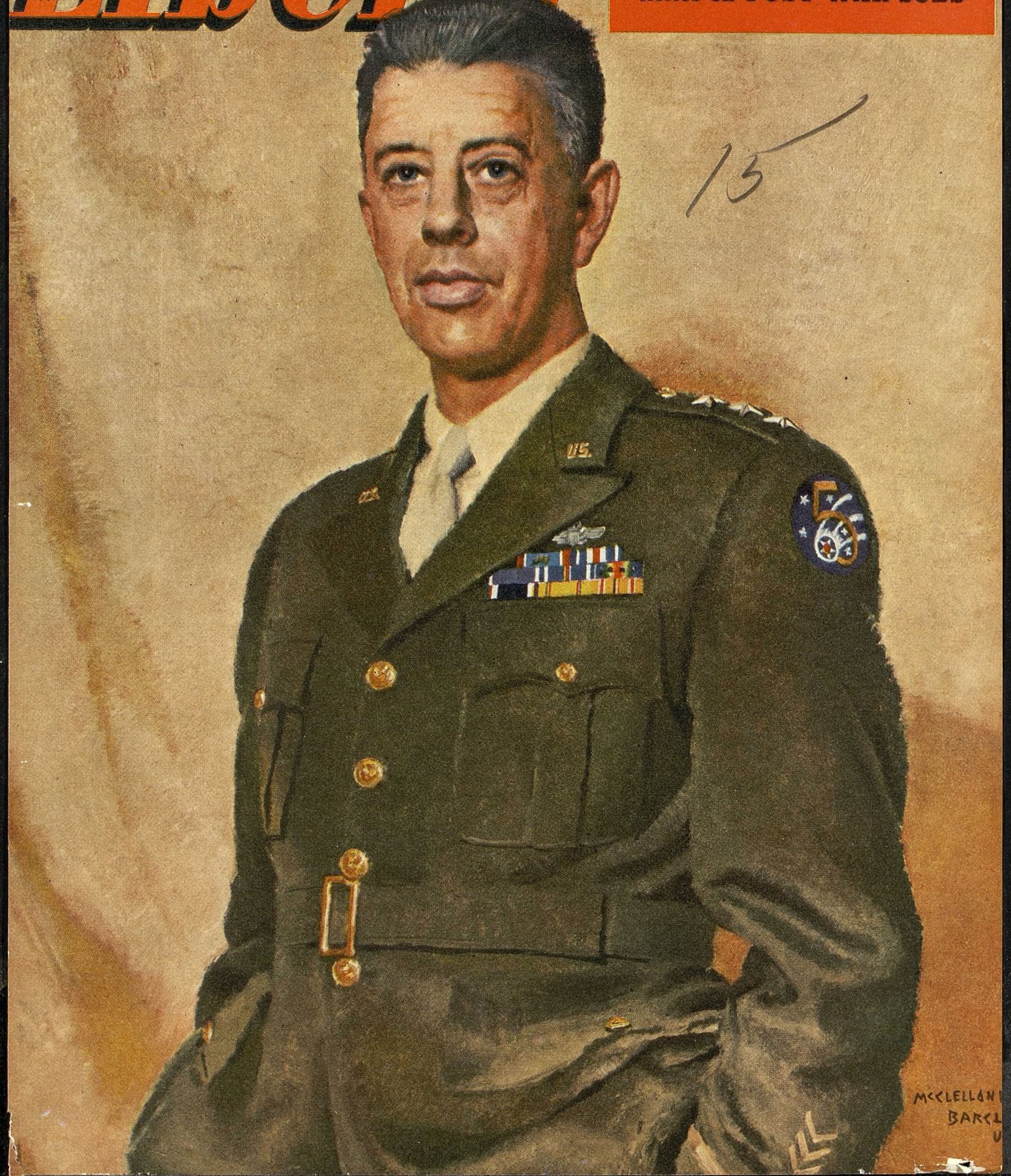
JAN 15, 1944

10c

Book: SEE WHAT I MEAN?
Sensational Novel of
"Undercover" America

ALFRED P. SLOAN, JR.
writes on **POST-WAR JOBS**

15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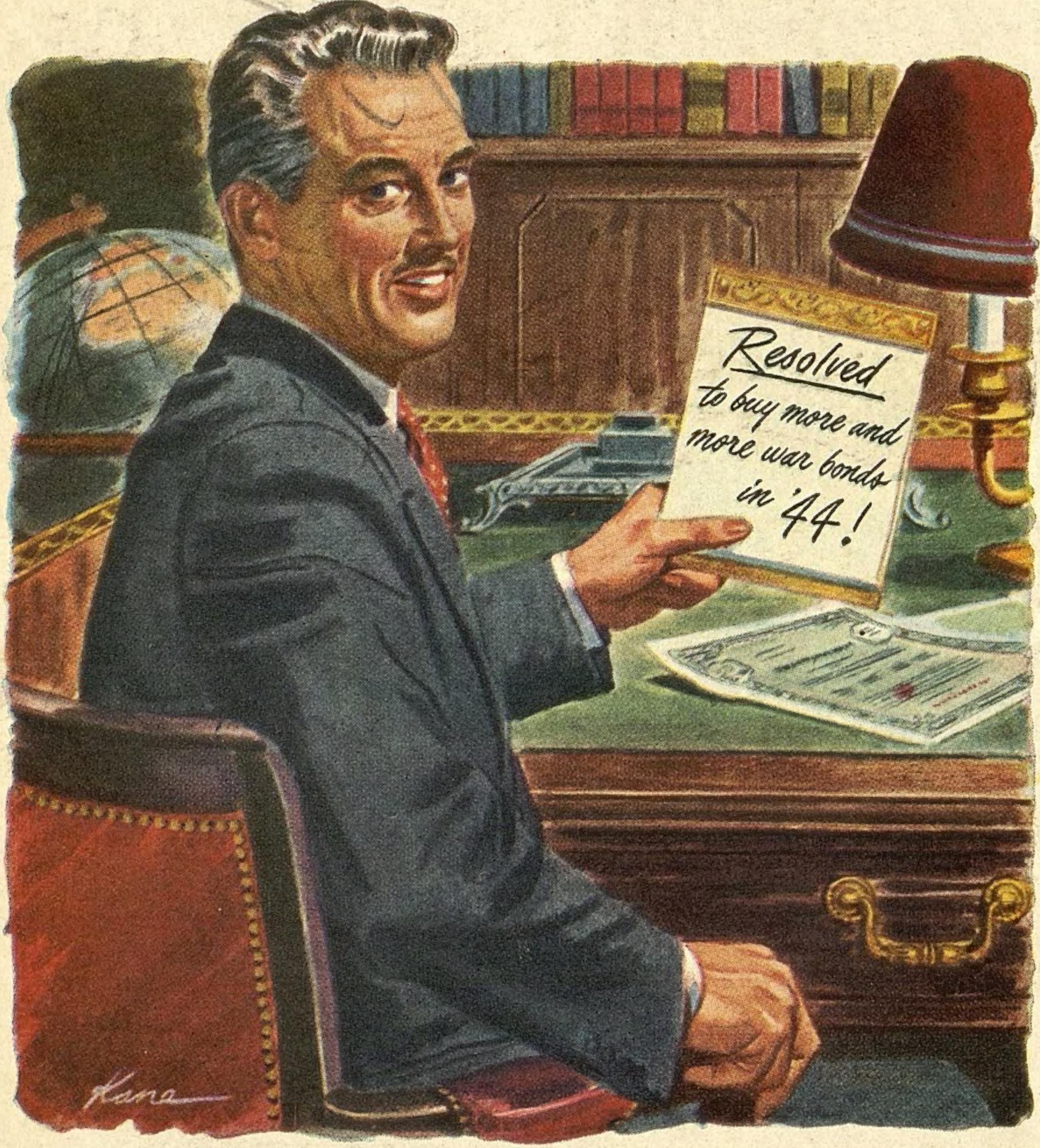
Royal Reserve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more war bonds
in '44!
Kane

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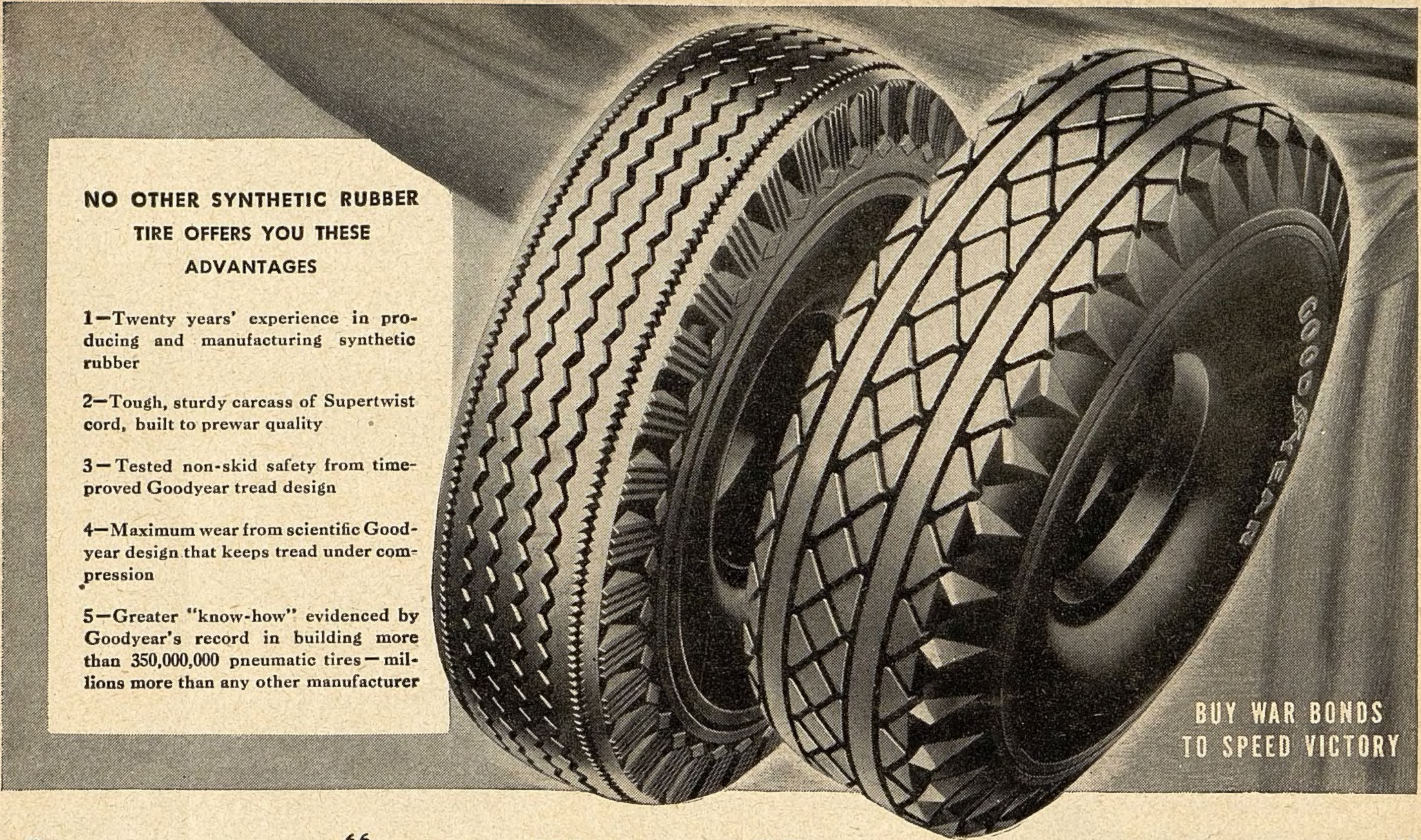

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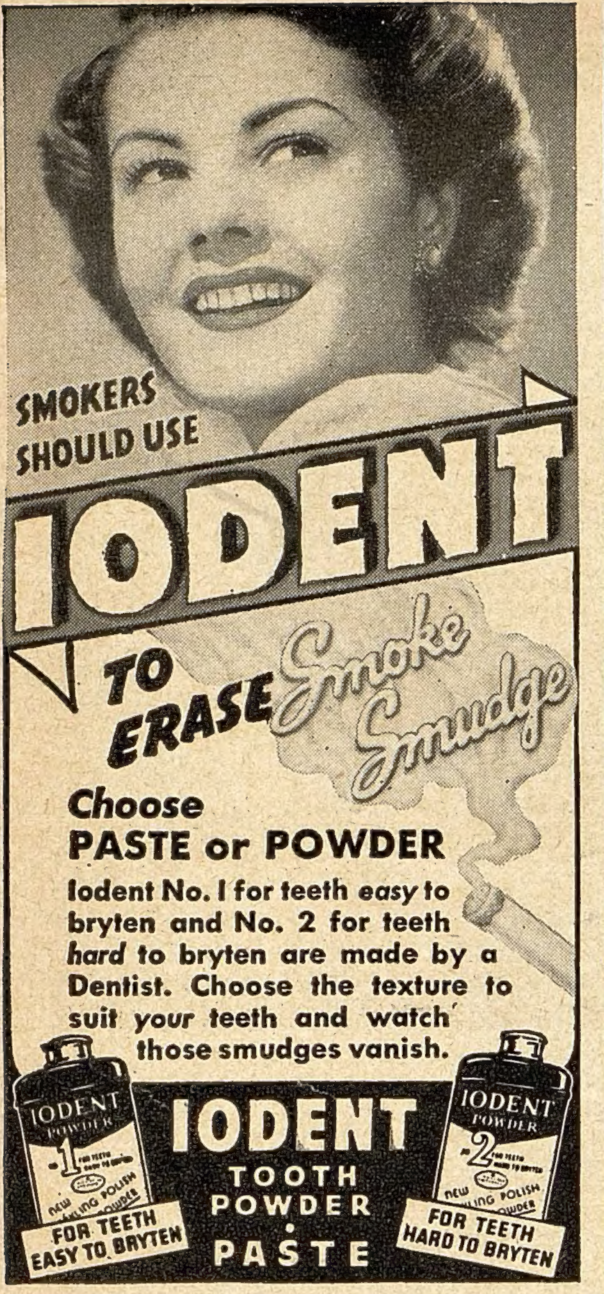
TIRES



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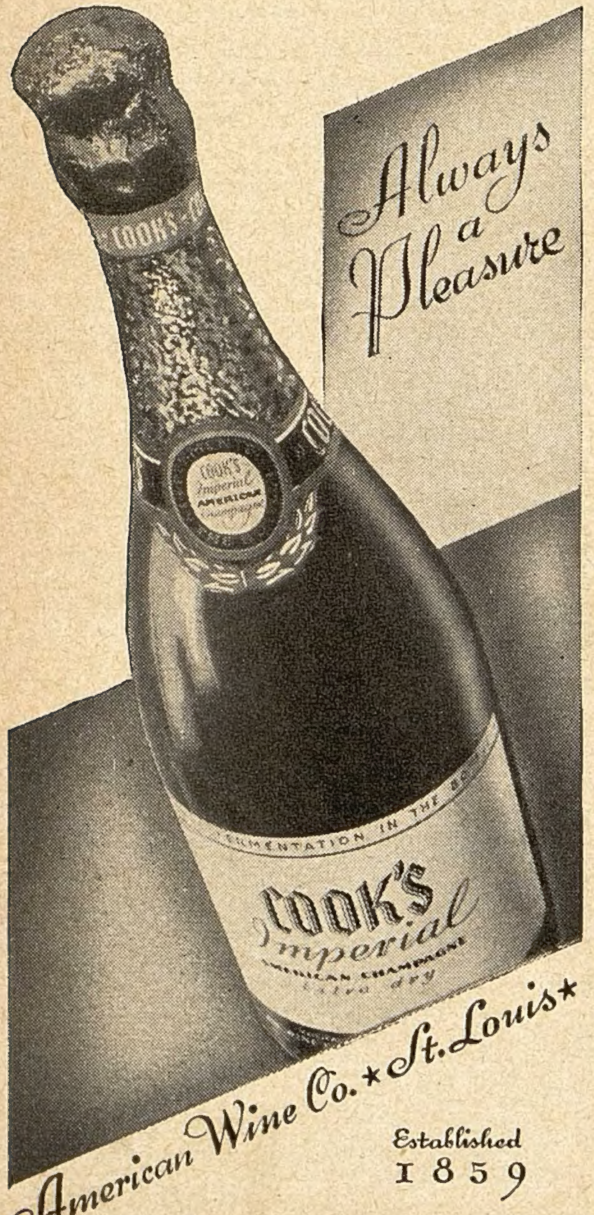

In This Week's Liberty

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Commander Allied Air Forces Southwest Pacific

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LEE WAGNER, CIRCULATION MANAGER

Meet Fanny-Rosa, Miss duMaurier's Most Captivating Heroine!

Fanny-Rosa Flower, beautiful, tantalizing, devil-may-care, brought a quality that was new to the household of the prim, correct Brodricks. She not only inflamed the heart of Copper John's son, but influenced the fortunes of the family for both good and evil. Fanny-Rosa is a major figure among other fascinating characters in Daphne duMaurier's newest and finest novel.

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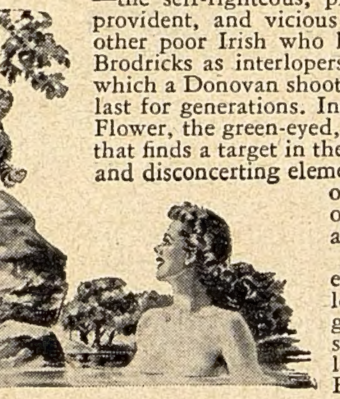

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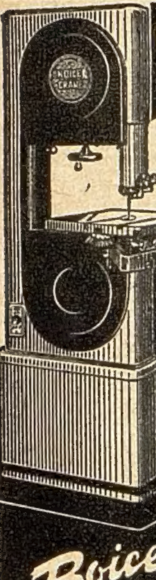

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VOX POP

"The Voice of the People"

COMFORT FOR WAR PRISONERS' RELATIVES

CINCINNATI, OHIO—I want to add my thanks to the many you should get from service mothers and dads everywhere for that revealing story, Barbed Wire for the Duration, by Gregor Ziemer, in November 27 Liberty.

I was particularly delighted to see Gregor Ziemer's name in Liberty. He seems like an old friend, as we listen to his broadcast every night over Station WLW.—*M. F. Allison.*

THAT'S WHAT FREEDOM MEANS

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Have just started my Liberty and read Vox Pop first. It strikes me as ironical and strictly American that we maintain a weekly page of gripes and groans, brickbats and orchids. We gripe and grunt and raise Cain with senators and congressmen if "our boys" don't get a break—and use the same language if the editors don't give us a ten-dollar value for ten cents. We censor the authors, raise hob with the artists, disagree with editorials, start a nation-wide argument with fellow Vox Poppers. And no one can censor us. God bless America!—*Navy Wife.*

A WORTH-WHILE EDITORIAL

OIL CITY, PA.—The editorial, The Dignity of Labor (November 20 Liberty) could not be excelled for the excellent purpose for which it was designed—more production to aid the war effort.—*Charles Smithe.*

VANDEGRIFT IS RIGHT

MANCHESTER, N. H.—I wish to point out an error in the article Carlson's Immortal Raiders (November 20 Liberty). I quote: "For this exploit—in addition to many individual decorations, including a third Navy Cross for Carlson—the entire battalion was cited by the Marines' commanding general, Vandegrift."

The error is that General Vandegrift is not the commander of the U. S. Marine Corps. The commander is Lieutenant General Holcomb.—*D. H. Bardella.*

Maj. General Alexander A. Vandegrift of Lynchburg, Virginia, has since succeeded General Holcomb. He issued this citation when he was in command of the Marines on Guadalcanal.

PROTECTION FOR THE FUTURE

PETERSBURG, VA.—Under the present set-up the government will be required to cash the War Savings Bonds with interest at 3 per cent at a time when it may be very difficult to do so.

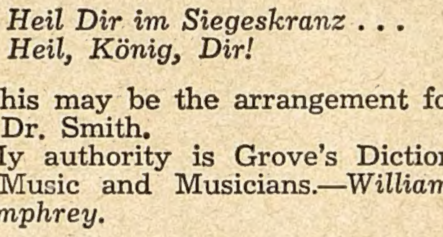
A plan that I wish to submit would carry the repayment of these bonds for a far longer period and pay them back in installments instead of the entire amount at one time.

Let the government sell annuity insurance policies through its War Insurance Office, paying not over $100 per month to any person (so that it would not interfere with the general insurance programs). In this way people could buy an annuity policy, payable at the age of fifty-five, for the money they now have invested in War Bonds.

This would have a great deal to do with keeping down inflation, and many people who would ordinarily cash the bonds and promptly spend the money foolishly would thereby be protected.—*T. E. S.*

AS ENGLISH AS JON BULL

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—In Vox Pop for December 4, under the heading The National Anthem, you perpetuate the error originally made by the Rev. Samuel Smith when he took the air of the British national anthem to be German because he found it in a book of German songs. It is an original English tune. The earliest form of it is to be found in the writings of an English organist, Jon Bull. It has been borrowed by many countries, among them the old Kingdom of Prussia, which set to it their anthem:



Heil Dir im Siegeskranz . . .
Heil, König, Dir!

This may be the arrangement found by Dr. Smith.

My authority is Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians.—*William E. Humphrey.*

WORDS OF APPRECIATION

ABINGDON, MASS.—Please convey my sincere appreciation for The Folks Back Home to Frank R. Pierce. (November 27 Liberty.) I think this is one of the finest pieces of short fiction I have ever had the privilege of reading. —*Philip H. Wolfe.*

RICHLAND CENTER, WIS.—I enjoyed No More Women (December 4 Liberty)

YOUR HEART WILL SING

The Desert Song

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IT'S ON THE WAY! WATCH FOR FURTHER ANNOUNCEMENTS!

very much. I'll admit I had pictured Ed as an old man until that line about graduating from high school. What a twist! Let's see more stories like that one.—*Robert Gillingham.*

KIND WORDS FROM CANADA

HEDLEY, B. C.—The Short Short, With All My Love—Nearly (November 27 Liberty) started my pen to wiggling.

Well, that is *my* idea of cheering up the boys—only I don't get engaged to

them. I just write cheerful letters about the goings on in this small town. Let's have more stories like this!—*Mary E. Gladish.*

TED IS TOPS

MELBOURNE, FLA.—Sam Rollins suggests a Ted Shane Club (December 4 Vox Pop). We've had a Ted Shane Club here for a long, long time, and count the days from one week to the next for our star entertainment—a battle of wits with Ted.

Liberty is tops with us, but if you ever let good old Ted get away from you we'll have to tell you good-by.—*Stephen Smith.*

A MOTHER'S PRAYER

VENICE, FLA.—I got a letter from my mother today, and in it she enclosed this little poem she wrote. I believe there are a lot of mothers that feel the same way and this poem may be just what they want to say to their boys.

O Lord,
May I live a life with deeds well done,
That I may give to him, my son,
The knowledge that I faced my task
With joy and faith—and did but ask
That he be true to Thee, and all mankind,
And face his life with fearless mind,
To do his best—whate'er it be.

—*H. B. Slater.*

UNFAIR TO THE ARMY

HARMON GENERAL HOSPITAL, LONGVIEW, TEX.—Liberty Goes to the Movies for December 4 states: "The film [Guadalcanal Diary] covers from August 7, 1942, when the Marines landed on Guadalcanal, to November 10, the day the Army moved in to relieve them."

We have just returned from the Southwest Pacific, where we have been for one and a half years, so we know better.

The 164th Infantry (Army) landed on Guadalcanal on October 13, 1942, and fought in two major engagements before November 10.—*Cpl. William Eberhardt; Pvt. Arnold Johnson.*

NEXT WEEK

✓ MR. ANGEL COMES ABOARD

By Charles Gordon Booth

Against the colorful background of Cuba, the author of The General Died at Dawn has written this intriguing new serial of romance and adventure—the story of a clever girl reporter on a dangerous assignment, and a reckless young seafarer who had a score to settle with a murderer.

✓ THE BATTLE OF THE RUHR

By Hilary A. St. G. Saunders

The Ruhr is Germany's industrial heart. The aerial assault which stilled it was one of the decisive battles of all time. Here's how it was fought—and won.

✓ PIONEER OF THE FUTURE

By Alfred Toombs

The first plane Glenn Martin ever saw was the one he built. Today, as one of our largest plane makers, he plans America's air future.

✓ A JOB FOR GOOF-UP

By Samuel W. Taylor

Superman had nothing on Goof-Up, the wonderman of the Army, but sergeants and wives only believe what they see. So another hilarious letter goes to F. D. R.

✓ SEAGOING CIGAR BOX

By Philip Harkins

An action-packed account of a Landing Craft Infantry's Atlantic crossing and participation in the invasions of Sicily and Salerno.

✓ DO MORE AND YOU GET MORE

By A. D. Rathbone IV

Incentive wages are in the news today—but they're not new. Here's the story about how they work.

✓ WINGS ON HIS HEELS

By Harman W. Nichols and Oscar Fraley

America has her own entrant in the great "perfect mile" sweepstakes. He's Bill Hulse, a young scientist who makes a science of running.

✓ YANKS ABROAD: ICELAND

By Lt. Harry T. Moore

Our boys say the island is named more for its girls than its temperature. Some myths of this remote base are exploded by a fact-finding serviceman who's been stationed there.

✓ MY FIGHTING CONGREGATION

By Chaplain William C. Taggart and Christopher Cross
Liberty's Book Condensation

A moving story of a chaplain who goes to war with his congregation and tells of his experiences with the A. A. F. in the Southwest Pacific.

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JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

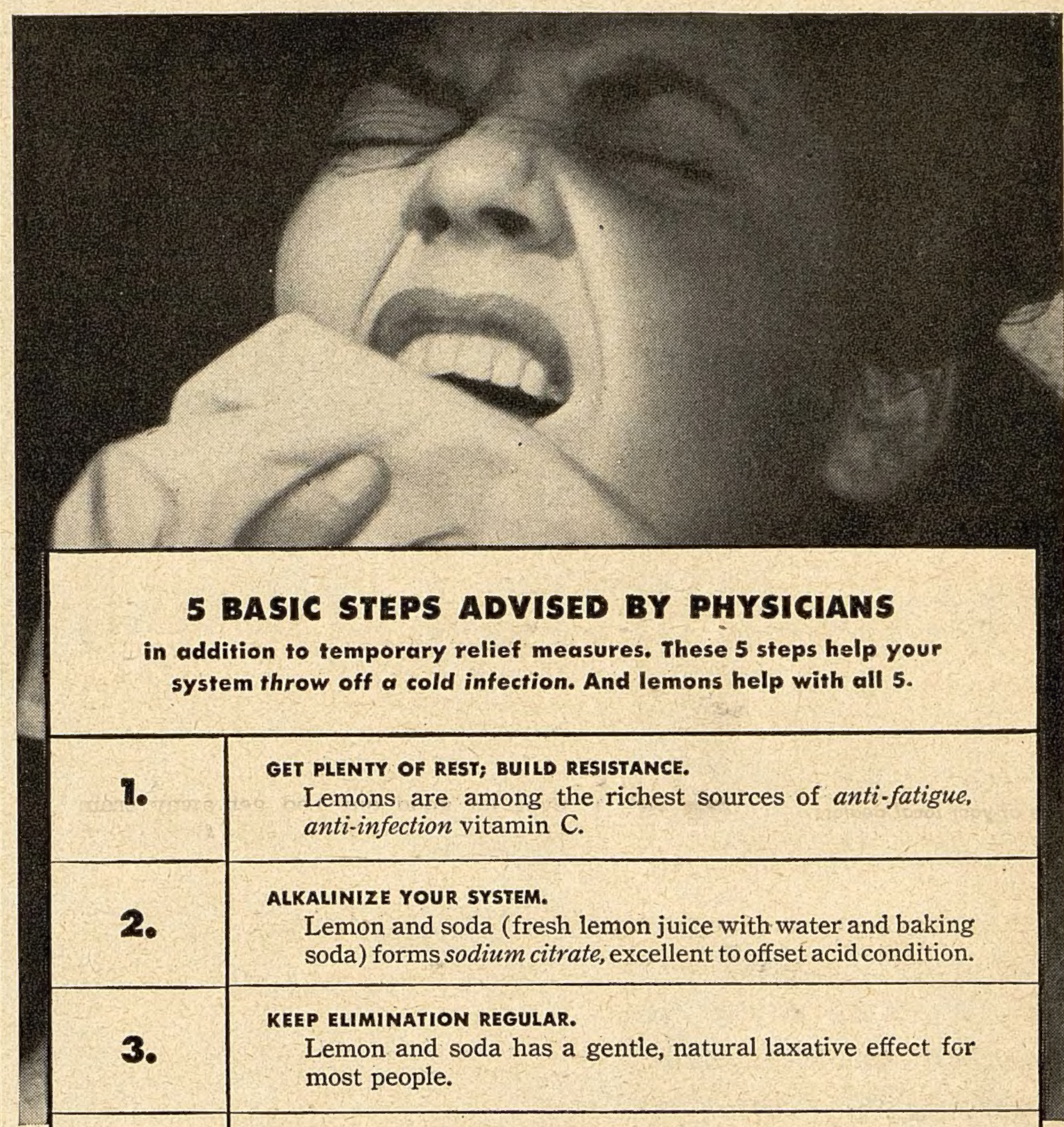
FEW OCCIDENTALS know China and Japan as thoroughly as Carl Crow, who spent twenty-six years in the Far East, and for that reason his Our Enemy—Japan in this issue will be read with keen interest. A native of Missouri, he became a printer, and at the age of nineteen had borrowed enough money to start his own newspaper. Selling it at a profit, he went on the Fort Worth Star-Telegram, and from Texas drifted to China, where he wrote, and established an advertising agency. When the war broke out, Carl was about to leave Shanghai on a world cruise. He only got as far as New York. Among his books are 400 Million Customers, which was translated into half a dozen or more languages, and Master Kung, a biography of Confucius.

AFTER HAVING BEEN a sports writer for some sixteen years, and a sports editor on the Oakland (California) Tribune for seven more, Art Cohn joined the International News Service in April, 1943, and left for the New Guinea front the following month. There he covered the campaign in all its phases, and returned to New York only to get ready for another hop to where the war was fiercest.

WHEN HE WAS two years old, his parents brought Jacland Marmur from Poland, the land of his birth, to America. He was educated in the Brooklyn public schools. But the call of the seas was strong in him, and he soon quit the family rooftree for ships and adventure. More than ten years were spent in voyaging up and down the world, and during that period he began to write and was lucky enough to find a ready and appreciative market for his work. Finally settling down in California, he made up his mind "to swallow the anchor," but he found that easier said than done.

THE EDITORS.

HOW TO DEAL WITH A COLD

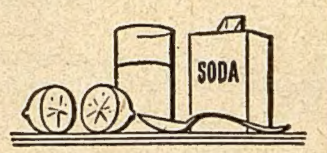


5 BASIC STEPS ADVISED BY PHYSICIANS

in addition to temporary relief measures. These 5 steps help your system *throw off a cold infection.* And lemons help with all 5.

1.	**GET PLENTY OF REST; BUILD RESISTANCE.** Lemons are among the richest sources of *anti-fatigue, anti-infection* vitamin C.
2.	**ALKALINIZE YOUR SYSTEM.** Lemon and soda (fresh lemon juice with water and baking soda) forms *sodium citrate,* excellent to offset acid condition.
3.	**KEEP ELIMINATION REGULAR.** Lemon and soda has a gentle, natural laxative effect for most people.
4.	**EAT LIGHTLY. TAKE PLENTY OF LIQUIDS.** Citrus juices are most frequently advised.
5.	**KEEP WARM; AVOID FURTHER CHILL.** Hot lemonade is almost universally prescribed.

If cold does not respond, see your doctor.



To make lemon & soda *pour juice of 1 lemon in a half glass of water. Add—slowly—half teaspoon baking soda (bicarbonate). Drink as foaming quiets.*

HOW TO USE LEMON AND SODA IN FIGHTING COLDS

First day, drink a glass of lemon and soda every 2 to 3 hours at home or at nearest fountain. (To induce perspiration, take a hot lemonade when you go to bed.)

Then,—continue with lemon and soda 3 to 4 times a day while cold lasts.

Lemon and soda forms natural sodium citrate. Gives vitamins and all benefits of fresh lemon juice plus increased alkalinizing and laxative effects. Consumed at once, soda does not appreciably reduce the vitamin content.

To avoid colds build your resistance! Join the millions who now drink lemon and water daily for health. The juice of 1 lemon, in a glass of plain water, *the first thing on arising.*

WHEN YOU TAKE COLD TAKE LEMONS

California **Sunkist Lemons**

BUY MORE WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

The men most responsible for the simplified food rationing plan going into effect February 27. Left to right: Joseph A. Kershaw, Louis J. Kroeger, Walter F. Straub, Colonel Bryan Houston, Harry F. Robinson, William A. Nielander and Harold B. Rowe.

AT LAST—SIMPLER RATIONING

BY HELEN WEIGEL BROWN

Come February 27, a new rationing plan goes into effect. We'll be using "tokens" for change. What they are and how they work are explained here

WARTIME rationing may be a personal pain in the neck to you, but to the boys who have to dish it out it has been a far worse one. Nurses in the Emergency Room at OPA report consumption of aspirin zooms upward when a new rationing program swings into the planning stage, and stays up until the announcement that we can all go to the Rationing Board now and gather in the bad news.

Only, this time it's good news.

Under the simplified system of rationing, going into effect February 27, all red and blue stamps in Book IV will be worth ten points each and tokens will be used for "change." Who first had this bright idea no one seems to know.

Tokens will be on the doorsteps of the regional offices around February 15, and rattling around in our pockets on February 27. They will be a trifle larger than a dime and about as thick. They're made of vulcanized fiber and look something like ersatz poker chips in miniature. There are only two colors—red for meats, fats, oils, cheese, canned fish and canned milk, and blue for processed foods. Both have a yellow core and both will have a one-point value. The red tokens will be change for the red stamps in Book IV; the blue will be change for the blue stamps.

Each blue and red stamp in Book IV, after February 27, will have a value of ten points. Both letter and number on them, from then on, will indicate only the validity period. For example, blue stamps A-8, B-8, C-8, D-8, and E-8 will all become valid February 27, with a value of ten points each. Stamps marked "Sugar" will continue to be used for sugar. Stamps marked "Spare" are for any future rationing programs that may become necessary —which heaven forbid!

If you've been counting on your fingers, are ready to say, "Aha! That means we'll get more point allowances than under the old system!" you lose. The stamps will now have a longer validity period, and additional "balancing" will be done by slight changes in the new point values placed on foods, so that each holder of Book IV will receive points for the same quantities as under the old system.

When the new system goes into effect, green stamps K, L, M in Book IV and brown stamps Y and Z in Book III will still be in use. All will remain valid until March 20, 1944, but will not be used in accordance with the new plan, and tokens will *not* be given in change for them. By March 20, only Book IV will be needed to shop for food. Books I and II will be dead as doornails and Book III will be used only for shoes.

You won't have to go to the Ration Board to get tokens. You'll get them only as change for stamps in Book IV at your grocer's and they will have no expiration date. You can't turn over a ten-point stamp and ask for ten tokens. Nine tokens, as change, is the tops you can get in any one transaction. But the tokens themselves can be used the same as points, whether one, two, three or more, and if you accumulate ten tokens you can use them in place of a ten-point stamp. Get it?

Tokens will come in two colors: RED—for meats, fats, oils, cheese, canned fish, canned milk; BLUE—for processed foods. Both have yellow cores and will be worth one point in change for stamps.

It took months for OPA to develop and get all the bugs out of this new system. Paper shortages started it all. Book IV, with its diminutive stamps, was the immediate solution to that problem. But the result was a roar of complaints from the trade about the loss of time and temper involved in counting, making change, and depositing in the banks. Hence the decision to raise all stamps to a value of ten points each, with tokens for change—guaranteeing a reduction of 60 per cent in the number of stamps to be handled.

When the use of tokens was decided upon, the first question was, "What material?" The obvious answer seemed to be, "Plastics." Investigation revealed there was neither sufficient plastics nor machinery to do the job in a hurry. Eventually, fiber got the job.

The size of the order was the second big hurdle. The initial batch had to number two billion. Total production, it is estimated, will be closer to three billion. Melvin P. Pfeil, president of the Osborne Register Company of Cincinnati, won the contract at the bidding in Washington. Mr. Pfeil's hobby is getting done Gargantuan jobs that seemingly can't be done. This job meant not only producing a billion or two tokens in the two months remaining after the 600 sets of necessary dies had been cut, but boxing and shipping them to 14.000 distribution points by February 15. It involves a penalty payment of $1,000 for every day Mr. Pfeil

(*Continued on page 59*)

GILBEY'S
DISTILLED
LONDON DRY
GIN
"THE INTERNATIONAL GIN"
ENGLAND, AUSTRALIA & CANADA

For the most delicious Martini in the world, make one with the gin that for nearly a century has been the world's favorite

GILBEY'S
the International
GIN

HE **"INTERNATIONAL GIN"** DISTILLED BY GILBEY IN THE UNITED STATES—AS WELL AS IN..ENGLAND..AUSTRALIA..CANADA

ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

The famous Noorduyn Norseman, designed for operations in the Far North for the Royal Canadian Air Force, is operated on skis, floats, or wheels.

Water Power

Adding water to a big 2,000-horsepower radial aircraft engine to give it more power doesn't seem to make much sense, but it does to the engineers and the pilots—at least if it's added in the right way.

One of the countless new developments of the war which gives an edge to American fighting equipment can now be told. A water-injection device which the pilot can turn on at the pressure of a switch now adds considerably more emergency power to the Pratt & Whitney 2,000-horsepower Double Wasp engines which power the Republic P-47 Thunderbolts and other airplanes.

The auxiliary power is designed to be used much as a pilot fires his machine guns. Just at a time when seconds may separate victory from disaster, the water injection gives a burst of speed to the engine. The device is already in use in combat areas by both the Army and the Navy.

The installation is said to have three main advantages. First, the cooling effect of the vaporization in the cylinder is greater with water than with fuel. Second, the susceptibility to detonation, which limits the power that can be taken from a cylinder, is lessened with the presence of water in the cylinder. Third, it produces more power because it permits the use of a leaner mixture from the carburetor.

Plane Cooking

Passengers on long-range airplane flights to foreign lands after the war may be eating certain dehydrated foods. At least United Air Lines is exploring the possibilities by conducting cooking experiments with dehydrated foods in its altitude test chamber at Chicago. The cooking is being done in electrically heated cookers in the test chamber, which simulates altitudes up to 25,000 feet.

Since a half pound of dehydrated cranberries makes eleven quarts when hydrated, the process would seem to have a definite application on air-line routes through somewhat isolated areas where ground kitchen facilities were not immediately available. All air-line meals served on planes today are prepared on the ground and kept warm by specially built containers until time for serving, but electrically heated cookers might well become standard equipment on long-range operations, especially for light foods. Whatever cooking is done under high-altitude conditions must be done in sealed containers to build up internal pressure to compensate for rarefication of the air at high altitudes, for the boiling point of liquids is considerably reduced from sea-level points.

United is also experimenting with quick-freezing foods, believing that this method may be the answer for full-course meals served aloft on one-stop and two-stop transcontinental flights.

Weather at Will

Want to make some weather? The Army Air Forces now has an all-weather room which will manufacture any kind of weather from arctic cold to desert sandstorms. The A. A. F. Matériel Command has built such a room in the Aero-Medical Laboratory at Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio, and without much doubt it's the most complete weather-testing set-up ever conceived. The room itself is only ten feet high and thirteen by eighteen feet in width and length. But look what happens in it!

Temperatures as low as sixty degrees below zero and up to 150-degree heat can be produced. Two blowers furnish wind velocity. One of these on the outside of the chamber will generate winds directly into the chamber when rain or sandstorms are required. It will manufacture wind up to any velocity found in habitable areas throughout the world. Another fan on the inside will produce winds up to forty miles an hour which can be focused directly upon the equipment being tested.

Huge sun lamps of 1,500 watts each provide heat rays. A battery of ten smaller lamps yields ultraviolet rays, and the two together add up to a sunlight equivalent. Shower heads on the walls permit engineers to stage rainstorms after the best Hollywood fashion and even the temperature of the rain can be completely regulated. If a gale is desired, just turn on the blower. Sandstorms are made by simply opening a hopper on the outside of the chamber and dumping sand (imported from the Libyan Desert) into the windstream generated by the blower. Humidity can be controlled to any degree—even up to 92 per cent, which is the jungle variety. Fog can be produced by water spurted through specially made nozzles across the roof of the chamber.

A foot-deep lagoon can be easily created so that life rafts and related equipment can be tested. And to keep boys testing the equipment from getting lonesome, they have direct two-way communication with the engineers outside and a phonograph hook-up can be turned on for the latest music. It sounds like a movie set, and in a way it is, but it has a serious purpose.

Vega Scores Again

Here's a short short story of one of the fastest long flights in Army annals. Colonel Kenneth Rogers of the Army Air Forces was en route from Maine to England via the hop-skip North Atlantic ferry route in a four-engined B-17 Flying Fortress built by Vega Aircraft in Burbank, California. In Labrador he met orders to fly, instead, direct to Algiers. Slanting diagonally across the broadest wastes of the Atlantic, he set his B-17 down on a North African field seventeen and one half hours later. Quite a hop!

His plane happened to be one of those built by the Boeing-Vega-Douglas "pool," but it wasn't actually all built at Vega's Burbank plant; it was mostly built in two ice-skating rinks, a bowling alley, a furniture warehouse, and an office building, all in California's rich San Fernando Valley. It carried the fingerprints of rural clerks, farmers' wives, country storekeepers, township constables, judges of rural courts, and many others who had never done factory work previously. It was shrewd L. M. Bach, Vega works manager, who thought up and carried out this decentralized method of building airplanes outside the congested metropolitan areas. The actual assembly jobs were accomplished in Burbank, but much of the parts work was carried out in makeshift rural plants.

Aerobatics Ace

One of the greatest airmen America has ever produced is now out "showing the kids how to do it." Al Williams, idol of millions during the past two decades, is now serving without compensation as a civilian technical consultant to the Assistant Chief of Staff, Training, of the Army Air Forces. He's giving a series of demonstrations of fighter technique for A. A. F. cadets, showing the lads the routine of spins, rolls, loops, and stalls, and explaining the importance of such aerobatics in flying fighter planes.

Al Williams is a former naval and Marine Corps pilot, holds many American speed records, and is the first man to record stress on outside loops. He held the rank of major in the Marine Corps until he resigned his commission some years ago. Ever since war began, Al has been champing at the bit to get into the harness somewhere; he didn't care where—just so he was doing something for the war effort.

For years Al Williams, one of the ablest men in aviation, was a severe critic of the War and Navy Departments for failing to give proper and adequate recognition to air power. So highly was he regarded as an airman that he took his famous Grumman Gulfhawk to Europe and the Nazis gave him permission to fly his own plane around Germany—a rare distinction in those days. Al saw what was happening in Germany, tried to warn our own government, but his warnings fell on deaf ears. In aerobatics he has hardly been equaled, even in this war of aces.

Odds and Ends

Ten thousand purchase orders are necessary for a heavy bomber, and from 3,000 to 4,000 for a fighter. One aircraft plant makes $90,000,000 worth of purchases a month and has 300,000 purchase orders active at one time.

A letter from home has no equal as a morale builder for the man in uniform, but the Missouri plant of Curtiss-Wright Corporation is doing the next best thing—it's sending a long mimeographed letter every week to every ex-Curtiss-Wright-er in the service, giving him chitchat, progress at the plant, baseball and political news, and a little of everything else to make him feel good.

A Navy Hellcat fighter, using as much gasoline as you would need to drive your family car from Chicago to Los Angeles, will stay in the air for the time it would take you to play nine holes of golf—about one hour.

Aeronca Aircraft Corporation, manufacturers of light airplanes, had the surprise of its life recently when it received a letter from a South African prisoner in a German camp asking for a franchise to sell airplanes in Johannesburg after the war. Company officials are puzzled as to how the Nazi censors ever let the letter pass their inspection.

Twenty years ago arguments waxed hot and heavy as to whether an airplane could sink surface vessels. It is such a commonplace today for airplanes to sink everything up to huge battleships that a recent War Department release mentioned only very casually that small P-40 Warhawk Curtiss fighters had sunk Japanese boats as large as 10,000 and 12,000 tons.

To detect the slightest defect in the metal, the American Propeller Corporation is using a 400,000-volt X-ray machine to take "pictures" of three propeller blades simultaneously.

The first air-line expressman to fly in an all-cargo operation is William Manning of Transcontinental & Western Air.

RIGHT ON THE TARGET, PAL!
BOY...THEY CAN'T BEAT OUR TEAM!

TEAMWORK!

In this war it's teamwork that counts. We see it everywhere—the Navy cooperating with the Army—Air Force pilots softening enemy defenses for the Infantry—civilians in all kinds of work pulling together on the home front.

The Piper Cub "Grasshopper" plane, too, is teaming-up with many branches of the Service. For example, it works with the Artillery—acting as an aerial observation post. When necessary, the observer sends firing corrections to the battery by radio and the guns drop shells directly on the target. It's this kind of teamwork that is bringing Victory nearer every day.

And when Victory comes, Piper will again serve peacetime America. Then, you can own a smart new Piper Cub plane—a team-mate that will carry you on your business and vacation trips with ease, pleasure, safety and economy.

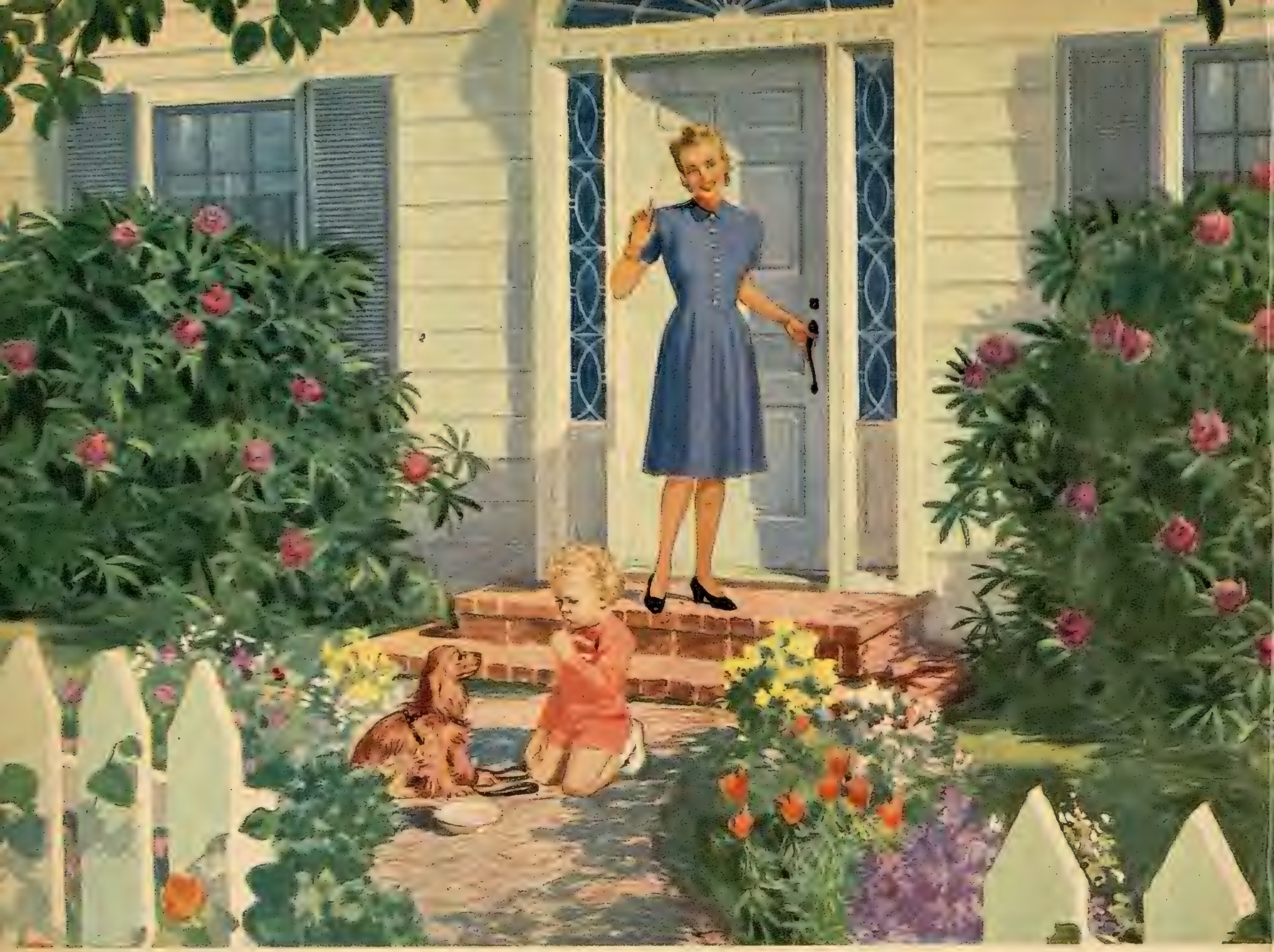
FREE BOOKLET ON HOW TO FLY. Send today for your copy of "You, Too, Can Fly!" If you also want the full-color Piper catalog, enclose 10c in stamps or coin for postage-handling. Piper Aircraft Corporation, Department LB14, Lock Haven, Penna.

16mm. SOUND FILM—"The Construction of a Light Airplane." For distribution points write: Supervisor, Audio-Visual Aids, Extension Services, Pennsylvania State College, State College, Pennsylvania.

★ ★ ★

PIPER *Cub*

Points the Way to Wings for All Americans



Women Want Homes Like This!

A friendly doorway that always says "Welcome!". . . a lovely door-garden where sunshine and flowers suggest the happiness and contentment inside . . . not just a house, but a *home* where you have time to relax and enjoy life.

These are things we all want.

And in these days of tired bodies and troubled minds it's good for one to think about them now and then—about the new kind of home *you* will have after victory.

Cooking, dishwashing, laundry and house cleaning will still go on, of course, but they will be done the easy, efficient, electrical way without toil and drudgery . . . there'll be all the time you want to fuss with flowers.

But just now new home things must wait—there's a war to win first. So put your money in war bonds—buy another and another and another. Each extra dollar does an extra bit to speed victory. And each dollar you spend *after* victory will help provide jobs for the soldiers returning to peacetime industry.

Until the war is won General Electric will continue making only "tools of victory". But when that job is finished we will go back with added enthusiasm to the job we like best—making better electrical equipment for your home that will bring you better living at less cost.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Everything Electrical
for After-Victory Homes

Hear the General Electric radio programs: "The G-E All-Girl Orchestra" Sunday 10 P. M.—E.W.T. NBC. "The World Today" news every weekday 6:45 P. M.—E.W.T. CBS.

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF
A FREE PEOPLE

Jap family out for a walk. Mrs. Nip occupies a position of subservience not only to her husband but to her sons as well.

The JAPS and THEIR WOMEN

BY CARL CROW

The Japs consider their nation a strong, he-man country. America, they think, is "feminine." An analysis of the peculiar mental processes which gave them "the nerve"

A GERMAN friend of mine—in the days when a German friend was just like any other friend—told me of a curious conversation he had with a Japanese business associate in Kobe. This was about ten years ago. The Japanese was telling how easily his country would conquer the United States when the time came. My German friend was skeptical. He pointed out our greater wealth, larger population, more abundant resources.

"But we are superior in what is of greater importance," said the Japanese.

"What is that?" asked my friend.

"Brains," said the Japanese, tapping his head significantly. "Brains are more important. We can outthink the Americans."

This was not an isolated Japanese with wits befuddled by beer and sake. What he said represented the considered opinion of that supreme egoist, the Japanese man.

From the moment of his birth to the moment of his death the Japanese male lives a life quite unlike that of any other person on earth. Babyhood and childhood are peculiar. No Japanese male child is ever scolded or spanked by his mother, or suffers any other form of maternal discipline. On the contrary, as a member of the superior male sex, it is his right to discipline and rule his mother and all other female relatives—an authority he begins to exercise almost as soon as he can talk. It is their duty to obey his orders and cater to his every whim, no matter how unreasonable it may be. He can never be told that he is wrong. Consequently the Japanese boy, whether a prince or a peasant, is brought up in an atmosphere of feminine obsequiousness. One of the commonest sights in Japan is that of a little girl carrying her brother on her back; one of the rarest, that of a little boy carrying his baby sister.

The young son of a household learns of his position early in life and his female relatives live in constant fear of him. It is not at all unusual for a youngster of six or seven to fly into a rage and attack his mother, hitting, kicking, and biting her or tearing down her very elaborate hair-do. Her only defense is to beg for forgiveness, praise him, call him a "brave boy," offer to cook a favorite dish, or bribe him with candy. Sometimes a young tyrant, in the absence of his father, will terrorize the whole household—mother, sisters, and housemaids, all of whom are helpless. If any one of them should attempt to restrain him in any way, she would receive a beating from the father on his return.

As the boy grows older, it is taken for granted that the maidservants of the place will willingly submit to his attentions. That is assumed to be a part of their duties and a maid who protested would certainly be discharged. There are few Japanese boys above the age of sixteen who are without sexual experience, few men from that age to sixty whose favorite subjects of conversation are not pornographic. Mothers do not disapprove of these liaisons with maidservants, for they are looked upon as part of the cycle of life. They do disapprove mildly of sexual abuse on hygienic rather than moral grounds, but even when it is practiced more or less openly they do not dare offer a reprimand. If they did they would most probably get a kick in the shins or a

(*Continued on page 54*)

POSTWAR

A CHALLENGE confronts the leadership of American enterprise. That challenge is to prepare *now* to ensure a rapid transition from a war to a peace economy and, more important, to contribute to an expanding economy with increasing job opportunities and progressively higher standards of living in the years to come.

The first job is to win the war. There must be no letdown in effort until the full victory needs of our armed forces are met. But as we work for victory we must think beyond today and into the years ahead. This is essential if we are to win the peace as well as the war.

The problems the world faces, both political and economic, as it passes from war to peace, stagger the imagination. Yet upon the finding of realistic solutions will depend whether or not the sacrifices of the war have been in vain.

We were woefully unprepared for the supreme test of war. Are we to repeat our serious mistake by being unprepared for peace? We must start to segregate and to discuss our postwar problems now, not in generalities but in concrete terms. What are these problems and what are we going to do about them?

There are two approaches. In aeronautical terms, one is in the stratosphere, so to speak, the other is on the sea level. Stratosphere planning attacks the problem from the top. Much of it is based on the belief that war has brought about such profound changes in human reactions that we are to enter a new, different, and completely idealistic world. It involves regimentation, with an ever-expanding bureaucracy as a permanent factor in our economy. Sea-level planning attacks the problem from the bottom. It is the realistic approach. It is the planning of the producers.

Out of the mass of conflicting and confusing propaganda, out of the great variety of loosely defined objectives and glittering generalities that are being fed to our people as a preview of the postwar world, there arise three clearly defined "musts," the attainment of which would go far to ensure our winning the peace.

1. *Jobs for those who are willing to exchange their time and talents for a proper wage.*
2. *Means to prevent further attacks on our civilization. There must be no World War III.*
3. *International relationships in the economic sphere on the basis of a "two-way" street.*

Number one above is the number one task of American business. As to the problem of jobs, there is much confusion in our thinking. Some seem to believe that the number of jobs can be determined in the abstract by some arbitrary method. Jobs are a result—

Natural color photograph of Mr. Sloan taken for Liberty by Roy Pinney.

JOBS

By ALFRED P. SLOAN, Jr., Chairman of General Motors

Can postwar industry keep us all working? One of the country's top-drawer job providers gives his answer and poses some pertinent questions

not a means to an end. They are a result of the combination of capital, management, and opportunity. The catalyst is a possible profit. The foundation is confidence in the future of enterprise as determined by national economic policy. Without these ingredients there can be no jobs in a free economy.

We cannot provide them permanently by pulling rabbits out of the hat. Permanent, productive jobs can be provided only within the structure of sound economic policy. No nation, no political group, no industry, no leader can persistently transgress the dictates of economic law. Leadership, both business and political, demands a comprehensive understanding of the relationship of each unit within the enterprise system to the system as a whole. And that broader understanding must be boldly applied. This is essential to the preservation of the American competitive enterprise system.

This challenge that our economic, industrial, and political leadership faces cannot be ignored. The American people, whose standard of living is involved and whose economic security is at stake, have a right to a solution. Never again can we afford to utilize only 50 per cent of our economic resources, with millions of people out of employment and millions more working short time, irrespective of what the underlying causes may be.

If the conditions are such that the enterprise system is unable to meet this challenge of high employment, the people will demand political action—even though this could never prove a solution—and we will no longer have freedom as we have known it. But, while management must actually do the operating job under our system of free enterprise, government has the responsibility of laying down national economic and fiscal policies under which the job has a fair chance of being done.

We should profit by past experience and do those things in a national way that will serve to encourage and stimulate enterprise in all its forms. The objective cannot be achieved otherwise. We must provide the necessary incentives. We must rebuild confidence in the future opportunities of individual enterprise. All obstacles to the maximum of job opportunities must be removed. It is not difficult to identify those obstacles, but it is quite another thing to develop a sufficiently widespread appreciation of their importance so that corrective political action may be assured.

In discussing the problem of jobs after the war, to avoid any misconception we must define what we mean by "after the war." There are two areas of time involved, very different in their economic background—the early years and the longer term. The early postwar years might be referred to as a period of shortages, with a preliminary interval of hesitation and transition. There will have been practically no consumer durable goods such as motorcars, electric refrigerators, etc., produced for several years. An enormous potential demand for all kinds of goods and services is developing.

Assuming the war continues until the end of 1944, it is estimated that wartime savings of individuals will be about 100 billion dollars. Of course not all of this will be liquid. Similar accumulations by business and industrial corporations are estimated to add 30 billion dollars more. Superimposed upon all this there will be a foreign demand limited only by the ability of other nations to buy. Hence, there should be ample purchasing power already created to keep our enterprise system active for a period of a limited number of years. To the extent, of course, that the price level is permitted to rise due to inflation, the real purchasing power of these savings is correspondingly reduced.

Jobs in all likelihood will be available to ensure high employment in the period of shortages. However, due to the fact that centers of war production have not in all cases coincided with the centers of civilian production, important geographical problems of unemployment will arise. Also, certain peacetime industries have expanded their wartime employment beyond any peacetime needs. Major adjustments will be necessary.

The real problem of the period of shortages will be to control inflation. Unless some temporary controls are maintained until production develops and the law of supply and demand can operate freely again, the consequences may be truly disastrous. We all hate regimentation. We now know what it means. However, in times of war it is essential to a degree, and we must accept the fact that regimentation will carry over into the early peace period, until goods available for delivery to consumers are in reasonable balance with the ability to buy.

The economic circumstances existing in the period of shortages may well present an opportunity for accomplishment unparalleled in the history of American enterprise. Essential economic forces are present to achieve for a time a national income far in excess of any previously enjoyed. Can these forces be used for accelerating the normal rate of increase in our national income and for ensuring a long-continuing, rapid improvement in our standard of living, on a generally higher level than has been thought possible heretofore?

It would appear as if such an accomplishment were possible, but the answer will be found, first, in the ability of management in general to assume the risk of undertaking an amount and kind of production and adopting the essential operating policies commensurate with the progressively higher income level desired. Second, it would demand a different attitude as to the problems of business on the part of government from that existing during the last decade.

When war production is halted we must reconvert as promptly as possible to the products of peace. The impact of this transition would be minimized by a governmental demonstration in practical terms of the nation's firm belief in competitive enterprise as the keystone of the national economic policy. After all, actions speak louder than words.

The government has an investment of more than 15 billions of dollars in wartime industrial plants and equipment. It would be helpful to declare that, aside from such plants as might be needed as a stand-by for the future, the balance would be made available to private enterprise, and a procedure outlined as to how it is to be done. Industry could then, where possible, integrate such plants into its postwar planning, thus placing them in productive use in the shortest space of time and expanding job opportunities.

THIS problem presents real difficulties. Most of these plants are designed for a specific, highly specialized purpose. Their conversion to other purposes involves both a shrinkage in value and an investment of additional capital for different machinery and retooling. Many plants are of such magnitude that few can afford to buy or effectively operate them at any price. But, after all, the real worth of this huge investment is not its cost, not its liquidating value, but the contribution it will have made to victory and the contribution it can make to a peacetime economy. Such are the facts. They should be faced realistically. We should establish the rules now, whatever they must be.

Then there is the problem of canceling war contracts, which in the aggregate is an enormous one. A prompt clarification of the financial uncertainties of the procedure to be followed would allow business to plan more effectively. It might well help reduce the loss of national income and employment in the period immediately following the war. With working capital tied up in war inventories, industry will be handicapped in its efforts to reconvert. We should establish the rules now under which it may be freed promptly.

Billions of dollars of inventory and

(*Continued on page 57*)

FINAL PERFORMANCE

Liberty's SHORT SHORT STORY

She was old and famous and determined to make her last performance memorable, until a face from the crowd brought drama to her such as she had never known

BY LAWRENCE TREAT

ILLUSTRATED BY PAT HOLBROOKE

SHE waited until the auctioneer had closed a bid. Then, before the next item was offered, she emerged through the doorway and faced the people on the lawn. Instantly, with her appearance, she held them transfixed.

It had always been so; and now, though there were no footlights and no applause, and though in a sense she was merely the supporting cast, she felt the crowd and commanded it. She smiled quietly, supremely sure of herself as she stumped slowly across the porch, propped her cane against the railing, and lowered herself into the long yellow deck chair.

She knew what they were whispering, of course: "Barona—there she is!" And for that moment, while she made herself comfortable, smoothed the red pleats of her dress, and clasped the chair with her long bony fingers so that the rings sparkled blindingly in the bright sunlight—for that moment, everything else was unnoticed and people were aware only that they were seeing Barona, the actress.

Her friends, the little group of theatrical folk who'd come up from New York, were sitting by themselves at the back. She nodded to them. They'd offered to lend her money, they'd told her there was no need to give up the house. And last night they'd tried to persuade her not to go through the ordeal of watching.

But she'd refused to listen to them. Miss the rare, ironic experience of seeing everything she owned go under the hammer? Miss the central role, when half the people here had come just for a glimpse of her? Nonsense! She'd never disappointed an audience and she never would.

BESIDES, she was looking forward to the evening. Packy would make one of his famous soufflés, and afterward they'd reminisce, as they always did; but mostly they'd talk about the auction. They'd be gay, these old friends of hers, and they'd chatter about prices and the auctioneer and how much the sale had realized. Then, around midnight, she'd go upstairs and leave them to gossip and wonder what plans she had.

Well, she had none, and no need for any. That was a secret between her and old Doc Ritter. The sale would give her a tidy sum and she'd use it without stint, for there could only be a few weeks or a few months left. It was a miracle her tired heart hadn't given up that last time, at the USO benefit. And she'd been forbidden any further appearances.

So, in a way, this was her farewell performance, and she had thought out her role and meant to carry it off. The famous actress, the lonely figure there on the porch, still colorful, still dominating, but silent and lost in the rich web of her memories. This audience would remember her long after they'd forgotten the few odds and ends they might buy.

She settled back in the deck chair and studied the crowd. It wasn't as big as it would have been in normal times, but it was large enough. And the scattering of uniforms gave it tone. The audience would do.

She picked out the dealers and glared at them, then picked out her neighbors and glared even harder. They'd come to buy the things they'd always coveted. Well, she hoped they'd overpay.

The auctioneer's voice rasped hoarsely as he put up the next item:

"A rare porcelain figurine, depicting a shepherdess, made by an unknown eighteenth-century artist. To be sold as is. One side of the pedestal has been broken off, and the hand is cracked, but otherwise it seems to be in good condition. Who'll start me off with a bid?"

Barona half closed her eyes. She'd forgotten about that thing up in the attic. Forgotten, because she'd worked hard to forget. But now the memory came back to her and she let herself remember the swift, bright courtship. How long ago?

Harry, waiting for her every evening outside the stage door of the old Belasco. She'd had such a small part, and more than once Harry had laughed at her.

"When you're old and ugly," he'd kept saying, "you can tell your grandchildren you used to be an actress, and I won't give you away."

"When I'm old and ugly," she'd retorted, "I'll be famous." And he'd never suspected that she meant it.

Swift and bright. That was why she'd put the memory away, because it hurt to think of it. The short, wondrous honeymoon in England. The day at Brighton when they'd fallen in love with the porcelain pair on one pedestal in the window of an antique shop.

"That one?" the dealer had said. "It's Aucassin and Nicolette." And he had named a price.

She'd exclaimed, "Oh, but that's far too much!" and Harry had laughed and taken out his thick wallet and made the purchase. "Aucassin and Nicolette," he'd said. "That's us. Together. No matter what."

They'd packed it carefully, the fragile pair of figurines, but the thing had broken nevertheless. The pedestal had snapped in two.

Ian had been born soon after that, and then she'd received the wire from the casting director asking her to read a part. Harry had been obstinate. He wanted his wife here, in his home. He didn't want an actress and they didn't need the money.

She had slipped away one night, leaving him a note of explanation. A month later she was famous.

She remembered the shock, that evening in her dressing room when the divorce papers had been served on her. And that same evening, her panicky trip for Ian. She'd found him lying in his crib with the little porcelain statue of Nicolette clasped in his arms, and she'd had to take it along.

Next day the papers had screamed the story across the front page: "Actress Kidnaps Own Child." She hadn't expected anything like that. The word "kidnap" had frightened her, and then, when she'd consulted a lawyer, her worst fears had been realized. He'd advised her to give up the child and not to contest the divorce. The alternative might be jail.

So Ian had gone back and she'd never seen him again. The night she'd lost him, she'd stepped onto the stage and given a gay, scintillating performance. And nobody had known, of course, how she really felt.

Ever since, she'd lived only for the theater. She'd closed out that early part of her life, wiped it forever from her mind. Ian, Harry, Brighton, Nicolette—they'd never happened and she never thought of them. Not until an auctioneer's assistant pulled Nicolette from the attic and offered her for sale.

AN Air Force lieutenant bought the figurine. Tall, dark, gay, he somehow reminded her of Harry. She had an impulse to send for him, to see him close up and talk to him. And then suddenly, as he picked his way along the fringe of the chairs and reached the side steps of the porch, she knew. It was Ian, holding Nicolette under his arm, striding along the porch as if he, too, were aware.

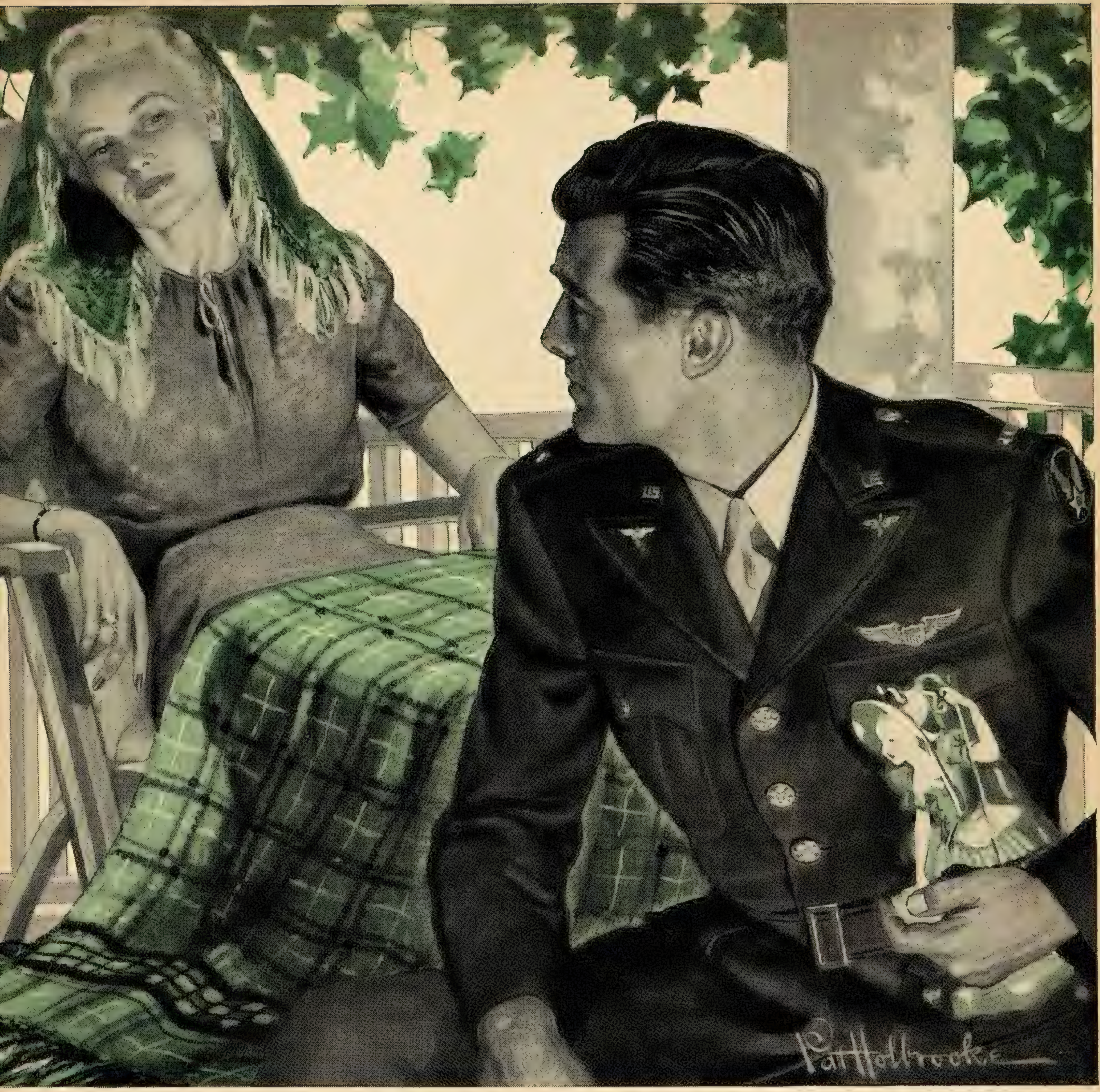
Her heart gave a quick contraction of pain. She blinked once, but she controlled her expression. Then the pain passed away.

He stopped a few feet from her and coughed. He had Harry's dark eyes and Harry's chin. His shoulders were broad, his uniform neat, and his voice was polite, strong, and yet faintly anxious. It struck her suddenly that he had no idea who she was. Harry had remarried, of course, and Ian must have been brought up without knowing he had a stepmother.

The boy leaned down slightly. "I hope you don't mind," he said, "but I was wondering about this." He tapped Nicolette carelessly.

"Yes?" she said, in her clear rich voice with the peculiar overtones.

"You see, I have the figure that



Barona knew she must avoid excitement, but to switch roles in the middle of a performance was unthinkable.

matches—the other half of the pedestal. It belonged to my father, and I wondered—"

She blinked again. She knew she must avoid excitement. Still, it wasn't often that she was given a chance like this. Drama, made to order.

Then she glanced at the crowd and she remembered her part. Not the broad melodrama of a mother finding her lost son, but a sensitive, restrained role. Barona, watching impassively while her treasures went under the hammer. People would go home and talk of her the rest of their lives. "I saw Barona the day her things were auctioned off," they'd say. "She never moved the entire afternoon. You couldn't even tell what she was thinking. But imagine what she must have gone through!"

She frowned slightly. She could have Ian for such a short time. She could do so little for him now.

And besides, to switch roles in the middle of a performance was unthinkable. It was even worse than that. It was bad art.

She looked up at the tall dark officer, and she smiled. "For heaven's sake," she said. "I don't know where it came from. It was just something I picked up at another auction. I'm sure I don't remember where, and I'm certain I didn't ask its history."

He straightened up. "I'm sorry," he said. "I didn't mean to bother you. I shouldn't have interfered."

As he turned away, she seemed to start forward suddenly, but the breadth of his back hid her from the crowd and no one saw the quick convulsive tremor. Then she dropped back and closed her eyes.

When the last bit of pottery and the last piece of silver plate had been disposed of, her friends approached her and spoke, but she didn't answer. It was then that they learned she was dead.

They discussed her in subdued tones, and some one remembered that the Air Force officer who'd bought the statuette had been the last person to speak to her. They sought him out and asked what she had said.

He blushed crimson. "It was nothing," he said. "I'd always admired her and I wanted to speak to her, but I didn't have the nerve to without an excuse. I asked her where she'd gotten the statuette."

He paused in embarrassment. "You see," he added, "I pretended that I owned the other half."

THE END

Cary Grant, Hollywood's top male star.

As a submarine commander in Destination Tokyo, his latest hit.

DIMPLE IN HIS CHIN

BY HOWARD SHARPE

A close-up of Cary Grant, the movies' most-in-demand actor, every woman's sweetheart, but nevertheless a pretty solid guy

SOME years ago, on location, Cary Grant was visited one morning by his director and told he could have the day off. A character actor who could not be eliminated from the current sequence had got drunk the night before, assaulted an innocent but by no means defenseless bystander, and, in consequence, wore a shiner with which the make-up department was powerless to deal.

The average leading man at this point would have called the airport and started checking plane schedules in anticipation of eighteen hours at home with his girl friend.

Grant asked, "*Which* eye? Right or left?"

"Left."

"O. K.," Cary said. "We do over the shot with the horses, put him on foot to the camera's left, eliminate him from the crowd scene, and he doesn't have to show the right side of his face until tomorrow. He can have the swelling down by then."

The director considered. "Could be," he said finally.

This maneuver saved the studio $10,000—the price of a day on location and a large fraction of Grant's salary—and also did much to save the character actor's reputation.

But Cary was more interested in the time he had saved for himself. Unlike most other male film stars who have become household and sorority-bedroom words because of sharp publicity opportunism plus beautiful physiques and a knack for mimicry, Cary has made himself an indispensable unit of his industry by learning the picture business from top to bottom. As a result, he not only works hand in glove with his directors but thinks of his job the way the New York bankers who really control Hollywood think of it. He is therefore the most-in-demand actor in the world today.

The tremendous capacity to entertain other people, which earns him such sums as $150,000 per picture (plus 10 per cent of the film's gross over $1,500,000), is currently being put to other use by the United States, of which he is newly a citizen.

When the age limit kept him out of the Army Air Corps, Cary did as his civilian conscience bade, and took to the back-water camps which missed the big shows, to offer the servicemen one-man entertainment. He spares the fellows the typical song-and-dance stuff, talks to them, instead, on their own ground, and then sets himself up as a kind of information booth on any civilian subject, including Hollywood and his own private life. No punches need be pulled.

His primary discovery, so far, is that uniformed men do not resent the man in civvies. On the contrary. They approach him, touch his coat sleeve, say, "Hey, turn around; let's take a look at a suit again." They find escape and keen delight in the reminiscent pictures he evokes of life at home, to which they expect shortly to return. When they ask, "Where's Barbara?" and he replies that he hasn't seen her for two months, he is one with them. He is lonesome for his girl, as they are lonesome for theirs.

When there is time left from his program, Cary goes back to Hollywood and resumes his position as the most sought after male star in the industry. This encomium derives from the list of his box-office smashes, his ever-loving fan mail (which he appreciates abstractly but never has time to see), and his unquestioned genius for looking just the way all women want him to look when the camera is pointing in his direction.

Studio publicists assigned to get his name in the paper spend more time explaining why he cannot give an interview than in offering news about him. Just as he is the ideal player to have under contract, because he wades into his assignment with imagination and inventive zeal, so is he the answer to an overworked publicity department's prayer. He creates the kind of news that can't miss the front page—then

Cary with Alfred Hitchcock, who directed him in Suspicion.

The Grant-Hutton nuptials made headlines.

saves the gang headaches by being too busy to discuss it with all and sundry of the press.

One of his greatest triumphs in public relations was his long and eminently newsworthy friendship with Barbara Hutton, which had its climax in a burst of headlines on the occasion of their marriage. Miss Hutton had long represented goldenrod and Grant ragweed to a hay-feverish press; but the press, reduced for so many months to guesswork by the couple's disinclination to open discussion, nonetheless treated this union with tremendous tolerance.

EVEN at Cary's newest price per picture, producers are ready to hold up production on big-budget films, retaining at sickening expense other cast members who are under contract, until he can find a few weeks clear of commitments. This is because he has built, with infinite shrewdness and care, a reputation for making poor pictures look good and good pictures look like masterpieces. Above all, he has associated his name on the marquee with the sound of clinking coins in the box office underneath—the most articulate of all noises to Hollywood ears.

Thus when, as sometimes happens, he so forgets himself in the enthusiasm of an afternoon's work as to begin giving directions to the cameraman and the other players on the set, the director in charge usually prefers to go in search of a cup of coffee rather than stand on dignity. Often the scene turns out to be one of the best in the picture. When it turns out to be the worst, the cutter drops it on the floor and no one—including its author—mentions it again.

On occasion, goaded beyond endurance by Cary's enjoyment of writing and acting his own pictures off the cuff, such proved and intelligent directors as Leo McCarey, Al Hall, and Alfred Hitchcock turn on their favorite in fury, asking if he won't, for cripes' sake, shut up and do this one scene the way it was originally planned.

When Cary does make a mistake, he admits chucklingly, "it's a pip." The Awful Truth, story of an imperfect husband who was jealous of his divorced wife, reportedly clocked the greatest audience reaction of any picture in its year. After its preview there was no longer any doubt about Cary's position in the industry. Yet during the first week of production Cary presented Leo McCarey with an eight-page treatise setting forth the faults of the story.

(McCarey insists that when he showed the document to Asta, the wire-haired terrier that made such a hit in the picture, Asta bit him.) However, Grant's show-me attitude is not wasted even on such stubborn soil as this, since McCarey admits that by the time a director has finished proving his point he at least has a better idea of what he's going to do, and why.

It is typical that, notwithstanding these differences, McCarey likes Grant better than any other man he knows. Cary is very sensitive about his friendships. He cannot bear the thought that any one should dislike him, even passively. It's his unrelenting ego, he explains. In 1937, when he was first teamed with Katharine Hepburn for Bringing Up Baby, he found it amazing that Miss Hepburn included him in her comprehensive hostility toward every one west of the Green Mountains. Until this time he had resisted the urge, which seems to come with the climate and affects all Hollywoodians, to play at corny gags. Now he had a script printed with his own part in italics, hers in faint eight point, which he substituted for the one the studio had given her.

It is related that she did the high jump on this occasion, and thereafter became one of his admirers.

There is a legend, originally devised by the Paramount publicity department, that Cary first rattled into Hollywood broke and hungry, after crossing the continent in a Model T. As a matter of fact, he arrived in a nearly new Packard phaeton with golf bags and pigskin luggage piled in the tonneau. Having been guaranteed $650 a week on a new Shubert contract beginning in October, he chose Hollywood for a holiday instead of Florida, because it was too hot in Florida. He engaged a suite at the Château Elysée, looked up a few local musical-comedy friends he had met in New York, and settled down for a good time.

In this case the truth is better suited to the character. At twenty-seven, Cary Grant had already been working grimly for fourteen years on a long-scale program designed eventually to make him rich, famous, and, if possible, a distinguished personality. He began this enterprise at the unlikely age of thirteen in Bristol, England, when he walked out of his father's house, where he was born Archibald Leach, went to near-by Norwich, told the local manager of a Bob Pender Troupe that he was fourteen, and got a job.

For the next few years he eluded his father's sporadic attempts to fetch him home, and eventually accompanied the troupe to New York, where it had secured an engagement at the Hippodrome. Since a versatile vaudeville performer was paid ten dollars extra per week for each additional trick, Cary here learned to climb the high ladder, and practiced until he became proficient as a stilt walker and high diver.

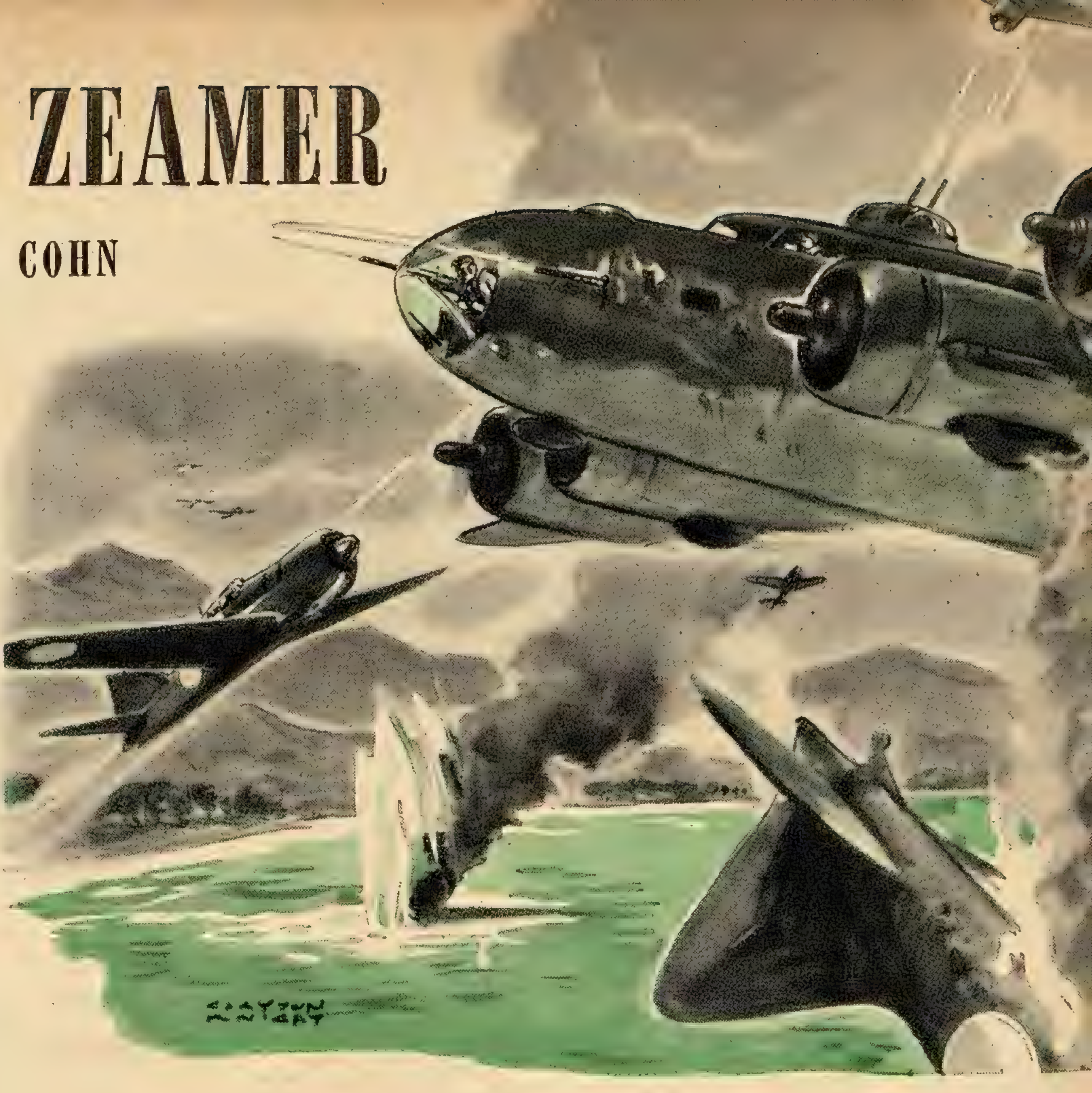
He had observed that vaudevillians who talked got more money than those who didn't, so he decided to stay on in America and learn to speak lines. He worked on it during the summer and, to survive until the Hippodrome season reopened, took a job in Coney Island walking about on stilts advertising Steeplechase Park.

Having accelerated the pace of his career by learning to talk onstage, he now cast envious eyes at the salaries paid to actors who could sing. He tested his own voice in the bathroom, found it not unpleasant, and went shopping for a singing teacher. The result, while anything but sensational, convinced Reggie Hammerstein that he was worth $250. He was put into an old-fashioned

(*Continued on page 67*)

Z IS FOR ZEAMER

BY ART COHN



An epic of the Southwest air war, and a Fortress over Bougainville. She came home, not on a wing and a prayer, but on just plain guts

Somewhere in New Guinea.

A BALD, wiry little man sat in his quarters, at an advanced Allied base in New Guinea writing a report.

"I have only twice before in my military career recommended any one for such a high award," he wrote. "One was Lieutenant Frank Luke when I discovered his body and wrecked plane some weeks after the armistice. The other was a corporal on the Doolittle flight over Tokyo who at the risk of his own life protected and saved the lives of four wounded officers in carrying them through the Japanese lines while wounded himself."

Colonel Merian C. Cooper, chief of staff to Major General Ennis C. Whitehead, paused, his memory lingering on the summits of a distinguished career that began in 1917 when he flew bombers in France under General Billy Mitchell, his hand hesitant before nominating another hero for one of the nation's highest honors. "I consider Captain Zeamer's feat above and beyond the call of duty," he continued, "comparable to that of Lieutenant Luke, who stands with Captain Rickenbacker as one of the leading flying officers of exceptional courage and daring during the last World War."

It began before dawn, the morning of June 16, 1943.

Sarnoski was singing over the interphone. Second Lieutenant Joseph R. Sarnoski, the best damn bombardier in the Southwest Pacific, always sang over the interphone—for instance:

"Come along with me, Lucille, in my merry Oldsmobile . . ."

Only, Sarnoski always sang unfamiliar Polish words to the familiar American tune, just to taunt Captain Zeamer. The captain's girl back home was Lucille. Two days previously he had named the ship Lucy in her honor, and a prouder Flying Fortress never soared in the Guinea sky.

Her bombs sank an 8,000-ton ship in Rabaul Harbor January 16. Zeamer received the Air Medal for that.

She made a run on a Jap aircraft carrier, just fifty feet above the decks, at Rabaul in May. Zeamer was awarded the Silver Star for that.

She made a daylight raid on Rabaul a couple of weeks later, brushing the housetops. Zeamer received the Oak Leaf Cluster for that.

She was over Wewak the night Zeamer lost his temper and declared war on the blinding searchlights trying to trap him in their glare. She swooped down to get those damn lights, and her guns shot out three and damaged two others. That made Zeamer feel better.

She was there the night Zeamer and the late Major Kenneth McCullar, the Southwest Pacific's greatest legend, decided to take off on a private mission and strafe the hell out of Rabaul, although they had no orders or authority to do so. Zeamer received no citation for that. He was nearly court-martialed.

She was over Rabaul the day Zeamer was assigned to drop pamphlets. "Don't throw them out," he told his men. "I'll go down low enough so you can pass them out individually, but no lallygagging around those geisha girls."

She was over Madang May 5, the day ack-ack fire tore sixty holes in her wing, shot out her stabilizer, and exploded her oxygen tanks.

She was a proud ship, Lucy, a flying arsenal with many guns, including a specially fitted fixed gun for Zeamer. That was his idea, and Lucy was the first Fort in the Southwest Pacific to have one installed. The bombardier charged it and Zeamer fired it, the first pilot ever to use a Fortress as a pursuit interceptor.

And now she was on the most hazardous mission of her career, a reconnaissance of Buka airdrome and passage for the purpose of photographing and mapping Bougainville Island—information of the greatest military importance.

No crew was assigned to this perilous mission; it was made by volunteers. No one had any illusions about it. The ship that took it would have to fly alone over one of the most heavily fortified Japanese bases.

Zeamer's crew, always hanging around the operations hut looking for missions, demanded this one the minute they heard about it. That is why they were called the Eager Beavers; that is why they joined Zeamer last January when no one else in the squadron would fly with him.

He was "too eager," the rest said, but this crew would go to hell for him—and they very nearly did.

The men had not slept much that night. The take-off was scheduled for 4 A. M. and they knew they weren't going on just another milk run. As they thought of the mission and its dangers, they thought of why they had such implicit faith in Zeamer and would follow him blindly anywhere.

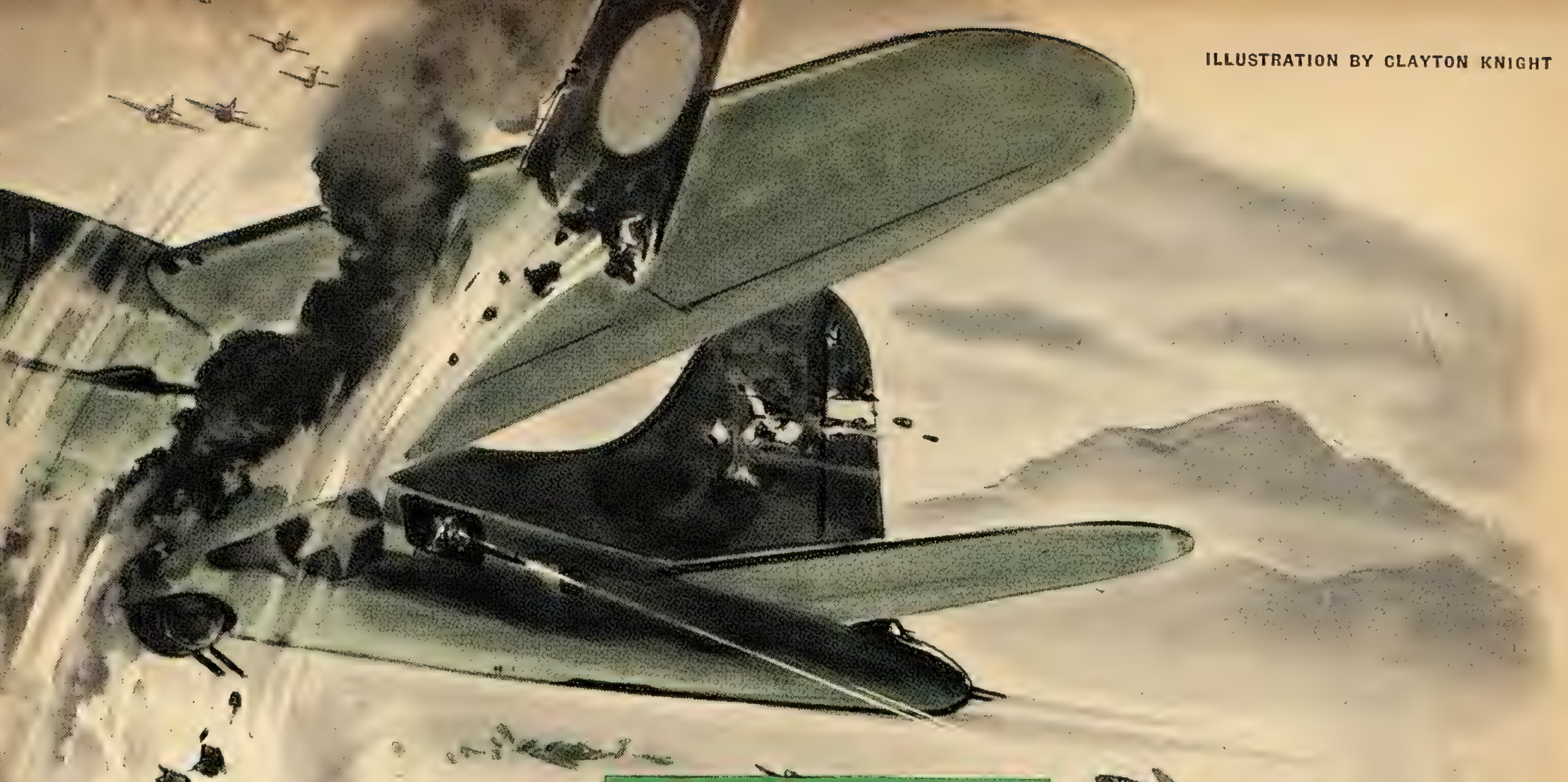
He was not impressive-looking, heaven knows. He was six feet tall and weighed only 150 pounds. He had a handsome, aesthetic face, almost too handsome for a man. One of his best friends, Captain Milton Gusack, the medical officer, described him as "a cultured gentleman with a hairless body and bedroom eyes."

Zeamer never raised his own voice and insisted there must be no loud cursing over the interphone during a flight. "That isn't courage," he said. He had graduated from Massachusetts Institute of Technology in engineering, majoring in stress analysis, and he always spoke as if he were quietly reading an essay in classroom.

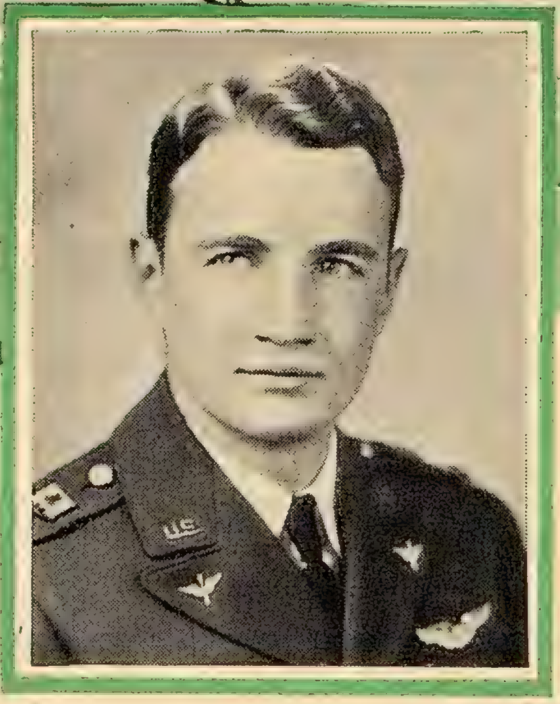
This was the leader of the Eager Beavers, a handsome scarecrow who never had a pair of pants long enough to cover his shoe tops, a fellow who started flying B-26s but asked to be transferred when month followed month and he was not checked out as a pilot. He was not considered good enough.

So he joined the Flying Fortresses,

ILLUSTRATION BY CLAYTON KNIGHT



The Zeros shot straight into the nose and peeled off within fifty feet. This was to be Lucy's death blow. But the Nips didn't know Lucy.



Captain (now Major) Jay Zeamer.

and the Eager Beavers joined him. He had convinced them that as long as he remained in the pilot's seat nothing could happen to the ship. There were times when they wished he wouldn't tempt fate and press his luck, but he always laughed away their fears.

"Let's get the hell out of here," one or two of them would say, as the ack-ack began spattering the wings when he was hanging around a target after dropping his load.

"Sure," he would grin. "Right after we go back and see what damage we did."

That is Jay Zeamer of Orange, New Jersey, and this is the story of his greatest adventure.

It was 7.45 A. M. on June 16. Lucy was over Buka Drome at 25,000 feet true, and a voice came over the interphone:

"Assume battle stations!"

Four of the five enlisted men aboard were fanning the breeze in the radio room, but within two seconds Sergeant William Vaughan of Youngstown, Ohio, the radio operator, was alone with his dials. Sergeant Forrest Dillman of McCook, Nebraska, already was at his side gun; Sergeant Herbert (Puggy) Pugh of Steelton, Pennsylvania, was manning the tail gun; and the Kid, Sergeant Jonnie Able, a honey-haired, baby-faced nineteen-year-old from Leesville, South Carolina, was in the engineer's seat.

"Oh-oh," came Sarnoski's ominous warning over the phone, "look at those Zeros taking off. Hell, there must be fifty of 'em coming down the runway!"

Sergeant George Kendrick of Richmond, California, the most decorated Photo Joe in the South Pacific, was telling Vaughan how many were taking off by using his fingers to denote the number. He soon ran out of fingers.

Fifteen to twenty Zeros were taxiing and taking off to intercept, but Zeamer calmly headed south along the west coast of Bougainville Island.

"Mapping will continue," he said.

At eight fifteen the first Zero made a pass under Lucy's nose.

"Where the hell are those tracers coming from?" Puggy yelled from the tail gun.

"Eleven o'clock," Dillman called back. "No one hurt."

The mapping continued.

BY now the sky was black with Zeros, Messerschmitts and others. Presently three of them attacked from the front. One of the three, striking from slightly below, plugged Sarnoski in the neck. Another found its mark and a 20-millimeter shell crashed through the instrument panel and exploded at Zeamer's feet.

Sarnoski's cannon was still blazing, and the beginning of a Zero's death dive in front of him told him he had nailed the Nip who'd got him.

Eighteen to twenty Jap planes closed in for the kill. Lucy was hurt, badly hurt. Her hydraulic system was destroyed; all flight instruments except the air-speed indicator and magnetic compass had been rendered inoperative; the control cables were smashed; the rudders were broken; and the oxygen bottles in the cockpit had been holed and set on fire.

Passing over the left wing, the Zeros shot straight into the nose and peeled off within fifty feet. This was to be Lucy's deathblow. No ship, not even a Fortress, could hope to fight off so many. But the Nips didn't know Lucy.

Inside, Zeamer was in torture. He couldn't move either of his legs. But that didn't stop him—he just flew without rudder pedals. The pain was excruciating. He didn't know it then, but there were more than 125 pieces of rudder pedal, control cable, and shrapnel in his legs.

Below, Sarnoski was in a bad way. Blood was streaming from a wound in his neck. The navigator, Lieutenant Ruby Johnston of Pensacola, Florida, had come up and was trying in vain to stop the flow by sticking his forefinger in the wound.

"Forget it," Sarnoski growled. "Where the hell's my gun?"

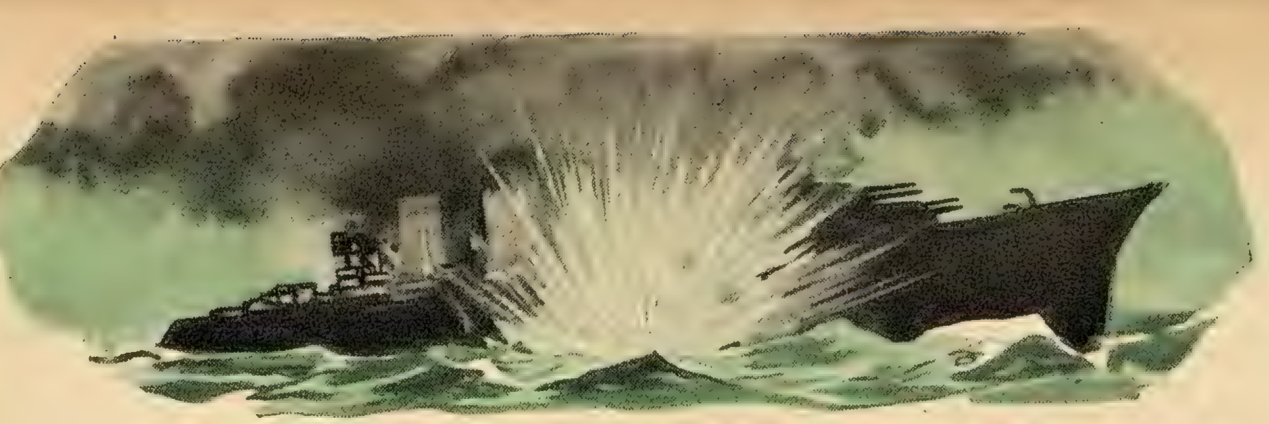
The second co-ordinated attack began, again under Lucy's nose. Able, in the top turret, followed one in, gave her a long burst, and watched her go down in flames. He was grinning grimly when suddenly he felt a burning concussion. His knee had been hit.

Another terrific explosion shattered Lucy's nose. Zeamer was hit again, this time in both arms. Sarnoski also got it again, in the side.

Joe knew now he was going to die. It would be only a matter of minutes, at most, but he was determined to use

(Continued on page 69)

ILLUSTRATED BY
FRANK GODWIN



SEA DUTY

In every man's life there comes a time for greatness. As enemy guns thundered, Captain Bartlett found his and proved his fighting heart in an unexpected way

BY JACLAND MARMUR

THERE was a note about it in the captain's Washington folder. It came after the confidential reports of many commanding officers of his junior days, some items about his contributions to fire control while destroyer commander with the Sixth Battle Squadron in the first World War, and the comments of two famous admirals whose staffs he had served. Compared with so many pages detailing a brilliant career clearly pointing to flag rank, it was an insignificant little paragraph. It followed a red hospitalization memorandum caused during the China Incident on the upper reaches of the Yangtze River when a friendly Jap bombardier, by mistake, struck the U. S. S. Torpay close to where he stood on deck. Then there it was. A few paltry words. Some fancy medical terms. But the truth of the thing was simple. His hands shook. He couldn't help it; they just did.

That, of course, is why Captain Alfred Bartlett always kept them rammed in the pockets of his jacket. They offended him. He was angry with those hands over which he had ceased to hold control. He knew it meant he would never walk a flag deck of his own. It was a bitter cup. But the captain could not quarrel with precise, impersonal words appended to the official record of his training, his qualities, his performance, and his value. This was because he had walked the quarter-deck for long enough to understand the stern requirements of his trade. He did not complain.

But sometimes when the lads of the fleet came in, their faces brown and shining, carelessly chatting about the splendid things they'd seen, the captain's dark eyes clouded suddenly. Beneath the squared gilt-scrolled peak of his uniform cap they took a grim and hungry look. And that was the look of him now. Like a warrior in chains.

Standing by the window with only the four gold sleeve bands showing, he did not turn around when Lieutenant Commander Harbinson entered. He knew what Harby wanted. He knew what all of them out there wanted, the youngsters restless as caged lions behind their desks. Because that's what Captain Bartlett commanded now—a squadron of office desks. He was looking out on a city square, not on the green-white ocean hills of memory. So he stood there a moment longer, letting the gray nostalgic look fade from his eyes before he turned at last.

"I presume, Harby," he said, the dry bite hard in his voice—"I presume you're here to plague me again about a recommendation to return you to sea duty."

"Yes, sir," agreed Lieutenant Commander Harbinson at once. "I am."

Captain Bartlett grunted, coming forward a pace toward his desk. "You have seen the latest from Intelligence?" he murmured with the utmost irrelevance. "In your judgment, Tom, why would the Jap send a pair of light cruisers prowling between here and Pearl? And without destroyer escort."

Harbinson frowned. He was tall and lean and efficient and he wished to blazes the Old Man wouldn't go bouncing off on such silly tangents. What a question to ask! He controlled his impatience with effort, saying sharply, "Why, sir, they're out to raid our shipping in the hope they can force us to divert important battle units to hunt them up. On a task like that, a screen of destroyers would only be in their way."

"Of course." Harbinson's tone had implied plainly he thought such reasoning extremely elementary. It made the captain's lips twinge. "Then I take it," he said blandly, "that you would not detach a task force to destroy them?"

"Certainly not, sir!" Young Harbinson could contain himself no longer. This was nonsense! He wasn't here to discuss the barest rudiments of naval strategy. So Harby took the bull by the horns. "I don't object, sir, to a normal tour ashore, but in wartime I really think I'm entitled—"

"Suppose, though, Tom," the captain interrupted—"suppose you stumbled on them with—well, let's say a division of destroyers."

Harbinson's chin took a forward thrust. He didn't like being goaded. So he said savagely, "I would attack!"

"I believe you would."

"Certainly I would!" And then Lieutenant Commander Harbinson exploded. "I'm sick of it, sir! It gives me the williwaws. I've got to get back to sea! My legs were never built for desks. This is a hell of a way to fight a war!"

"Is it?" The words fell flatly from the captain's lips. "Is it?"

"Yes, sir, it is! Blast it all, I've spent my whole life training just for this! My whole life, sir! Who wants to rot ashore? Surely you understand, sir! Surely, you—"

All of a sudden the lieutenant commander saw the look of Captain Bartlett. It stopped him short. That man's eyes had a grim, forbidding stare. Perhaps he was remembering midshipman days, his first sea duty, and the high wild hope; the thankless pay, the struggling austere years with nothing else for holding ground than stern devotion and an honest love of craft; the dream forever bright—white stars against a field of blue. . . . The lieutenant commander let his half-clenched fist fall slowly to his side.

"I'm very sorry, sir," he said, and he turned to go at once.

"MR. HARBINSON!" Captain Bartlett's voice rapped out. He took one hand from his pocket. With it he pushed a sealed envelope toward the edge of his desk, and then instantly rammed that hand out of sight again. "Some weeks ago, with my favorable recommendation, I sent on your request for sea duty. Here are your orders." His voice was stern in the irons of control. "I believe you will find yourself posted Commander Febrill's executive in the destroyer leader Jones. He is taking a division of ships to Pearl for detail with the South Pacific fleet."

Harbinson just stood there, staring, before his homely face erupted in an expansive grin. What an odd fish the Old Man was! He let you stew in the kettle till he saw the true color of your juice. The lieutenant commander fairly leaped forward to pluck up that envelope.

"Thank you, sir!"

"I made some rash statements in my opinion of your comparative value at sea. You will thank me to better pur-

(*Continued on page 64*)

"Do you feel incompetent, Mr. Harbinson?" Captain Bartlett's voice rang like iron.

AS THE ENGLISH SEE US

BY BETTY MILTON GASKILL

We're prone to think others have the same high opinion of us we hold ourselves. They don't, as this reporter on the spot can testify

London.

THE British are displaying more interest in things American than ever before in their history. They see our soldiers walking about their streets, they hear and see our planes roaring from their fields, their Prime Minister visits our President at intervals, British newspapers are dotted with the word "American." They see us, they hear us, they know about us; but, for the most part, they do not yet understand us.

Asked what the average Englishman thinks of us, one American in London says humorously: "He assumes we dash madly from bed every morning, throw on our zoot suits, race our gleaming automobiles to factories where we crank out tanks, airplanes, and plumbing fixtures with frightening rapidity, and whiz home to our skyscrapers to consume dinner as fast as possible so that we may get on to the serious business of boogie-woogying all night in jazz palaces."

That's an exaggeration, of course, but it comes as a blow to those of us Americans who view ourselves as periodic saviors of the world, rather than as saviors of our own skins, to learn that the average Englishman admires us far more for our industrial genius than for any advanced political thinking.

He tends to regard us as a sort of national Flash Gordon, what with our skyscrapers, our millions of automobiles, our bathtubs, our endless stream of labor-saving gadgets, our ability to produce quantities of cheap well made clothes, and our large-scale production of all things that make life pleasant and more comfortable. He attributes to us probably far more energy than we actually have, and has decided it must be due to our brisker climate. To him, England's industrial machinery appears antiquated beside ours. We look very modern and bright and gay and big and great. But, above all, we look young.

Most of his ideas about our personal life and customs the average Englishman has derived from our movies. To Americans who have never seen a murder off the screen and whose closest connection with a gangster is a newspaper headline, it will be a shock to learn that a private poll taken in 1942 showed that 19 per cent of the British people considered America a lawless country. When, in 1943, the same poll showed that only 1 per cent of the people had that opinion, the decrease was traced to Hollywood, where war films have largely taken the place of gangster themes.

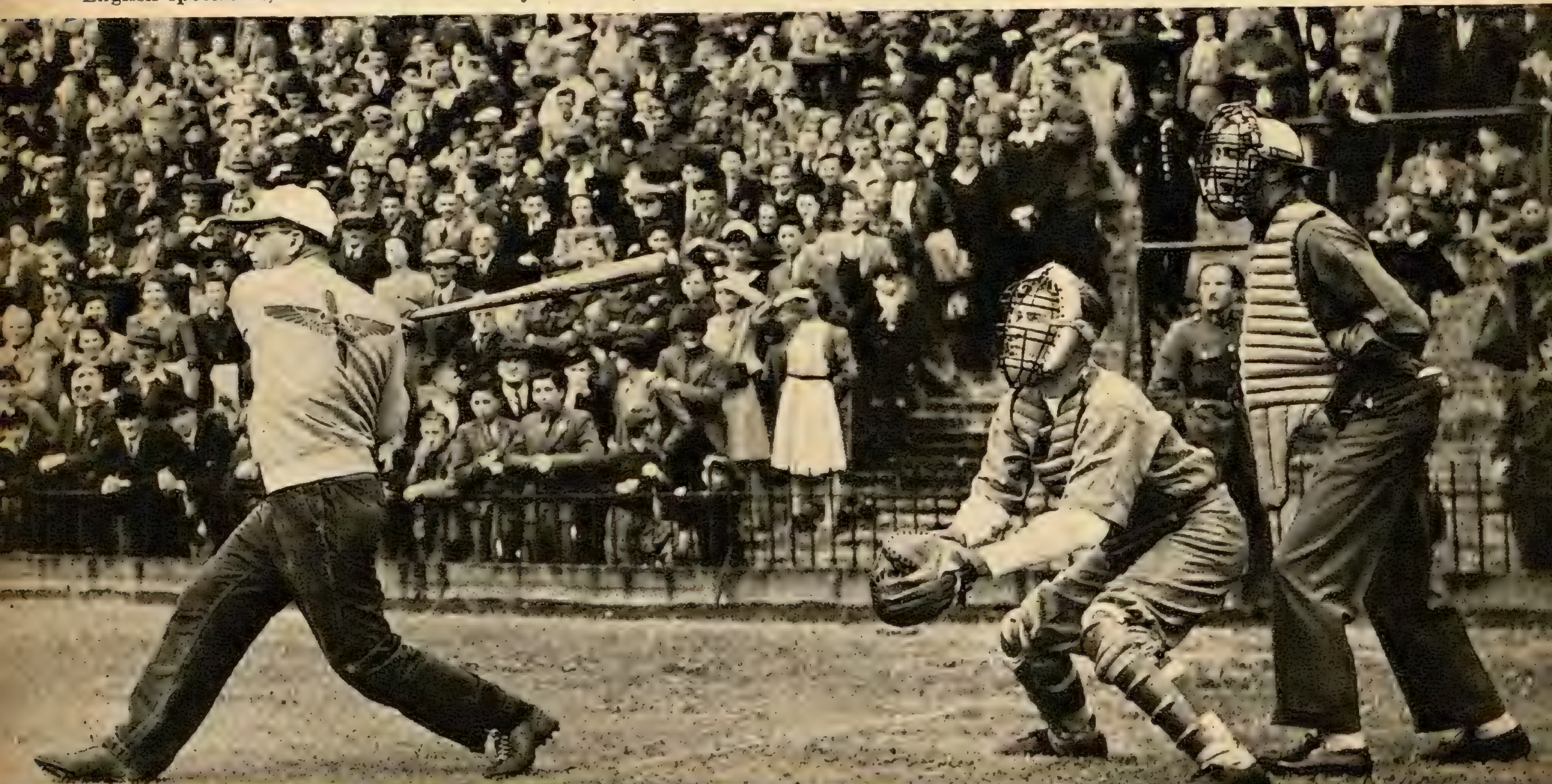
But some of the questions often asked of Americans reflect a half knowledge gleaned from books and history as well as from movies. For example:

"Which is the cultural center of America, Boston or Philadelphia?" "What does the D. C. mean after Washington?" "Is there really all this jitterbugging?" (It's just beginning to invade the customs of younger Englishmen, who see it in the films and have picked it up from American doughboys.) "Is America more capitalist than we? We think of ourselves as halfway between Moscow and Washington. Isn't there a real danger of Fascism in America?" (And then there are others who say admiringly: "I suppose the Beveridge report is what you have already?")

Until the last year so little emphasis was placed on the United States in history taught in British schools that one might say that after 1776 British children almost lost track of us. In the last twelve months the British Board of Education has done two things to remedy the situation. It has recommended a list of American textbooks to the local county boards for study and explanation to the students, and it has arranged lectures on America for a few teachers, who in turn will instruct other teachers or more students.

The working class in England is more than a little charmed by Americans. Even the prewar tourist class from America impressed them with its free manners and general friendliness.

Last summer the Office of War Information and the British Ministry of Information put on in London a joint exhibition called America Marches. Photographs were displayed, calculated to show the British public what sort of place America is and what sort of people live there. It was patronized largely by England's middle and working class. Typists, aircraft workers, mothers who had brought the children up to London for a treat, and men and women on leave from the forces filed speculatively by a large map of the United States. "We can't realize the vastness of it, can we?" they said—as we might say of Russia. "Why, it's a continent! You must have big differences of climate in a country like that."



English spectators, interested but baffled by the rules, watch a baseball game played by United States and Canadian Army teams.

AIR RAIDS
AIR RAIDS
569

The average Englishman and the average American are becoming better acquainted as Americans in growing numbers arrive in England.

One woman searched the map a long time. "I suppose it isn't marked," she finally murmured. "I don't see Pearl Harbor." Some were astonished at our distance from Japan. They had thought of Japan as almost on our doorstep, as German-occupied territory is almost on theirs.

Largely unfamiliar with immigration, Englishmen are puzzled that Italians, for instance, who have lived in the United States a relatively short time, can be Americans. They know about the "melting pot," but they can't quite believe it works. They'll say: "You must have a terrible problem with all those foreigners, not speaking English and all." "You have so many Germans!" "Is Spanish the official language of Texas?"

The American soldier in England seems to have made a decided impression. At the exhibition one girl wanted to know about Kansas: was the dry climate likely to be hard on complexions? Another girl said she was going to marry an American soldier. She didn't know exactly where she was going to live, but what type of clothes should she take to America? Another said: "Tell me, if an English person goes to live in America, how do the people there feel about it? Some one told me that Americans don't like the way we talk."

All of these questions reflect a budding curiosity about us. A number of English authors who have been to America have written informative pamphlets and books. These are now being eagerly sought in London bookstores. They bear such titles as The Americans: Who are they? and Meet the U. S. Army.

This last, written by poet Louis MacNeice for use by the Board of Education in Britain, has had widespread popularity. It is a great source of enlightenment to the English and is taken very seriously. But the American soldier in England gets an enormous kick out of seeing himself explained so elaborately in print, and particularly enjoys passages like this:

"The American soldier . . . is . . . on the whole an informal person. Some British eyewitnesses, indeed, are sometimes shocked by his informality. What you must remember is that in action the U. S. Army is noted for its stern discipline. And remember that this Army has a victorious history . . . It is high time that our school children were told that the Americans licked us at Saratoga in 1777 and at New Orleans in 1815."

THE American Army has introduced baseball and football to England, and when exhibition games are played in London, as many as 25,000 curious Englishmen have been known to turn out. Few of them understand the rules of the games—or understand our attitude toward sports. Mr. MacNeice is forced into detailed explanation in his booklet:

"The first thing to be noticed in America when watching either football or baseball is the far greater part played in the whole proceedings by the spectators. Far from being 'bad form,' it is the expected thing that the crowd should declare its feelings and critical judgments with as much verve . . . and ruthlessness . . . as possible; in college games this crowd-participation is organized, each side having its cheer leaders. . . ."

There is in England, particularly among the young people, an expectation of insecurity in Britain's postwar domestic situation. The Englishman has a sense of constriction, stemming from a tightly knit society in which the openings are normally limited. Suspecting that England after the war may be even more devoid of outlet, many a young man with ambition and drive looks once more toward the colonies.

Into the OWI-MOI exhibit came two Royal Air Force observers, unshaven after an all-night ride into London for leave. They wanted to know about American education, economics, politics. Finally they asked: "Would we be wanted in America after this war, or do you think Australia is better? We'll wait around here to see what happens, of course, but if there is no place for us we'll have to go overseas." Another man said: "I almost went out to America after the last war. I could have had a job in Detroit. But the American consul told me that if I went I ought to give up the idea of being British, and I couldn't stick that. Maybe I'll be sorry after this war, though." Still others wanted to know the rules of admission to the United States. Will America be an immigration country after the war? Is it hard for English people to go there? Is the quota filled? Is there still free land?

Americans are asked a variety of questions about our modern schools—questions inspired by a startling "white paper" issued in July by Britain's Board of Education. No more likely to be adopted in its entirety than the famous Beveridge report, it provides for a grand-scale revision of Britain's educational machinery, a system which has remained almost entirely unchanged for seventy years. Revolutionary for England, the plan calls for a system similar to ours. It proposes to

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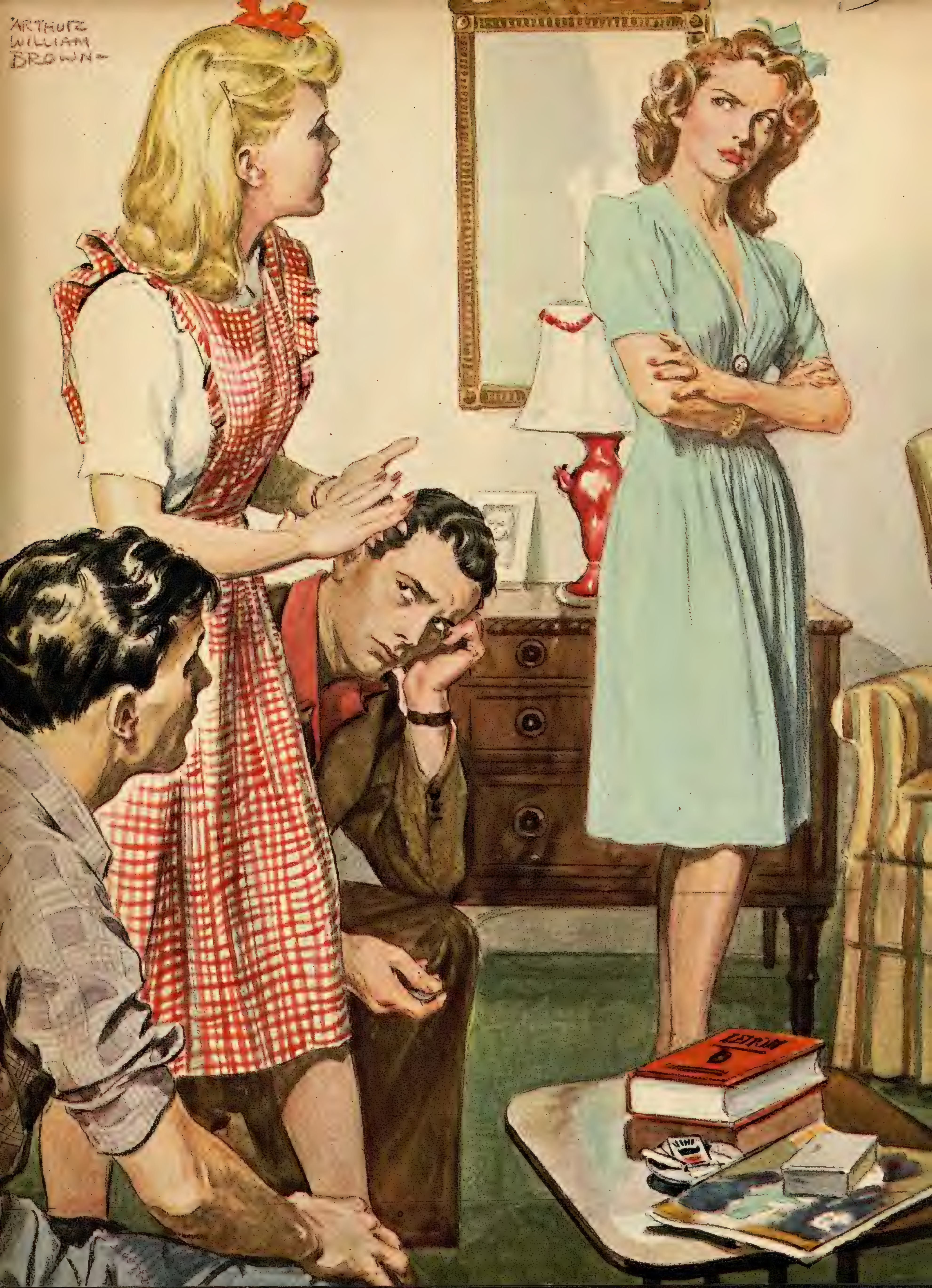

ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

MARRIAGE IS A STATE

Recipe for trouble: For honeymooners in a love nest built for two. But mother-in-law shows up to prove nothing's so bad it can't be worse

BY DARBY ST. JOHN

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"I NOW pronounce you man and wife," said the minister. As Dip bent down and kissed Molly's waiting face, round and pink as a child's at a birthday party, a needle of doubt pricked him. Maybe he ought to have told Molly, Dip thought. You could never tell what was going to be important to a woman.

He squeezed Molly's hand. She looked sweet, all done up in a white dress that could be worn after the wedding for when Dip took her dancing Saturday nights.

Dip said to the minister, smiling his slow smile, "You tied the knot good and tight, I reckon?" and gave him ten dollars.

The minister wished them good luck and smiled. The minister's wife smiled too, and some of the worry lines left her face, seeing the ten-spot. The minister's son, a shy young citizen with dark brows growing together over his nose, smiled and shook Dip's hand.

Molly and Dip went out into the street and got in his car.

"Wasn't ten dollars too much, Dip?" Molly said.

Dip said, "Reckon you only get married once. And aircraft welding pays."

Dip waited, not starting the motor, his big hands resting on the wheel. He was a slow-moving, reticent boy, and he had a nice honest face. He looked at Molly in her white dress, with a white flower in her bright hair and the bunch of pink roses he had bought her in her lap. He leaned over and kissed her right.

"Mrs. Meekham," Dip said.

"Happy, Dip?" she asked.

"Sure am."

"You'll muss my lipstick!"

"Reckon so."

"Dip," Molly said. "Oh, Dip, take me home."

Dip said, "Home." That niggling worry was at him again. He took away his arm and started up the car. As they turned into Burbank's main street, Dip suddenly wished he had told Molly there would be more than just the two of them. He wished he had told her about his brother Hank, and about Hank owning half the house.

THEY passed Moxie's Gopher Club, and Molly wanted to stop and show the gang her dress.

Moxie came out to the car. He was a big man, muscular all over. His chin stuck out, but not in a way to invite a punch at it. He leaned a beefy arm on the door and put his slicked-down head inside.

"You treat the little girl right," Moxie said pleasantly, "or I'll smash you."

Dip looked at the breadth and strength of the hand on the door. "I reckon I'll take care of her all right," Dip said.

Moxie grinned at Molly across the seat. "If he don't treat you right, kid, just tell Moxie." His laughter boomed. He smote Dip affably on the shoulder. "So long, kids."

Molly waved as they drove away.

"It seems funny I won't be working there any more," Molly said. "Moxie was good to me."

"Yep."

"It's funny." Molly giggled, snuggling closer. "A week ago I didn't even know you. And here we are married!"

"The minute I saw you across that counter," Dip said simply, "I knew you were for me." He had only wanted to take her out of that steaming-hot place. She was like a child, pleased with small attentions.

Molly said happily, "And I hardly know anything about you at all."

"We're rightly farm boys, Hank and me," Dip told her. "Hank, he's my brother. We come from a farm near Bakersfield. We wanted to get in the war, but ma figures when the Army wants us the Army'll let us know. We compromised, working in the airplane plant till our number comes up. We're doing it for ma." And Dip said, "Hank and me, we're buying the house together."

MOLLY looked at him. She said, "You mean your brother Hank is going to live with us?"

"Well," Dip said, "kind of." He hurried on, "It isn't like times were normal. There's a housing shortage in Burbank and there isn't a corner you can rent." He glanced at her. "You don't mind a heap, do you?"

Molly responded generously: "Of course not, Dip!" She smiled at him to prove she really didn't mind. "How many bedrooms are there?"

"Well," Dip said, "there's one." He tried to explain: "I guess Hank and me never rightly figured on getting married. Anyway," Dip said, "he's out tonight. Before I came for you he was getting all spruced up. Must've had a date."

He grinned at Molly. "He'll sure be surprised about you. It's the first time I ever did anything without telling him. I'll write ma, too. She'll sure be surprised."

He turned the corner into a quiet street lined with pepper trees and stopped the car in front of a small white stucco bungalow like all the others in a row hastily put up for aircraft workers. There were flowers in front, and grass. Warmth flowed through Dip. He had told Molly about Hank, and Molly had been sensible. Molly was wonderful. It was going to be nice to have somebody to cook and clean up, too. It got kind of tiresome having to do it after work.

Hank's car was in the drive and the house was lighted. Molly was looking at the house. She seemed pleased with it. They got out of the car and went up the walk. Outside the front door Dip looked at Molly and smiled a little.

"Hang onto your bouquet, honey," Dip said. "I reckon I got to carry you over the threshold. Ma told me," he confessed with his slow grin, "if I ever got married not to forget it. Ma says that things like that mean a lot to a girl."

Molly giggled against his shoulder. She was light in his arms. Dip turned the knob and shoved the door open with his foot. He walked in and pushed the door shut. It was cozy inside. There was an imitation fireplace with some drooping flowers on its mantel.

DIP put Molly down quicker than he expected. Dip stared and Molly stared.

His brother Hank was getting up from the sofa. Like Dip, he was a lean broad-shouldered farm boy with brown hair and nice eyes. They both had the clean look that boys have who have had a good mother. Hank was leading forward by the hand a dark-eyed, dark-haired girl in a white dress.

"Meet Thelma," Hank said, smiling at her. "Thelma and me, we just got married."

It was a minute before Dip could say anything. He said feebly, "Me, too."

He introduced Molly. The two girls looked at each other's white dresses with politeness. But there wasn't any rush of cordiality on either side.

A soft light glowed from the bedroom beyond and a comfortable double bed was visible through the doorway. In one corner of the living room there was a fairly wide divan covered with batik. The boys looked at each other doubtfully.

"Reckon," Dip said, "we better flip a coin."

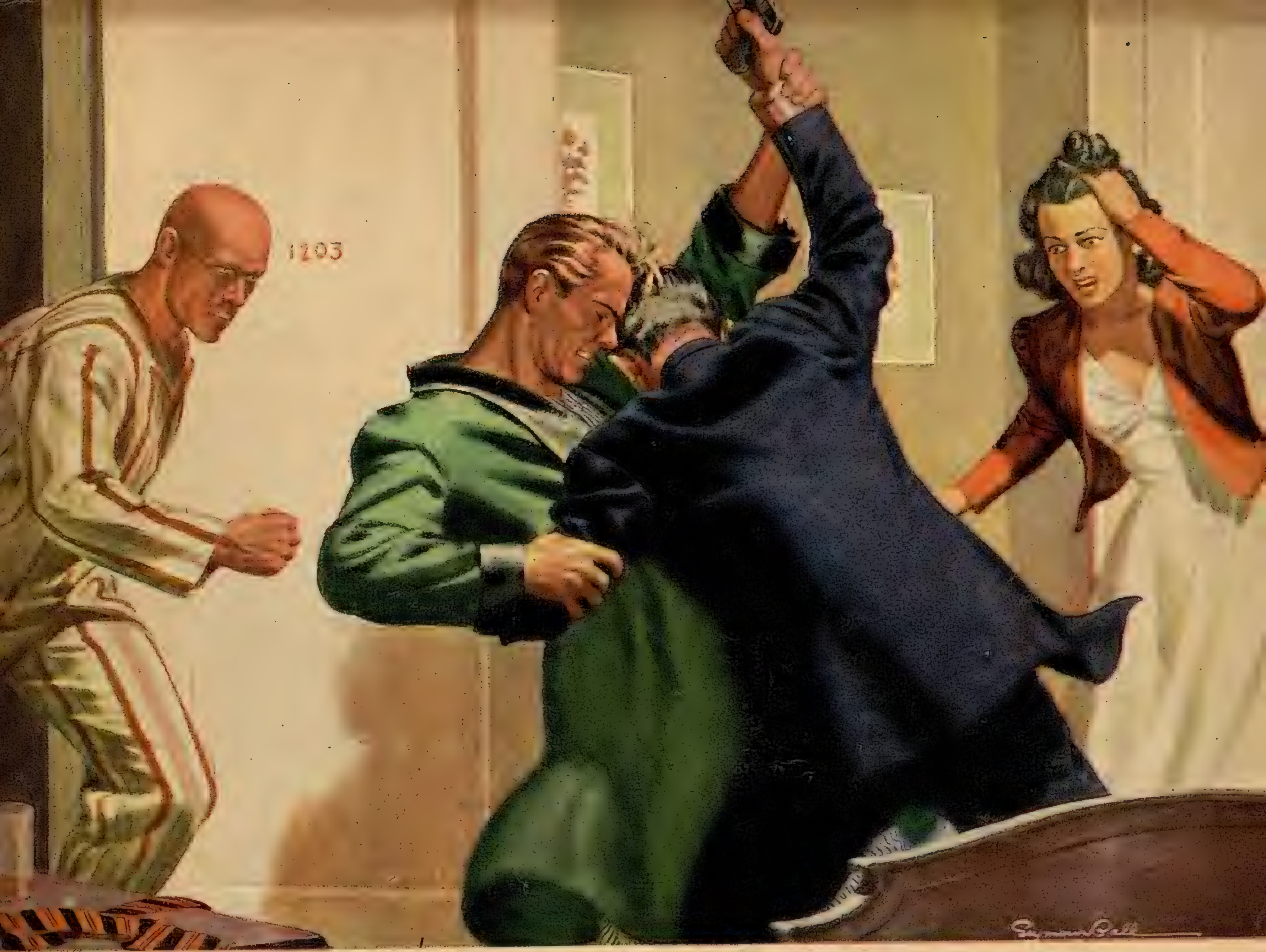
"Yep," Hank said. "Reckon."

Thelma looked at Hank. Her dark eyebrows arched a little more. Thelma said, "You mean this isn't your house? All of it?"

Hank shifted his feet.

(*Continued on page 61*)

Molly gave Thelma a pointed look. "I never bargained to cook for boarders."



There was the loud report of a gun. Helen screamed, and Stock rushed out of the next room into Tom's.

NO LITTLE ENEMY

BY OLIVER WELD BAYER

ILLUSTRATED BY SEYMOUR BALL

Tom stumbles into a nest of home-grown Fascists, and the pieces of the puzzle seem to fall into place until an old enemy strikes again and Daniel Stock stars in another daring rescue

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

NOTED political cartoonist Tom Bonbright didn't know it, but he was in for trouble when he consented to accompany a bond-selling "caravan" on a two-week tour under the aegis of the Office of Pictorial Propaganda.

In the club car of the New York train he met Senator Carlinger for whose defeat at the last election Tom's syndicated cartoons were somewhat responsible. The senator confided that he had just refused an offer to join a glossy Detroit law firm, headed by Lawrence Kenyon. Tom wondered why the refusal.

At the bar, the cartoonist thought he recognized Roger Tally, one-time prosperous promoter of a get-rich-quick scheme, now shabby-looking in a diamond-patterned blue suit. Tally's career of living off other people's money had been brought to a halt by a book written by Tom's friend Bill Roberts and illustrated by Tom, exposing Tally's crooked dealing.

Arrived at the theater in New York where a rehearsal of the Caravan was in progress, Tom took a seat in the darkened orchestra. He was admiring the beauty and magnetism of the leading lady, Helen Hathaway, when suddenly he was slugged from behind.

When he regained consciousness, he was in Miss Hathaway's apartment. Charlie Ross, her press agent and the troupe's manager, explained he had been brought there to escape undesirable publicity for Charlie's client and the Caravan.

That night, Tom and Helen went to visit Bill Roberts, the writer, only to find he had been murdered—slugged—a few minutes before their arrival. Tom's suspicions immediately fastened upon Tally.

On the train to Pittsburgh, the Caravan's first stop, Tom became acquainted with the other members: Rupert Wells, famous English actor; Daniel Stock, whose rescue of six seamen from a torpedoed tanker made him the "home-front hero" Charlie had been looking for. Stock had refused to fill the role, until he learned that Bonbright was to be a member of the troupe. Also there were Nadine Hall, young, unsophisticated, writer of the most popular war song; and six lovely chorus girls.

Tom disliked Stock, chiefly because the latter appeared so curious about Tom's work and interests; and when, backstage, before a performance in Pittsburgh, he saw Stock repulse a friendly advance by Philip Wald, a former Bundist, Tom began to wonder if Stock was the sort of person to be on a bond-selling tour where war plants of all kinds would be opening their gates to the Caravan.

It was on the train to Cleveland that Helen impulsively kissed Tom, surprising but pleasing him mightily. She agreed with him that there was "some-

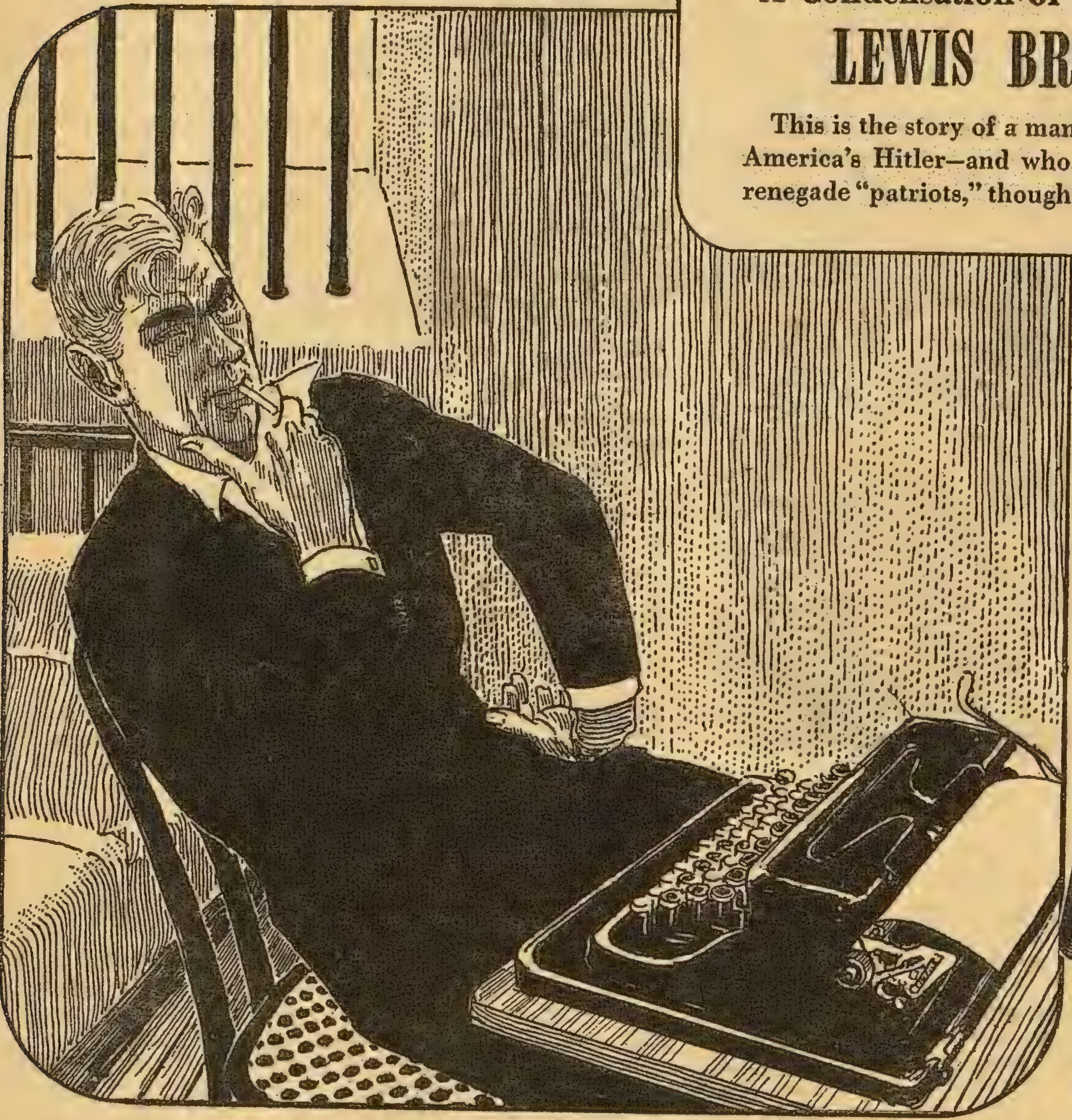
(*Continued on page 47*)

SEE WHAT I MEAN?

A Condensation of the Novel by

LEWIS BROWNE

This is the story of a man who wanted to be America's Hitler—and who, with the help of renegade "patriots," thought sure he'd make it.



A Liberty BOOK CONDENSATION

READING TIME ONE EVENING

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERICK CHAPMAN

I ALWAYS figured that if you wanted to write a book, first off you'd have to have lots of peace and quiet. You'd have to be some place where there was nothing to worry about, no room rent, no board bills, no phones to answer, nothing. In other words, what the poetry writers call (quote) an ivory tower (unquote). See what I mean?

That's just the sort of place I'm in right now—a jail.

How I got here you probably know, because I and the crowd I've been indicted with have been front-page copy for weeks. That's one thing even I will say for the F. B. I.: they sure can get you plenty of publicity.

But all that is neither here nor there. The point is, it makes no difference how much you may or may not have read about me and the others, what you know is practically nothing to what you're going to hear now.

Because this book is going to reveal all—and when I say all, I mean *a* double *l*, ALL.

First, it's going to reveal all about me and how I came to get mixed up with the Crusade. Then it's going to reveal all about the others in the movement, and the exact extent of their innocence or guilt. In other words, I am going to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help me God—and the Federal Court.

[Signed]
CLEM SMULLET

I KNEW, the minute I got off the train, I was right where a guy like me belonged. Everything about Los Angeles—the sunshine, the palm trees, the sappy look on people's faces—everything seemed to shout, "Clem Smullet, this is just where you belong!" All I had in the world was eleven dollars, but I swear John D. Rockefeller couldn't have felt happier than I did that morning.

And luck was with me right from the start. I'd heard that a fellow by the name of Ivan Kohn, who had worked

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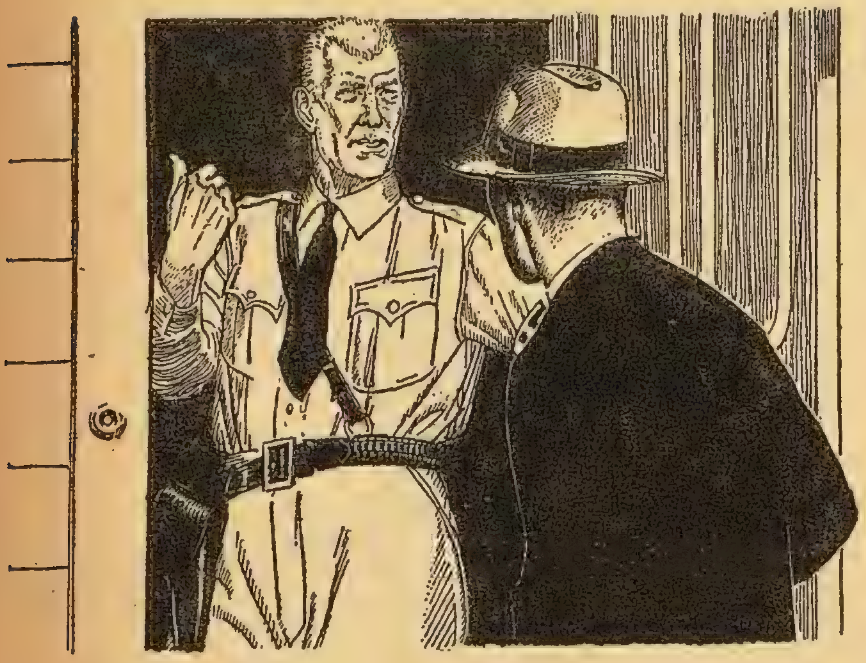
on the same newspaper with me, was doing publicity, so I got in touch with him, and right away he got me a job at his studio.

In almost no time at all I was drawing $100 a week, and a little later $125. Then something happened that I still can't think about without getting boiling mad. One of the stars that I'd been protecting from all sorts of scandals, suddenly turned on me and claimed that I had been shaking her down. It was a barefaced lie, of course. All I had done was borrow money, and she couldn't prove even that, because all the transactions had been in cash. Nevertheless the front office believed her, and it was curtains for me. I was out.

And I mean *out.* From then on I couldn't get a job in any studio in town. I tried not to worry at first. I had a bankroll stashed away, plenty of clothes, and of course my car. It was one of those sporty Cords and it had set me back two grand. I figured everything would blow over after a bit, so I took a trip to Palm Springs with a little canary I was acquainted with.



But when I got back, the heat was still on. Whoever I phoned was out. "Yes, Mr. Smullet," each and every secretary would say, "I'll tell him you called . . . . No, you don't need to leave your number; I'm sure he has it."

I guess that was the trouble. All Hollywood had my number, but wrong.

Finally I had to give up my apartment and move into a roominghouse off Vine Street, and that was where I hit bottom. Here I was, in the beautiful spring of 1939, so broke that I actually had to give up my car!

The lady who owned the roominghouse was a widow by the name of Mrs. Gunderson, and if it hadn't been for her, I guess I wouldn't be here now. In jail, I mean. Because it was through her I got mixed up with the Crusade in the first place. She was small and gray and gabby, with little gray eyes as bright as a kitten's, and a tiny puckered-up mouth. She tried to get me into conversation once or twice, asking how I was getting along and whether I had found a job yet. I was afraid she was leading up to the question of when I would be able to pay the month's rent. But I was wrong. She felt sorry for me.

"It ain't right!" she said one day when I had to give her the same old answer. "All we ask is jest to be allowed to live decent, and look what happens to us."

"Yeah," I sighed. "That's the way it is in this world. Honest people don't stand a chance. The trouble is God didn't create it right in the first place. He didn't give enough time to the production. Just six days, that's all. *Boom, boom, boom,* and there you are! Heck, He went at it like it was nothing but a quickie."

She didn't appreciate my humor. "You mustn't talk like that, Clem." She frowned. "That's blasphemy."

"You know I didn't mean it," I said, quickly contrite.

"Of course you didn't," she declared. "You're a good boy at heart, Clem. It's jest on the outside that you're so hard. I guess it's because of the sort of people you been with all your life, people that ain't got any principles and jest try to cheat you all the time."

"Yeah, that's the truth, Mrs. Gunderson," I told her. "Those are the people who are on top in this world, so what's the good of having principles? It doesn't pay. Look at Jonah. Why do you think he had to stay in the belly of that whale for so long? Because he had principles, that's why. He just wouldn't give in to the whale and leave by the regular exit."

"Jonah stayed in the belly of the whale because he knew that was what the Lord wanted him to do," she said.

"Maybe so," I said. "But how am I to know what the Lord wants me to do? I'm not a prophet."

"You can listen to one," she said. "There's a real prophet right here in Los Angeles. John Christian Power, and he's a wonderful leader."

"Yeah? Who does he lead?"

A look of positive awe came into her eyes. "Some of the biggest people in this town, that's all. You'd be surprised if I mentioned the names of some of them."

"Is that a fact? Say, what does he tell them? I mean, what does he want them to do?"

"I can't reveal that," she said, almost whispering. "It's a secret. If you knew even the least little part of it you'd—you'd just tremble. That's how big it is."

"You can give me a little hint, can't you?" I said, keeping a straight pan. "You've got me all curious. Does this Power hold meetings or something?"

"Once a week. I'm going to one tonight."

"Gosh, I wish I could come along," I kidded.

"Oh, they wouldn't let you in!" she cried. "But if you're interested, I'll talk to Mr. Gribble. He's sort of the manager of the movement."

"Aw, that'd be putting you to too much trouble, Mrs. Gunderson," I said real quick. "Besides, I'm not sure. . ."

"Stuff an' nonsense!" she cut in. "I'll be glad to do it. It's our duty to try to bring in new members."

WELL, that's how it all began. The next thing I knew, there she was dragging me down to what she called the Citadel. It was a big broken-down mansion with a wrought-iron railing in front. If it hadn't been that a light was burning on the porch, I'd have sworn the place was deserted.

The door opened and a hefty square-headed lug stood in the hallway. He had a gun on his hip and a belt full of cartridges. He jerked his thumb and growled, "Come along with me."

I followed the gunman upstairs into an enormous room full of old furniture. It was like going into an auction room, even to the moth-ball smell. Two men were sitting in chairs, and one of them got up as I entered.

He was blond and fat and probably in the dough, from the way he was dressed.

"Mr. Smullet?" this guy said. "My name's Gribble. And this is Captain Cleaver."

The other man got up and gave my hand a shake that all but crushed the knuckles. He was a big bruiser with a lantern jaw and held himself as though some one had stuck a poker up his back.

"Sit down," said the fat fellow pointing to a chair. "We've got a proposition that might interest you. That is, if you're the sort of man we've been told you are."

"And what sort is that?"

"First of all, a publicity expert. You are, aren't you?"

"That's the rumor," I answered.

"Good. And second, you've been given a dirty deal and you're sore?"

"You bet I'm sore. Wouldn't you be, if you'd been framed and put on the black list?"

"Sure, sure. I know exactly how you feel. So does Cleaver here. That's why we're in this movement."

Suddenly there was a noise somewhere behind me. I jerked around and saw a man step out from behind a pair of heavy plush portieres. He was very tall and thin, with a long hawkish head that was completely shaved. His skin was practically leather and his eyes looked like bits of blue bottle glass. On a studio lot I'd have sworn that he was an extra made up for some horror picture.

"Just a minute," he announced. "I'll take charge now." He came straight toward me. "My name's Power," he said. "John Christian Power." Then he leveled his eyes like two blowtorches and started melting me down.

"Who do you think is running this country right now?" he asked suddenly.

"Who? Why, F. D. R., I guess."

I suppose I should have said Eleanor, but my mind wasn't clicking. All I did was look at him.

"You don't know, eh?" He poked a hairy finger in my chest. "Smullet," he said, tapping out each word, "the people who are keeping Roosevelt in the White House are the *same* people who are keeping *you* out of Hollywood. The Jews! Don't you realize they are behind everything?"

All I could do was mumble, "Hell, I don't know. . ."

"You don't, eh?" he went on. "Well, answer me this: Aren't they in control of Hollywood? Don't they run every studio in town?"

That wasn't exactly true, and I knew it. Darryl Zanuck over at Twentieth Century wasn't a Jew, nor Sidney Kent, who was the boss over at Fox, nor a dozen other top men I could mention. But with this crazy lug, I didn't see much sense in trying to argue. So I said, "I guess you're right, at that."

"You bet I'm right. And it's the same way in Washington. Who runs most of the government departments? Jews, all Jews, and everybody knows it. It's all a part of the great international conspiracy."

He went rattling on until he sounded almost convincing. It was the passion he put behind every word that got me. I swear, if he'd told me the entire Catholic Church was run by Jews, I'd have believed him.

"You sure do make out a strong case," I said.

He scowled like he didn't want to be interrupted.

"And that's just Washington. What about London and Paris and Moscow? In fact, right at this minute there are only three capitals in the entire world that aren't in their hands—Berlin, Rome, Tokyo. No," he corrected himself. "There's a fourth now—Madrid. But that's all. Just four nations in the entire world that aren't caught in the coils of the Hebrew octopus."

He started off again on another harangue, saying it was the Jews who were secretly conspiring to run and ruin everything. He called them the Elders of Zion and, according to him, almost every calamity that had occurred anywhere on earth was traceable to them.

"What are you going to do about it?" he said. "Just sit back and let 'em get away with it? This is *our* country, isn't it? Are we going to let a bunch of lousy Jews take it away from us? We got to organize a conspiracy of our own! We're doing that right here. How about joining us? We could use a man with your background."

I looked at him and then at the other two guys. Finally I faltered, "Maybe I ought to do a little thinking first."

His eyes narrowed down to pin points. "Maybe you should," he said in a voice I didn't like at all. And with that he stamped right out of the room.

WITH that nut gone, I didn't feel nearly so scared.

"Say, who the hell does he think he is anyway?" I exclaimed.

Gribble heaved himself out of his chair, his face kind of severe. "I'll take you downstairs," he said.

Once we were on the other side of the door, he gave me a wink. "What d'you say we go some place and have a drink?" he whispered.

We went to a joint on Alvarado Street and Gribble took the farthest booth in the rear.

"Let's have a little music, Chuck," he told the bartender. "We've got business to talk over."

Pretty soon a juke box began to give out just loud enough to cover our voices. "Well, spill it, friend," I said, starting to light up. "What's that guy up to?"

"It's simple enough," Gribble grinned. "He's merely grooming himself to become the Dictator of the United States. He expects to do for America what Hitler's done for Germany, only faster and better."

"Well, I'll be damned! He must be completely bugs."

"Sure he is. That's why I picked him."

"*You* picked *him*? But what for? I figured you for a guy with brains."

Gribble took a minute to sip his chaser. "I took up with Power because I knew there was jack in it," he said.

"You mean he's rich?"

"Naw, he's as broke as you are."

I resented that. "Who told you I'm broke?" I flared.

He grinned. "O. K.," he said. "So you're a millionaire. That's why you're living off your landlady."

I could see he had my number, and gave up. "You win," I said. "I'm broke, all right. But about His Nibs—what's he doing in such a swell house if he's broke?"

"He's living off *his* landlady, a crazy old hag by the name of Sally Garth Krutch, the widow of Adolph Krutch, whose beer you probably drink when no one's around to blow you to bourbon. I introduced J. C. to Sally, and she fell for his line one-two-three."

"So that's it! You're working the dame, eh?"

Gribble tapped the ash off his cigarette. "Sally's tight. All we can gouge out of her is petty cash."

"Then where's the pay dirt?"

HE let out a chuckle. "In Mrs. Gunderson—she and all the rest like her. They're the ones I'm figuring on tapping—at least to start with. That's why I have J. C. around. I use him to hold 'em while I do the tapping."

"What do you mean, you use him? The way he acted up in that room, it looked more like he was using you."

"Don't you believe it," Gribble snorted. "That's nothing but an act on my part. Take tonight for instance. He walked out on you, didn't he? Well, tomorrow I'll have him welcoming you back like a long lost brother."

"You will, eh? Well, who says I'll come back?"

"I do," he answered calmly. "The minute I saw you, Clem, I knew I wanted you in with me. You're smart."

"Thanks. And I don't mind telling you, Gribble . . ."

"Ben's the name. My friends call me Doc. Anyhow, how about coming in with me?"

"What's the proposition?" I asked.

"Maybe I ought to do a little explaining first," he said. "The way I size it up, this country's full of people who are scared. That's what gives guys like us our opportunity. For instance, it used to be that the average man was scared of going to hell, so what do I do? I become a preacher. I had brains enough to realize the fear of hell could be made to pay."

I stared at him. But he wasn't kidding. He went on to tell me how he'd been an evangelist years ago. "But religion became a dying industry," he went on. "People quit worrying about hell. They'd begun to think it was just nothing more than a cuss word. But did that stop 'em from feeling scared? Not so's you could notice it. They began worrying about their bodies instead of their souls. They started worrying about cancer and colitis and high blood pressure. So then what did guys like us do?" He chuckled again and spread his hands. "We became doctors!"

I was getting to like this guy more and more.

"You mean you became a regular M. D.?"

He shook his head. "Not exactly. I did study to be a chiropractor, though. But I never practiced at it. I discovered there was more money in electrical diagnosis and all that sort of bunk. That's how I came across this guy Power. He was talking of starting a crusade against Jews even way back then. He gave treatments in the clinic I was running here in town."

"You mean he was in on the racket?"

Gribble snorted. "*That* nut?" he said. "He wouldn't know a racket if it reared up and kicked him in the teeth!"

He signaled for Chuck to bring another round.

"What a sweet racket that was!" He went on: "There was a period when I was cleaning up as high as a grand a week, net." He started to reminisce until I finally said I couldn't understand why he'd ever given up a racket that was that good.

"What got me was the depression," he said. "People quit worrying about their health, because that was about all they had left after '29. Then they worried about their pocketbooks. They were broke or scared that they might go broke, and all stirred up because they thought the country was going to rack and ruin." Gribble paused and leered at me. "And that," he said, spreading his paws, "is how I got into this racket. No kidding, Clem, there's a mint in this proposition. Millions of people are riled, or in a daze, or just plain scared, and every one of them is running around looking for a goat to blame it on. Well, we give 'em a goat. We tell 'em it's the Jews who are at the bottom of everything, and we've got to organize against them. It's a cinch! Can't you see it?"

I shook my head. "Anybody with an ounce of sense would know better than to fall for that line."

"What about those who haven't got an ounce? I'm sold on this Crusade. It's going to sweep the nation."

"With that nut at the head of it?" I snorted. "Don't make me laugh."

"O. K., go ahead and laugh. That's what they did when Hitler started out. They laughed and laughed. And look what happened."

"Yeah, but that's Germany. It couldn't happen here."

"Like hell it couldn't! Americans are human, aren't they? Well, being human, they can be scared, and if they're scared enough, they'll go batty, and once they're batty enough they'll think a real bat like J. C. is sane. Is that logic or is that logic?"

"But why pick him? What's he got to sell except just Jew poison?"

"That's all he needs to sell. First scare everybody, then peddle your goods. I'm telling you, Clem, there's no limit to what we can do with this racket. And we're just about ready to go to town. I've hired the Philharmonic Auditorium for a mass meeting next Thursday night. That's where *you* come in. You're going to put on a publicity campaign that'll fill that hall right to the doors. Put it over and we'll give you a share of the take."

"Nh-nh!" I said, shaking my head. "You've picked the wrong guy. I like to get paid for my work. I've got to eat, remember?"

"What's the matter with your landlady?" he said. "She'll be tickled to death to stake you if you're working for the Cause. And, incidentally, have you thought how she'll feel if you refuse to work for it?"

There he had me, and we both knew it. If he turned Mrs. Gunderson against me, I'd be in a hell of a spot.

"Hell!" I said. "I'll take the lousy job. Just the same, Doc, you really ought to give me *something* in advance. Say fifty bucks. Just to make me feel like really putting my heart into the work."

"O. K., Clem!" he said, sticking out his paw. "It's a deal!"

SO now I was in. And once I got started, I found myself getting more and more involved. Before I knew what was happening, *boom*—I had been made an officer of the organization! I'm not kidding. I'd been put on what was called the Supreme Council.

I wasn't elected to that position. The Power, I discovered, didn't hold with the idea of elections. He believed all officers should be appointed—by himself. Some day, he said, the entire government would be run that way.

But I really couldn't feel flattered once I lamped the sort of people he'd already given that honor to. Excluding Gribble, there wasn't a one of them that I'd have cared to be caught dead with.

There was that Captain Cleaver. He belonged to five different veterans' associations and carried on like every day was the Fourth of July.

Then there was a Miss Mabel Haight. She was built like a wrestler, wore mannish clothes, and had a goiter with popeyes to match. And a party named Max Kronkhite, a perfect Heinie type. He had a thick accent and could have stepped right out of a Warner Brothers spy picture. He actually was a spy; but I had no suspicion of that until much, much later. All we knew then was that he was a big shot in the Bund, which made him mighty useful to the Crusade.

Finally there was Cyrus Peavey, a skinny little mildewed man with long sideburns, a twitch in one cheek, and practically no chin. He owned three drugstores. That, apparently, was why he rated the Supreme Council, being good for a touch once in a while.

He came through with fifty bucks for publicity on the meeting. I almost hit the ceiling when I knew how little I'd have to work with. But it was better than nothing.

I pecked out a dozen stories on the meeting, and they were darn good ones, even if I say so myself. They described Power as "one of the profoundest philosophers and spiritual statesmen of modern times." I dropped the mister out of his name, billing him just as The Power.

Then I got a real idea, and of all people, from Chuck, our favorite bartender, when we were there one day.

"Wish I could get off tomorrow," he said when he set up our drinks. "I'd sure like to listen in on that trial."

"What trial?" I asked, though I didn't give a darn.

"Don't you read the papers?" he said. "I mean that sex-maniac case. They ought to lynch him," he growled. "Foreign degenerates like that ought not to be allowed in this country."

"What makes you think he's a foreigner?" I asked.

The barkeep said, "What about his name? Conrad Wulff! If that ain't foreign, I'll eat it."

"Probably a Hebe," Gribble said, grinning sourly.

I started to grin back at him, then suddenly stopped.

"I've got it," I said. "Doc, we're saved! Come on!" I grabbed his fat arm. "We've got to get J. C. right away."

POWER was right there at the head of the crowd the next morning, ready to rush in as soon as the courtroom doors were opened. He was dressed entirely in white, and held himself like he knew, but didn't mind, that everybody was staring at him. Captain Cleaver was at his side, flanked by five or six bozos in veterans' overseas caps. I spotted Doc Gribble, and Kronkhite was there with what looked like a whole battalion of hausfraus.

I recognized one of the guys at the press table, an old souse I'd known years back in Chicago. "Well, if it isn't my old pal, Tom Duranty!" I yelled. And then, edging closer, I started talking in his ear.

"You don't say!" the old guy spoke up when I got through. "What's he look like?"

"I'll point him out to you," I whispered, but loud enough for the other news hawks to hear.

They all craned to look at The Power. He was sitting right by the railing, with at least twenty of our people packed solid around him, and even sitting, he was a head taller than anybody near him. And what a head! It could have been carved out of mahogany, the flesh was so brown and shiny over the skull.

A sob sister at the table let out a gurgle. "My, he gives me goose pimples!" she thrilled. "Who is he?"

I spilled a few more details and then clammed up. The bailiff was announcing the court in session.

I squeezed into the second row so I could be right behind J. C. He was as tense as a hopped-up racehorse as the prosecutor started addressing the jury.

It was a good opening statement, full of fire and hokum, and the crowd lapped it up. I saw some of the women dab their eyes, and heard a sob or two. Somewhere behind me a man started cussing under his breath. I felt myself get tenser and tenser.

I turned and whispered something to Kronkhite. He motioned to one of the hausfraus, a screwy-looking frump with bulging eyes and an awful complexion. All at once she let out a screech that made even the judge jump. He started banging his gavel, and cops came running from everywhere. They had to plow in and lift her up bodily before they could get her out and haul her away. All the way down the aisle she kept throwing herself around and screeching her head off.

I gave J. C.'s shoulder a poke and he jumped up like I had jabbed him with an ice pick.

"Your Honor!" he boomed out. "I protest! My name is John Christian Power, and I protest. We're wasting time! That vicious fiend there in the dock . . ."

Flashlights started popping and every photographer in the room was shooting at J. C. and at the cops trying to get at him. Cleaver and his boys were barricading the way, yelling, "Let him alone! . . . He's right! . . . Let him talk!"

For a minute it looked like there was going to be a riot. Then the cops broke through, collared J. C. and started hustling him out.

"Get him out quick!" I said to Cleaver. "I'll meet you on the sidewalk!" Then I waved to the news hawks.

They didn't need any diagram. Grabbing their hats, they came flying after me.

When we got downstairs, there was J. C. holding forth at the top of his lungs in front of the courthouse. And the mob around him was yelling like crazy.

I told the reporters, "Get out your pencils, boys. This is going to be terrific!"

It was.

THE minute I saw how the papers played up the ruckus, I knew our meeting was made. There were pix on the front page of practically every sheet in town, feature stories and even editorials. The whole town knew that The Power was going to tell all about the sex maniac at the meeting and we drew a crowd big enough to fill a hall twice the size of the Philharmonic.

When they were jammed in so tight that the deputy from the Fire Department ordered the doors closed, I figured out the amount the organization could check me up on, cached it in the office strongbox, and pocketed the rest. Then I ankled out to the hall.

The crowd went wild as J. C. stalked forward and took his stand at the rostrum. He didn't bow, or even smile. For ten seconds, maybe fifteen, he stared out, not saying a word. And then at last he opened his mouth.

"My fellow Americans," he began in his deep hollow voice, "our world is in danger! All that we hold dear, all that our forefathers shed their blood on a thousand battlefields to preserve—our honor, our might, our way of life—are being undermined! They are being debauched and debased and corrupted before our very eyes."

He was terrific! He was as good as one of those prophets you read about in the Bible, all fire and scorch and fury. As good? He was even better! He talked plain United States, and you could understand him. He began talking about the sex maniac, and his language made your insides squirm. He didn't use one real smutty word, yet it was the rawest talk I'd ever heard.

And the crowd loved it. Most of them were crouched forward, their mouths practically drooling. And then all at once he switched. Drawing himself up and shooting out that long finger of his, he suddenly roared: "And who is this fiend? Just another crazy imbecile who didn't know what he was doing? NO! *Conrad Wulff is sane!* His crimes were deliberate! Every one of them was planned in advance and carried out in cold blood! Every one was part of a *world-wide plot!* And do you want to know who's back of that plot? The papers won't tell you. They don't dare. The lawyers and judges and doctors and college professors, they won't tell. They're scared. But *I'll* tell you . . . . IT'S THE JEWS!"

There was a gasp all through the hall. You could almost feel the sucking sound. And then came the explosion. I thought the roof would come off. The entire audience seemed to be roaring and hooting and stamping. It sounded like the start of a free-for-all.

Finally he began to speak again. I had known all along that he would claim this Conrad Wulff was a Jew. I had put that flea in his ear myself. But according to his statements, he could prove much more than that.

"This whole thing is part of a Jew conspiracy," he roared. "Conrad Wulff isn't just an accident. He's a symptom. He's a cog in an infernal machine. He's a tentacle of the hellish octopus that's spreading its slimy arms all over the earth. *Can't you see that?*"

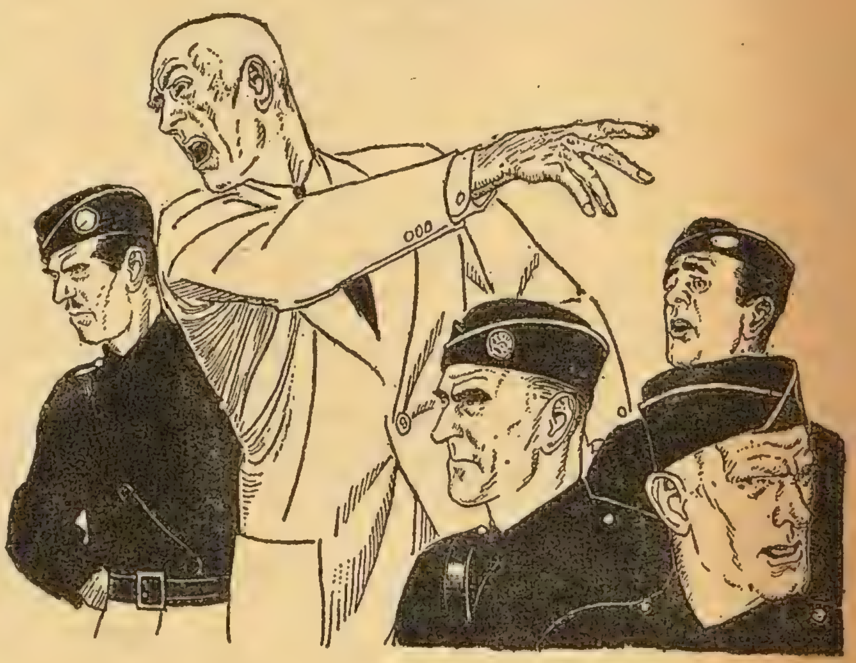
Apparently they could. I could tell the way they clapped and yelled. Even I was applauding. I couldn't help it. There was something about his voice that just carried me away. I knew what he was saying was pure hooey, yet I ate it up. That's how good he was.

And the longer I listened the more I became hypnotized. By the time J. C. got through speaking, I swear I was nuts. Here's the proof: He wound up with a plea for money to help him fight the Jews, and I'll be damned if I didn't immediately jump to my feet and start waving a ten-dollar bill in the air. If an usher had reached me fast enough, he'd probably have got it too.

It must have been twenty minutes before our scavengers got through with their work, and then Gribble started a spiel about enrolling new members. Drawing himself up, he yelled:

"And one last thing, folks! We're going to close this meeting with the pledge of allegiance to the flag. So stand up, all you who are with us in this great cause! The rest of you stay in your seats. Because we don't want you in on this! Only real Americans. . . ."

It sounded like thunder, all those hundreds of voices reciting the pledge in unison. Most of the people stuck their arms out horizontal, but The Power held his high, like in a Nazi salute. So did Kronkhite and most of the others on the platform. It gave me a turn, but then I remembered I had something more important to think about. I could see the carton of money under Doc's chair, and I had a feeling he'd want me to get it out of the way. So, while everybody was still saluting, I backed over to the platform steps and got ready to pounce.



There were no two ways about it: that meeting had been a wow! I forget now the full extent of the take, because Doc and I were kind of complicated bookkeepers; but the final accounting showed the organization richer by well over $600. In addition we had enrolled nearly three hundred new members, and put the Crusade right on the map.

The next day Doc and I got right down to business. First off, we arranged to rent the Senate Auditorium on South Grand Street for an open meeting every Sunday evening. The location was swell, being right downtown, and the rent was dirt cheap. Moreover, there was a hotel next door belonging to the same corporation, and the agent agreed to throw in the use of a room free gratis if we'd sign a six-month contract. I was the one who mooched that extra concession, so Doc was a good sport and didn't object when I said the room ought to be mine.

To clinch the matter, I moved in that same afternoon. With all the dames that were certain to be attracted to our meetings, I figured it might come in handy to have my living quarters right next door.

I started to dig in. I fixed up an office on the ground floor of the Citadel and began looking around for a secretary. Experiences had taught me there's nothing so inspirational as having a cute young thing around during office hours. But as it happened, I was really going to have plenty of work for a secretary to do. I was figuring on starting a house organ for the Crusade. All that naturally called for a highly efficient girl Friday.

And that's how I acquired Miriam Cabot.

I spotted the girl at our second meeting in the Senate Auditorium. She stood out in that crowd like a poppy in a field of mud and stubble. Her curly bobbed hair was that light brown color no Hollywood doll would have left natural, and her mouth was practically without any lipstick. She was wearing a plain tweed suit under a polo coat, and she had no hat on. Nevertheless, it didn't take a talent scout to size her up as something definitely special. She had her head down, and was apparently taking notes, so I decided she must be a reporter. The minute the meeting was over, I made a beeline to catch her before she could get away.

"Pardon me, miss," I said, grabbing her elbow just as she was going through the door. It felt like a nice elbow. "You with one of the papers?"

"I'm not a reporter," the girl stammered. "I'm a student at U. C. L. A. I was just taking notes for a paper I'm writing for one of my classes."

"Is that a fact?" I cried. "Say, you really ought to let me talk to you, then. In private, I mean. My name's Smullet. I'm in charge of publicity here, so I could give you all sorts of dope on the movement."

Her face lit up. "Oh, I'd love that!" she sang out.

"Why not tonight?" I suggested, giving her arm just the least little pinch. "My office is right next door."

"Next door?" she faltered. "But isn't that a hotel?"

"Yeah," I said. "But it's quite all right, believe me."

She shook her head. "No," she said. "Can't we go somewhere else? I don't feel. . ."

"Oh, sure, sure," I cut in. "I understand. How about going around to Mike Lyman's? We could have a drink while we're talking. Coffee, I mean."

"That would be fine!" she said.

I led her through the crowd and started toward the parking lot across the street.

"Let's walk," she said. "Lyman's isn't far, is it?"

"No, but I'll drive you home afterwards."

"That's awfully kind of you," she said, "but I have my own car."

She nodded toward a shiny big station wagon that looked like it was slumming among the jaloppies parked all around. That car took me back a bit, but by the time we'd walked half a block I was myself again. "Say," I piped up, "this is practically against the Mann Act! Here we are going out together, and I don't even know your name!"

The smut crack seemed to go over her head. She merely smiled and answered, "My name's Miriam Cabot."

It was all I could do to keep from dropping her arm. "N-not one of the Boston Cabots?" I stammered.

"Yes, my father was born in Boston," she said casually.

WE had reached the restaurant by this time, and I helped her out of her coat. She only wanted coffee, but I ordered a kosher corned-beef sandwich and a beer.

Her brow wrinkled, as if she was troubled about something. "I hope you won't mind my asking this, Mr. Smullet," she suddenly blurted out, "but do you think it's right for you to order that kind of food?"

"Why not?" I shrugged. "It's the influence of the Jews that we're against, not their cooking. Personally I'm nuts about kosher corned beef. Kosher pickles too."

"But what about your leader?" she asked.

"I guess he really wouldn't think it just right," I said, "but then, he's a vegetarian."

"He is?" she cried, all excited. "My, that makes him even more like Hitler, doesn't it? I was so thrilled the way he spoke tonight I could hardly take any notes. You see, I'm writing a paper on Fascism in America for my sociology prof. He'll probably flunk me for what I'm going to say, but I don't care. I *believe* in Fascism!"

"Good for you!"

"Yes," she said, wrinkling her lovely puss and sounding very earnest, "I think Fascism is the only way out for America. Our kind of people don't stand a chance any more, do they?"

"Are there many people in your set who feel the way you do?" I asked her.

"No," she answered. "That's what makes me so mad. All they're interested in is having a good time. Except the intelligent ones, of course, and they're mostly Reds. Well, anyway, Pinks. You'd be shocked if you knew how much radicalism there is on our campus."

"Aw, you're talking about the kids," I said. "What about the older generation? Your parents and their friends? I bet they're no radicals."

She bit her lip. "My mother is," she admitted. "So is my father. Of course, they insist they're merely liberals. The trouble with them is they're not realists."

"Why don't you bring them to one of our meetings?" I said. "They're just the sort we need in the Crusade—people with prestige and—and . . ." I was about to say "dough," but caught myself in time.

"Oh, they wouldn't dream of coming!" she cried before I could go on. "They think Fascism is something dreadful. They're so prejudiced." She saw the waiter come up with our food, and fell silent till he set it out on the table. When he finally left, she turned to me.

"Tell me about the Crusade, Mr. Smullet," she said.

I began to talk and she just lapped it up. She acted exactly like a kid listening to a bedtime story, begging me to tell more and more. When I finally ran out of wind I had her practically swooning.

"Gee, Mr. Smullet," she panted, "that's wonderful! It must give you tremendous satisfaction to know you're accomplishing so much. Why, you're making history!"

"You can have the same thrill easy enough if you want to," I said. "All you've got to do is join us. We'd just about break our necks to get a member of your type!"

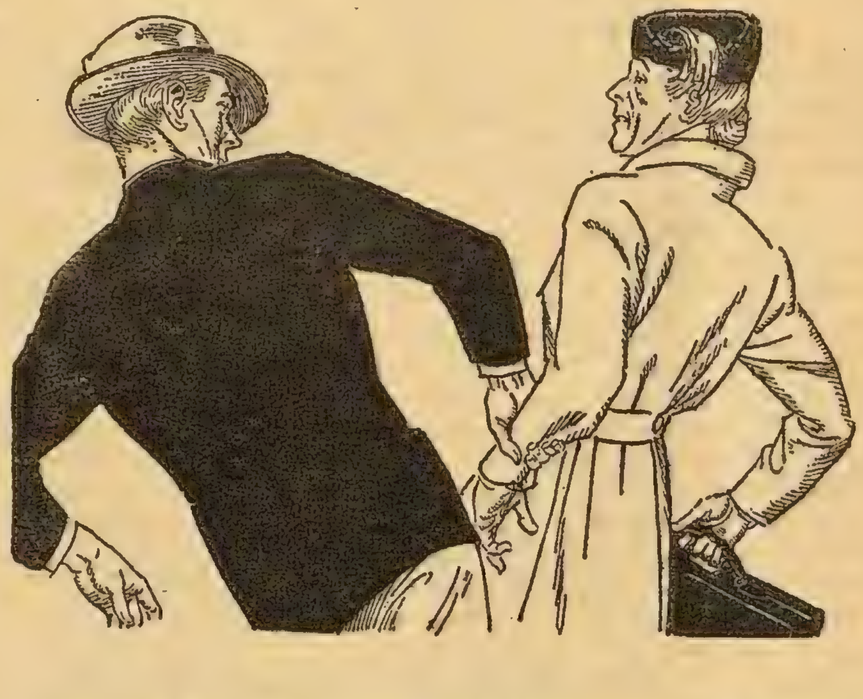
"Oh, but I'd want to be more than that," she pouted. "I'd want to work for it."

"That'd be perfect!" I cut in. "I've been looking everywhere for a secretary, only we wouldn't be able to pay you much."

"Oh, I wouldn't dream of asking any pay at all!" she exclaimed. "But I may not be good enough . . ."

"Let me be the judge of that," I said. "What d'you say, Miriam? Are you game to take the job?"

"Why, I'd consider it an honor!" she cried. "Of course, I'd have to keep it a secret. My parents would be terribly upset if they found out."



"Don't let that worry you," I snorted. "They needn't know a thing. We'll enroll you under an alias and you can start tomorrow."

She was a real prize, that kid. Everybody took to her right off, including even The Power. There was absolutely no doubting her sincerity, nor resisting her daffy charm.

But even after I'd known her for months, I couldn't figure her out. I'd been given to understand those college girls were all pretty negotiable, if you know what I mean. But not Miriam. I tried all the techniques—the Don Juan, the cave man, the brotherly, yet none of them got me anywhere.

Meanwhile I was glad to keep her as my secretary minus any et cetera. She was a hard worker, but occasionally she got so snowed under that she'd have to finish part of the work at home on her own typewriter.

I never got to see her except during office hours, or when there were meetings. All I could do was wait and keep my fingers crossed. And that, believe me, was no end annoying.

However, the way things were going, I didn't have much time to fret about that Cabot kid. Our growth was positively staggering during those first months.

Of course, the thing didn't happen all by itself. The

Power was great at hooking the suckers, and Gribble couldn't be beat when it came to cleaning them. But I was the one who had to lure them in the first place.

I went in for ballyhoo, but not just ordinary ballyhoo. That wouldn't have worked, and anyway it was out of my reach. Every paper in town was dead set against us. Most of them wouldn't even take paid ads from us, let alone hand out any free space.

There was no local ordinance at the time against distributing handbills in the streets, so that became my main method of getting publicity. Every Saturday a crew of Amazons—that's what we called our women members—would pass out throwaways on busy corners, and Sunday mornings another bunch would cover certain churches, especially the Holy Roller joints. Another group worked factory districts, and a squad of Rangers made regular rounds of the public comfort stations downtown.

What's more, we were putting lines out with a view to hooking some real income-poops. Doc took charge of that.

I let him go ahead. If he got a kick out of angling for those big fish, why should I object? The only thing I cared about was that he shouldn't neglect my small fry—and that, I must say, he didn't do. One month he promoted a special levy to buy flags for the platform; the next, a general levy to equip our Rangers; the third, another general levy to doll up our Amazons. And all the time he kept selling subscriptions to the magazine we said we were going to bring out.

The Power couldn't be bothered about finances. He had no interest in money. All he was interested in was power.

AT this point I think maybe I ought to talk some more about The Power. I realize I may have given the impression that I was tops in the Crusade, with Doc right below me. The truth is, we two only played supporting roles. The real star all the way through was no one but John Christian Power.

Just a born monologist, that's what he was. But a good one. Yes, sir, one of the best. When it came to making with the words, John Christian Power was unquestionably Grade A plus. There seemed to be no limit to the variety of ways in which he could dish out the corn, and the customers ate it up.

They were mostly bellyachers and soreheads, total losers in the battle of life. The chief reason they flocked to our meetings was because they wanted to let off steam. And J. C. gave them the chance. It made no difference what they were sore about—unemployment, usury, flaming youth, vivisection—no matter what it was, he'd always tell them the Jew was to blame. And that seemed to make them feel swell.

But don't imagine there was anything phony about his act. Our meetings were full of hokum, especially after we got going good. We learned to stage them almost like a Reinhardt production. But it was Doc who arranged the demonstrations and half-cocked riots. With a good deal of help from Kronkhite. The Power himself had absolutely no part in contriving the razzle-dazzle.

Because that guy was *sincere!*

He was able to fool the public only because he had already fooled himself. He really believed everything he said. He even believed the things I made up for him.

For instance, there was that time when I told him Conrad Wulff, the sex maniac, was a Jew. The minute I spilled the yarn, right away he took it for gospel, and though it came out later that Wulff couldn't possibly be a Jew, nevertheless J. C. kept on saying that he must be one anyway.

And the same thing happened over and over again. One time, for example, I sold the screwball on the idea that the Pope was secretly a Jew and that he'd been elected only because Rabbi Stephen S. Wise had raised a million dollars in Hollywood to grease the cardinals! My prize lulu, though, was the one I made up about Fritz Kuhn, the Bund leader, after he was sent up for grand larceny. I convinced J. C. that the Heinie had been working all the time for his Hebe relatives, who were none other than *Kuhn, Loeb and Company!*

In the beginning I used to go easy on that stuff for fear he'd catch on. After a while, I saw my caution was wasted, because other sources were feeding him wilder yarns than any I could make up. Those sources were the papers he read all the time, the sheets put out by the Nazis, and by Pelley and the other Fascist crackpots in the East. And could those guys build 'em tall! With them the sky seemed to be barely the ground floor.

And yet—he wasn't what you could call a dumb cluck. He had plenty of milk in his coconut. The only thing wrong was that the milk was curdled. In other words, he wasn't dumb. He was crazy.

But you couldn't excuse Cleaver that way. He was as sane as you or me. That's why I insist he was by far the worse of the two. Fundamentally Cleaver was a gangster who lacked the guts to admit he was one, and therefore wore a flag instead of a bullet-proof vest.

From the very outset that ape's sole interest in the Crusade was to use it as a means of raising hell.

He was set on organizing an army of his own, and the minute we put him in charge of the Rangers he began drilling them with no other thought in mind. He ordered every one of them to join the National Rifle Association so that they'd have the right to carry guns, and even wanted us to let him build a range right in the basement of the Citadel. If he could have had his way, he would have turned the entire joint into an armory.

That will give you some idea of what Doc and I had to contend with. If it hadn't been for us, the Crusade would have gone hog-wild right from the start. All in all, therefore, I insist we had a just right to every penny we paid ourselves. And plenty more.

Because we got no other reward. It would have been different if there had been any prestige connected with the work, but there wasn't. If anything, there was a definite taint to it. Practically all the best people in town seemed to look down on the Crusade, and by the best people I don't mean only the Jews. I mean the top-flight Gentiles. Some of them actually took it on themselves to attack us publicly, sponsoring meetings against us, and signing petitions to have us investigated by the Dies Committee. About the only people that appeared to be for us were the riffraff. And to me, I must state, that was real humiliating.

You may not believe it, but for a while I was even upset at the thought that I was getting the Jews down on me. Understand, I'd never been what you could call a Jew lover. But I'd never been a Jew hater either. I'd just taken them for granted, the way I had the Irish and the Wops and the Swedes. As a matter of fact, some of my best friends had been Jews, like Ivan Kohn, the guy who got me my first job in Hollywood.

But I didn't let it bother me too much. Our movement was booming beyond any doubt. Every week we were attracting more attention and gaining new members and raking in more dough. So what the hell!

BUT it didn't last. That boom, I mean. For about three months the Crusade kept going like a house on fire, and then suddenly—*pssst!* It was exactly as if a hose had been turned on, because *Hitler had made a deal with Stalin!*

The Power took it hard at first. He was sure Hitler had played a dirty trick on him personally and had sold out to the Jews. Then he changed his mind. It was Stalin who had double-crossed the Elders of Zion, he decided.

"He's on *our* payroll now," J. C. announced triumphantly at one of our meetings. "Hitler's accomplished the greatest triumph of his career. Within six months there won't be a Jew at large in the whole of Russia! Mark my words, this is the beginning of the end for the Jews everywhere!"

Well, as things developed, it did look like the beginning of the end—but for us, not the Jews. Our meeting on Sunday drew little more than 300 people, and though J. C. bellowed as I had never heard him bellow before, the total collection came to exactly $28.84!

Things went from worse to worser. There was a brutal slump in the payment of dues and it began to look as though we were really in for it when Schicklgruber sent his pansy divisions into Poland and started World War II. That hit us hard. Power had been saying all along that he meant to do over here what Schicky had done over there—and now a lot of our people were not so sure they wanted it done.

Even poor old Mrs. Gunderson, I discovered, began to have doubts on that score.

"Clem," she said, "I'm worried. I wouldn't say this to any one else, but I'm afraid I'm losing my faith. Somehow I can't feel the way I used to about The Power. I keep wondering now if maybe he isn't a little wrong about some things. Sometimes I think that if I could find something else to believe in, I—I'd drop out of the Crusade right now."

"Aw, you mustn't say that, ma!" I told her.

"It's true, though," she sighed.

I managed to talk her around, but I must say I myself felt lousy. I didn't show up at the Citadel until around noon the next day, and then found Cleaver there, raising hell as usual. He was in Doc's office and I could hear him through the connecting door. It seems he'd just found out he could pick up a couple of dozen secondhand rifles cheap, $7.50 apiece, he said—and he simply wouldn't believe we weren't in a position to lay out the price. After he left I ducked into Doc's office and I told him of my conversation with Mrs. Gunderson. "So you see," I concluded, "when even a person like that wants to quit, what chance is there? I'm telling you, Doc—this racket's played out."

"Played out?" he hollered. "It's barely started. Don't you see what an opportunity we've got right now? All our competitors are suffering worse than we are. Temple Luther—you know, the crank who runs that Christian Militants outfit—was in offering to sell his mailing list for ten bucks. That's how broke he is. And it's the same with all the others. They're practically all folding up. Even the Bund is having a tough time . . ."

"That's what I'm saying," I broke in. "The public . . ."

"Let me finish!" he barked. "Here's my point. If we hold out now, we'll be able to pick up what's left of all those other outfits. See what I mean? All we've got to do now is keep going, and the first thing you know, we'll be enjoying what amounts to a monopoly. Every sap in this area will belong to the Crusade. Get it?"

I could see he really had a point. So I said, "O. K. . . . But if we're to keep going, we'll have to do something."

"Sure," he agreed. "We've got to take the bull by the horns . . ."

"And throw it," I cracked sourly.

"Exactly. Throw the bull as we've never thrown it before. And here's my suggestion. Let's bring out that paper we've been talking about. First off, a paper will help hold the members we have right now. Second, it'll undoubtedly bring in new ones. And third, you and I'll be able to pick up a little extra change." He sat back and smiled. "Now what have you got to say?"

IT sounded all right to me. But we needed dough to swing it. Peavey, the drugstore man, was the logical touch and, since he hadn't been around since that Stalin Pact, I went to him. I can't say he gave me a rousing welcome. "Oh, it's you, Smullet," he said. "I hear things are kinda dead down at the Citadel."

"Dead?" I snorted. "Shucks, we're more alive than we've ever been! We're all set to start publishing our paper. We're figuring the circulation ought to hit ten thousand right off the bat." And I plunked the dummy I'd brought along down in front of him.

Peavey looked at it. The lead article was by The Power, and was headed Wake Up, America! Next came pieces by Gribble and Mabel Haight, and one Kronkhite had ghosted for Cleaver. The balance of the paper was filled with stuff from the magazines J. C. had marked up for me. It was real hot stuff, too, especially the bits from the Nazi organs.

"That's dynamite, all right," he snickered. "But you'll never be able to send anything as raw as this through the mails. Not second-class, anyway."

"So what?" I said. "All I'm figuring on is local distribution to begin with, and we can handle that ourselves. We'll sell it on the streets, and from door to door. I'm a trained newspaperman, Peavey, and I want to tell you, this is going to rock the town. But it's a pity you don't come around more. We need you. A man of your experience could give us all sorts of advice."

"Don't try to fool me, Smullet," he cackled. "It's not my advice you want. You're after money. Well—" He hesitated, fixing his little red peepers on my face.

"Come on, Peavey," I grinned. "You can level with me. What's on your mind?"

He paused, chewing at a fingernail. "Well," he spoke up at last, "there *is* something I'd like to see done. Something real concrete and practical. What I'd like to see us do is start a 'Buy Christian' campaign. You know—the sort of thing Father Coughlin's followers are carrying on in New York."

"Perfect!" I sang out. "We might start with a boycott of the Jew drugstores."

He bared his teeth in a grin of satisfaction. "Now you're talking. How about a blast saying Jews fill prescriptions with adulterated drugs? Take Gessner, right across the street from here."

I played coy. "I don't know," I said. "It's kind of risky; but—well, if there's no other way to get the money we need to start this tabloid . . ." I finished with a gesture.

He eyed me a minute, his cheek twitching. The dough was in the bag. I knew that.

DOC and I took charge of the circulation. We were the only people in the organization with enough brains for the job, and besides, it looked like there was going to be a lot of cash involved.

Cleaver wanted us to leave the distribution to his Rangers and started raising the roof when he found that Doc and I had another idea. However, we had taken good care to nail the roof down tight, so he wasn't able to get very far in spite of all his heaving. Our plan was to hire a crew of youngsters, sons of our members, who'd be willing to work for peanuts. And in the end they were the ones who did get the job.

Each kid wore our red-white-and-blue arm band and carried a bundle of fifty copies.

They hadn't been gone from the office more than an hour when the phone rang. It was Dick Allen, one of the kids.

"I'm in jail!" he babbled. "Listen, Mr. Smullet. They're gonna lock me up. Can you hear me, Mr. Smullet? I'm in . . . "

"Yeah, I know. You're in jail. Now take it easy, son, and tell me what you're doing there."

"The newsboys ganged up on me. They were bigger'n me and they just didn't gimme a chance. The minute I showed up, *wham*, one of 'em socked me from behind, and the next thing I knew, I was down on the sidewalk. That's the honest truth, Mr. Smullet."

Doc began mopping his chins when I told him. "We better run over there right away," he said.

When we got to the police station we found that young Allen had company. Two more of our kids were lined up with him, one of them nursing a bloody nose. All three looked like they'd been mussed up plenty.

The desk sergeant eyed us up and down, and then down and up. I could see he belonged to the new crop of police officers that had come up with Mayor Brown and the reform crowd. I didn't like his looks a-tall, and I must say, from the way he acted, he didn't like ours either.

"What's the meaning of this?" he demanded with the edge of his voice. It was a sharp edge.

Doc put on a look of puzzled innocence. "That's exactly what we came here to find out, sir."

We found out all right. Our boys, it appeared, had been arrested for disorderly conduct—brawling with nice, gentle, law-abiding newsies. In all three cases it was they who had picked the fights, not the newsies. That's why they alone had been hauled in. The sergeant was an absolute mule on that point.

It was an awful session. Before this Johnny Law was through I could have been poured down a drainpipe. Finally, though, he seemed to tire of expressing his opinions, and told the lot of us to get the hell out of there.

"But remember," he warned as we made for the door, "don't let it happen again. This isn't Berlin. Or Yorkville, either."

When we reached the sidewalk, Doc told the kids to go home and I followed him straight to the nearest bar. My drink hit me harder than a runaway truck.

"Well, Doc," I said, "what do you make of it?"

He started wiping the cold sweat from his face. "It beats me," he admitted. "All I can see is that it's organized. Somebody must have found out about our plans and got to the cops."

"Yeah, but who?"

"Could be that reverend we keep hearing about. You know—Loring Keniston. I'll lay a bet he's back of the whole thing."

We had never been able to find out much about this Rev. Keniston. All we knew was that he had quit the Unitarian Church and was running something he called the Citizens' Research Service. He was tall and dark, with bright eyes, and he had a way of laughing like he found life a hell of a lot of fun. Nevertheless we had ample reason for believing he was a plumb fanatic on the subject of Fascism. He seemed to be mixed up in every local effort to put a crimp in organizations like ours.

So I looked at Doc and said, "Come to think of it, he really could be the guy."

That evening the Supreme Council met in a special session and, believe me, Doc and I got it good and proper. Eight of the kids we'd sent out got a mauling, three more were chased up alleys, and one just disappeared. Of the 700 copies of the Crusader with which they started out, they sold exactly eight. Anyway, they didn't bring back the money for more than eight.

It was decided the Rangers would handle the street sales thereafter. And two days later our tabloid was back on the streets, and this time it stayed on them. They were real plug-uglies and wore Sam Browne belts and Ranger caps, thus giving the impression that they were all Legionnaires. In addition, they worked in pairs, with the result that no one tried to get rough with them.

But though there were no brawls or arrests, there was plenty of yammering. Any number of Gentile groups attacked us, and the American Legion gave us a blast.

The climax came when the Rev. Loring Keniston and his mysterious Citizens' Research Service hired the Shrine Auditorium for a monster mass meeting against us. The list of speakers included not alone the mayor and a couple of judges, but also Eddie Cantor, Miriam Hopkins, Fredric March, Dorothy Parker, and Melvyn Douglas. I came away from that show feeling so chesty I could barely breathe.

I calculated there must have been at least a million dollars' worth of talent denouncing my little sheet, and I couldn't help saying to myself, "Clem Smullet, you really are somebody!"

Quite a crowd of our people attended that night, and most of them had the same reaction. Some of them, in fact, got so hopped up that they accepted Kronkhite's invitation and adjourned to the German House for a beer bust that lasted into the morning.

On the whole, though, and in the long run, the yammering didn't do us any good. Not any *real* good, I mean. True enough, it did swell our Sunday-night crowds temporarily; but the newcomers seemed to be nothing but bums. And the sale of our tabloid, after one short spurt, started slumping something awful. By the end of January we were failing to sell a thousand copies a week and this in spite of the fact that we had hawkers all over the town. Our rag was getting more publicity in and around Los Angeles than Life, Liberty and Satevepost combined. To be sure, all we got were blasts; but isn't it one of the first principles of advertising that every knock's a boost? Nevertheless the damned thing wouldn't sell.

But to go back a bit. I didn't unglue my eyes the morning after that beer bust until almost eleven o'clock and then I shut them again right away. My head ached something awful, and my mouth tasted like I'd been sucking on a motorman's mitt all night long.

It was a lovely day, real springlike, and I decided to take a short ride to the beach. I figured a snootful of ozone might help clear my head. There was very little traffic on the coast road, especially toward Malibu way, so I started off in that direction.

ALL of a sudden I swerved off the paving and rammed the foot brake. Something about a station wagon parked in front of a cottage that looked like an ideal hideout, had hooked into my mind like a thorn and made me stop. It was her car all right! Her old man's initials, J. Q. C., were right there on the door panel.

Miriam had phoned only yesterday to say she was sick in bed with a cold, and here. . . . The dirty little tramp! I thought to myself. "She won't let me even get near her, and here all the while . . ." I shut off the engine with a snap that almost broke the key, and tore across the highway.

I went over to the mailbox in front of the cottage and looked for a name. Finding none, I turned to the garage, which was open and had a car in it. I stuck my head into the tonneau to see the registration slip.

The name on the slip was Loring C. Keniston! I gave a jump that made my skull go crack against the steering wheel. I couldn't help that yelp of pain. Then, realizing somebody might have heard me, I beat it out—but fast.

I was closing the door of my car when I saw a man come out of the cottage. It was Keniston, all right. And then I saw her. She was holding a briefcase under her arm. It was the one in which she carried the work she did for us at home.

I hunched down behind the wheel and watched. Something passed between them, and she turned and looked in my direction. Then I saw Keniston open the door of the station wagon, help her in, and wave as she drove off.

I released the hand-brake, and waited for him to go indoors. I figured it would be too suspicious if I started out after her while he was still watching. But instead of turning away, he began walking toward me! It was too late to do anything about it. In a second he was at my side, turning the door handle.

"What made you think of trailing Miss Cabot out here?" he asked coolly. "Or did you just happen to drive by and notice her station wagon outside?"

My face must have given me away.

"So that was it!" He began to laugh. "Sheer coincidence, eh? Well, I suppose you would have had to find out sooner or later. I'm sorry, though. Now I'll have to plant some one else in your organization."

"You mean," I couldn't help croaking—"you mean she's been working for you all along?"

"Certainly," he smiled. "And very effectively, I don't mind telling you. But don't worry. I'll be able to replace her soon enough. That is," he added casually, "unless the F. B. I. decides it's got enough on you people already."

I caught my cigarette before it could fall from my lips. "The F. B. I.?" I echoed.

"You don't mean to tell me that's a surprise to you?" he said, raising his brows. "After all, you know how the F. B. I. cracked down on the Christian Mobilizers in New York last month. Your crowd probably comes next."

"But why?" I yelled. "We've done nothing unlawful!"

"Haven't you?" he said. "What about those guns you've been buying, and all those plans for an insurrection?"

I stared, all numb inside.

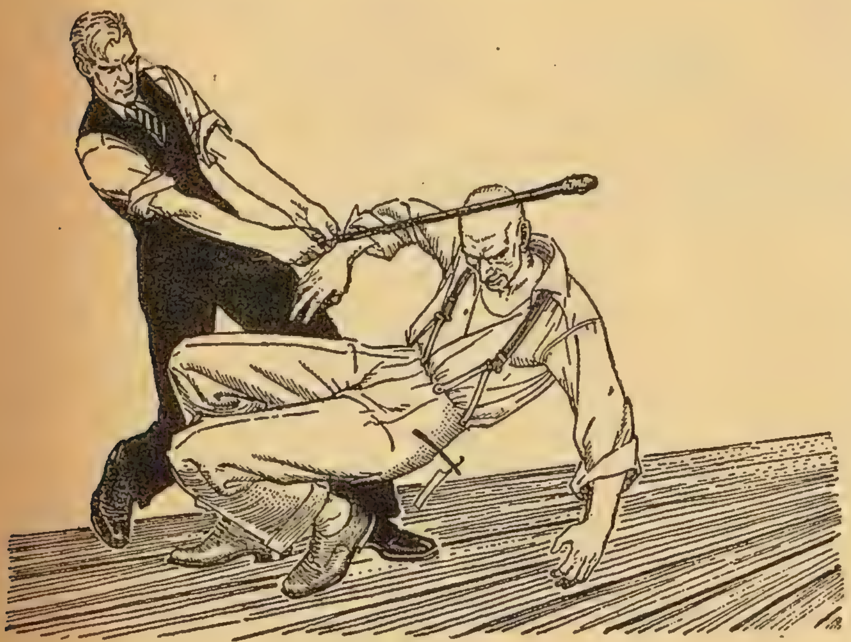
He went on: "I know a good deal about what's going on. That's why I wanted to talk to you, Smullet. Can't you see you're being *used?*"

I felt myself lick my lips. "I—I don't get it," I stammered. "Who the heck's using me?"

"The Nazis, of course! They're using you to confuse and demoralize this country. You couldn't be serving them better if you were actually on their payroll."

I pushed a sneer to my lips. "Aw, that's the bunk," I said, though kind of shakily.

"Listen, Smullet. Let me try to explain," he said and started talking my ear off about how the Nazis were conspiring to spread their ideas all over the world, and how organizations like the Crusade were playing into their hands. He referred to Goebbels and Viereck and talked of Trojan horses and fifth columns and so forth. I didn't argue with him. I figured it was wiser not to, and besides, I wasn't interested. I didn't know then what I know now, so I imagined he was talking pure bushwah.



Finally he gave up.

"I'm not making any impression on you, am I?" he asked.

"I wouldn't say that, reverend," I lied. "I just think you've got this whole thing out of focus. What the heck d'you think our Crusade amounts to anyway? Why, it's nothing but—" I paused and flashed a grin—"just a tempest in a crackpot."

"This is no matter for wise-cracking." He scowled. "I know well enough that your little racket doesn't amount to much. But neither does one plague rat."

"Aw, be reasonable," I pleaded. "What's so wicked about the Crusade? The worst it's doing is raise a little hell with the Jews. That's no skin off your nose."

"Don't you realize raising a little hell with the Jews is the surest way of raising a lot of hell with everything that keeps a country decent? It's a smoke screen to cover an attack on the basic principles of civilization. Look at Germany. The Nazis started by attacking the Jews there and ended by enslaving the entire population. And they're trying to work the same trick over here. They may get away with it, too. All they need is enough cranks like Power, and agents like Kronkhite, and ruffians like Cleaver, and—and some petty crooks like you to help them."

I struggled to put on a glare. "That's an insult!" I burst out. "You've got no right to call me a crook!"

Suddenly he began to laugh. "Relax, old man!" he cried. "You're not as bad as I thought. I was afraid you weren't even capable of being insulted." He held out a cigarette case. "Take a cigarette and let's try again."

"What's there to try?" I asked sulkily.

"I'd like to come to some understanding with you," he said, "about this work you're doing. You've got ability, man. You shouldn't be wasting it on a filthy little racket of this sort."

"All right," I granted. "So what would you suggest?"

"Why don't you quit?"

"Because I like to eat," I came right back. "If you want me to quit this job, you've got to offer me a better one. See what I mean?"

"In other words," he said, eying me gravely, "you want me to buy you off."

"Sure. You get some Jewish producer to fix it so my name's taken off the studio black list, and I'll quit the Crusade tomorrow. That ought to be easy enough," I went on. "The way you've been sticking up for those people, they ought to be tickled to death to do you a favor. Come right down to it, it'd really be a favor to themselves. I'm doing them plenty of dirt working for the Crusade and I can do lots more. I can—"

All at once I felt my throat go dry. It was because of the look on Keniston's face. There was a sort of curdled sneer in his eyes.

"What you want me to do—correct me if I'm wrong—is to blackmail Hollywood into forgetting that you were fired for blackmail. Listen, Smullet," he said, struggling to keep his voice low. "The only reason I talked to you was because Miss Cabot felt sorry for you. She wanted me to try to straighten you out. She thought I could save you before the F. B. I. closed in. Well, she was wrong. I wouldn't want to save you now even if I could. That's all," he said. "You'd better go."

"Wait a minute," I started to yammer. "Gimme a chance to explain. All I meant . . ."

"I know exactly what you meant!" he cut me off. "That's why I'm telling you to leave. Go on. Get going!"

MY name was mud when the High Command found out about the Cabot girl being a spy. They put me through a regular third degree because I'd brought her into the movement, and even though I managed to clear myself they kicked me off the council. After that, all I knew about important things was what Doc told me. But I didn't care much.

For the Crusade kept going from bad to worse. In fact, it all but folded up. Partly that was due to Keniston. The holy so-and-so started a regular blitzkrieg against the organization.

It finally got so bad I had to give up my car again, though Doc managed to hang on to his. But then, just when there appeared to be absolutely no hope left, the situation changed. Some of the old members started shuffling back, new ones joined up, and the revenues began to grow again. By the end of July—I'm still talking of 1940—we were rolling again. And I mean *rolling!*

It was Hitler who did it all. He'd started knocking over countries the way Al Capone used to knock over beer joints. Norway, Holland, Belgium, France—remember how he blitzed 'em one after the other? Well, that's what gave us our fresh start. We'd been for Adolf from the outset, and now that he was riding high, we rode right along with him.

I'll never forget the speech The Power made the Sunday after F. D. R. was nominated for a third term. He kept calling him Mr. Rosenfelt, and swore he was part Jew on both his mother and his father's side. And Eleanor, he said, was not alone part Jew by blood but all Jew by religion. He claimed there was actually a synagogue in the White House basement. The crowd just lapped it up. And when Doc announced we were raising a special fund to keep Roosevelt from being re-elected, how much d'you think we collected? Over two hundred bucks!

The Crusade continued to boom all through the election campaign. Several people with dough began to come through with contributions. On the q. t., of course.

There was naturally a let-down once the campaign was over. A lot of the new members decided there was nothing more to do once Roosevelt was re-elected, and they started dropping out. Even The Power seemed to lose heart temporarily.

Then Kronkhite got us our angel. His name was Flanahan, Francis X. Flanahan, and we were told he was worth four or five millions, and he certainly acted as if he were made of dough. From the beginning I felt there was something fishy about him, and I don't mean just on Fridays. Right away he began changing things. Doc was crowded out of the driver's seat and Flanahan took over.

One day he sent for Doc and me.

"We're going in for direct action now," he told us. "We're no longer sparring. The time has passed for that. We're *fighting!* Things are coming to a head now in this country. It's crush or be crushed! Either we destroy the Reds here, or they destroy us, and if you're still worried about that renegade clergyman, forget it! Keniston can't do a thing to us. He's just a liberal, that's all. As impotent as all the rest on his side. They haven't got the *guts* for action."

"Ye-ah, sure," I piped up; "but he *is* in with the F. B. I."

"What if he is?" Flanahan snapped. "The F. B. I. can't do a thing to us either. Remember what happened in the Christian Mobilizer case? Seventeen arrests, and not a single conviction. Well, that taught the F. B. I. a lesson." He turned to Doc. "Isn't that so?" he demanded.

"I'll tell the world!" Doc replied kind of hoarsely. "Of course, we've got to be careful not to go too far . . ."

"That's where you're wrong!" Flanahan flared up. "Completely wrong! Our only danger now is in not going far enough. Our publicity must be *militant* from now on. Understand? It's got to go the limit—shake people, galvanize them, make them fighting mad! They're not that yet! They've been coddled so long with sweetness and light and the godless pap they call liberalism."

ALL at once he started getting up, and the next thing I knew, Doc and I were out in the hall.

"I don't like this a-tall, Doc," I said. "What does he expect me to do? Start whooping it up for a revolution? Because if that's what he has in mind, I'm telling you right now . . ."

"Aw, keep your shirt on," Doc growled. "He just likes to hear himself talk, that's all."

"Doc," I said, "exactly what do you make of him? What do you really know about this Mister Francis X. Flanahan? On the level now."

"To be honest, I don't know a thing. That's straight. I don't even know what his middle initial stands for."

"So he's just Mister X to you?" I sneered.

"That's the truth, Clem. He just won't open up. Neither will Kronkhite."

"How about Cleaver?" I asked.

"Naw. He doesn't know any more than I do, apparently. He was telling me the other day Flanahan helped finance Franco in Spain, but I think he was bulling. The fact is, we're all of us in the dark."

"Have you tried inquiring at his bank?"

Doc heaved a sigh. "First I'd have to know which bank. He never gives us any checks. Just cash. Twenty-dollar bills, usually. He seems to have wads of them in a briefcase that he always carries around with him."

I snapped my fingers. "He's just a front," I said. "He's paying off for some one else. And I bet I can guess who?"

"I suppose you think it's the German consul, eh?"

"Sure. Don't you? You must be out of your mind, Doc! Don't you realize what you can get for a thing like that? It's a federal offense. You're supposed to register with the State Department if you take money from a foreign government!"

He turned and leered. "I didn't know there was a foreign government by the name of Flanahan. They can't do a thing to us. We're in the clear even if this money does come from Germany."

"Nh-nh," I said. "I wash my hands of this. Maybe you don't mind tangling with the cops, but I do. No, there's no use arguing, Doc. From here on include me out!"

"Don't be a sap, Clem," he said. "You ought to know by now that you can rely on my judgment. After all, is there any law that says we've got to pry into where the contributor gets the money he hands us? If Flanahan's lying, that's his funeral, not ours. Besides, how do we know he really is lying?"

"Quit kidding," I said hoarsely. "You know well enough it isn't his own money."

"Supposing it isn't. Maybe he's fronting for some hundred-per-cent Americans who don't want their names known."

Suddenly I felt like I'd broken out of a locked icebox. "Say, come to think, that really could be the case!"

"So then what's all the squawking about?" he demanded. "If you're really smart you'll go ahead and do what Flanahan wants. All you'll be letting yourself in for is a chance to pick up some easy dough."

"Yeah," I muttered. "Maybe you're right, at that."

But I didn't feel too easy. They weren't satisfied with the sort of bright little firecracker stunts I'd pulled off in the earlier days. They wanted me to blast with dynamite. Except for Doc, no one in the entire organization gave me any support. And even he wouldn't give much. When the two of us were alone, he'd be all on my side, but the minute they'd start barking, he'd crawl.

OF course I could have quit. But before I could bring myself to do it I wanted better proof of the need. And I must say the more I studied the situation the less I could see of such proof. Flanahan seemed to be right about one thing: the people we were attacking evidently lacked the guts to counterattack.

I'm not referring now solely to the Jews. We were lambasting the British, the Dutch, the Poles, the Czechs, the Free French, the Red Wops, and every other foreign element that was trying to drag America into the war, and we were tearing into Walter Winchell and Dorothy Thompson and above all F. D. R.

Of course there was any amount of yelping against us. especially on the part of Keniston and his crowd. He kept sending snoopers to our meetings, and then running to the mayor with complaints. But no matter what he did or tried to do, he seemed totally incapable of chopping us down.

The main reason was we were doing most of our real dirty work under cover—paint jobs on synagogue doors, glass scratchings on Hebe store windows, scattering red-hot leaflets from rooftops, smuggling dirty limericks into Army camps, and pumping poison-pen letters into the mails. All those activities were strictly on the sly.

Doc and I had sense enough to realize that, on top of the risk involved, there was no money in such activities. But we were powerless. Mr. X was running the show, and he was all in favor of those crazy capers. His first interest was not to build up the Crusade but to tear down the government. And The Power, poor nut, thought that was as it should be. He was completely sold on the idea that as soon as this government was torn down, he personally would head the new one.

So we were helpless.

At first Doc pretended to be less jittery than I was about what was going on. Inside, though, I could see he was plenty scared, and finally the time came when he was forced to break down and admit it.

"Do you know what they want to do now?" he exploded one day. "They want to bomb the Citadel!"

I bug-eyed and asked what the hell was the idea, and he proceeded to explain in language too strong to quote. The sole purpose, it seems, was to attract attention. The plan was to have some one lob a bomb on the front porch, just a small bomb that couldn't do more than maybe blast a couple of windows, and thus set the entire country talking about us.

"You know, Clem," Doc growled, "I'm beginning to think I wasn't so smart when I let that little Mick buy his way into the Crusade. He's turned out to be a regular Frankenstein." He stared at me like I hadn't been saying the same thing for weeks already. "We'll have to shake Mr. X off somehow!"

"Don't forget Cleaver," I piped up, "and Kronkhite."

"Aw, sure," Doc agreed. "But they're nothing but the Y and Z that follow after X. Once we get rid of him, they'll go too. And then, pal, you and me'll get right back behind the wheel and drive the way *we* please. And I know just what direction we'll take," he chortled. "Ever hear of this new racket called Mankind United?"

He started to tell me what Mankind United stood for. Apparently the program was a crazy jumble of Technocracy and the Hidden World Rulers bunk. "Say," he glowed, "if we could only switch the Crusade over on a track like that, we'd really get somewhere!"

"Yeah," I said. "But how're we going to dump those guys who're at the wheel now?"

He slumped in his chair and thought for a while. "That's what I've still got to figure out," he said. "But don't worry, pal. I'll find a way."

Only, Doc didn't seem able to find a way. Neither did I. What we had to do was get something on Flanahan & Co. that would antagonize The Power and make him kick them out. But that's just what we weren't able to do.

First we thought of tattling our suspicions about the source of Flanahan's dough, but then we decided that wouldn't do any good. To begin with, we still hadn't found out what that source was. We never did until after we were all rounded up and the F. B. I. spilled the story to the press. In addition, we were pretty sure that even if we could prove our suspicions, The Power wouldn't be greatly shocked. He was no longer the pure and innocent crank he'd been in earlier days. The only thing left was to get something on The Power. If we could do that, then we had maybe a club with which to force him to do what we wanted. But after due consideration we decided there was nothing to that idea either. If there was anything in his past, as we sometimes suspected, because he was so secretive, somebody like Keniston would have exposed it long ago.

We were stymied no matter which way we turned. With each day it worried us more and more. In fact, by the first week in November we were almost in a panic. The reason was they were up to something really bad now.

Flanahan was planning a tremendous march on Washington in December. Millions of patriots from all over the country were going to drive to the capital and stage a mass demonstration against the warmongers there.

As yet not even a dozen organizations had promised to take part in the march, but Flanahan was satisfied that hundreds more would join up once the trek got under way. The whole scheme was to be officially announced by The Power at a monster open-air rally on Sunday, November 30. The first caravans were to start moving the following Sunday, with rallies in San Diego, San Francisco, Portland, and Seattle, as well as Los Angeles. If everything went according to schedule, the climax would be pulled off in Washington on December 25—in other words, Christmas Day.

"If this thing comes off," Doc growled, "it may land the lot of us in jail. Because it's not just a little street parade that'll get a couple of traffic cops down on us. It's liable to set the whole U. S. Army on our necks. Cleaver's organizing a regular militia to go along, goons with side arms and rifles and even tommy guns. It'll look like the start of a revolution. And you know what I think? I think that's exactly what it's intended to be. Mr. X practically said so. He's planning to route the autocade so it goes by all the big Army camps, and he's got J. C. all hopped up to tell the draftees to mutiny."

I DON'T mind saying I was scared. It was over a year since Keniston had pulled that F. B. I. threat on me, but I still couldn't sell myself the idea it was only a gag. I told Doc I didn't go for this new angle at all.

Doc laid a paw on my knee. "Let's not be too hasty, Clem. The smart thing for us is to stall. That way we at least get a chance to pick some of the dough Flanahan plans to hand out in the next few weeks. Stall and keep throwing sand in the bearings. See what I mean? Sabotage the whole affair!"

"How much dough does he say he's going to spend?"

"Twenty grand. He talks of shelling out a couple of grand just to put over the initial rally."

I thought a minute. "Maybe you're right, Doc," I said.

"Sure," he said confidently. "You ought to know by now I'm always right."

So I followed Doc's advice and played along.

All that month of November I played, making out I was nuts about their project. I wrote copy by the yard for throwaways, posters, and would-be press releases. When one of the big national picture magazines led off a spread on the American Fascists with a full-page action shot of John Christian Power, I naturally claimed I'd arranged that too.

Of course it was all pure razzle-dazzle, but J. C. took it seriously. The poor crackpot was completely hallucinated as to what was going to happen. He had visions of collecting such a mob by the time he reached Washington that he'd be able to move into the White House right away.

Doc was supposed to be in charge, and he naturally did his utmost to gum everything. Our entire strategy now was to make the Autocade as huge a flop as possible, and then get Flanahan & Co. ousted for having sponsored it. Around noon of the last day before the rally Doc got a hurry call to get to Flanahan's apartment, so he told me to take over. I ducked out for lunch, and when I got back I was surprised to find every one gone. What with the heavy food I'd just had and one beer too many, I felt kind of logy. Lighting a cigarette, I sprawled in a big chair, put my head back, and let my eyes close. Then suddenly I gave a jump and let out a yell. I'd just remembered the bomb plot. The stunt was scheduled to be pulled on Monday, at a time when there wouldn't be a soul in the Citadel. But maybe they'd improved it, figured they'd get more publicity if some one was hurt, and they'd elected me.

In two seconds flat I was through the front door. Then I saw the tall thin woman standing in the driveway eying the Citadel. Right away I decided she must be carrying the bomb. She had a small suitcase with her, and that seemed to prove it. "Don't, for God's sake!" I yelled.

THE woman looked completely staggered. "Don't what?" she asked, and in a flash I realized I'd made a mistake. This party wasn't the type even lunatics would pick to deliver a bomb. She was white-haired and nicely dressed, and looked like she might be an elderly high-school teacher or a librarian. I sprang toward her, grabbed her arm, and started hustling her across the street.

"What *is* this?" she panted, struggling to break away. "I'm going to go into that house. I want to see my brother."

"Nobody's in there now," I said. Then I shut up, because I could see her staring at the little dormer window on the third floor of the Citadel. Some one had just raised the shade. It was Hank, the janitor, and I realized I'd made a mistake and there wasn't going to be an explosion, after all.

"That's Hank Olsen up there," I said. "I guess he isn't your brother, though." I took in her neat appearance and refined manner. "He just couldn't be."

"No," she said. "My brother . . ."

All at once I noticed her eyes. They were a weird blue, like only one other pair of eyes I'd ever seen. "Are you—say, is your brother The Power?"

She drew herself up. "I believe that's the name he goes by at present. And now, young man, perhaps you'll allow me to go in and see him."

"He isn't there!" I cried. "That's a fact, ma'am. He's at . . ." I broke off to look at a car turning into the driveway. It was Doc's. "Say, hold on. Here's somebody who may be able to tell you exactly." I rushed over and poked my head through the window. "Whadye know? Here's J. C.'s sister!" I said.

He looked at me and then at the woman. "Did you say his sister?" he side-mouthed.

"Yeah," I answered. "I was just telling her maybe you know when he'll be coming back."

He got out of the car and grabbed her hand. "Well, well, well," he sang out, flashing all his dimples. "I sure am glad to meet you, Mrs. . . ."

"*Miss* Bauer," she said in a prim tone.

"Ah, yes, Miss Power . . ."

"No, Bauer," she corrected him firmly. "B-a-u-e-r. Can you tell me if he will be returning soon?"

"No," Doc answered, shaking his head. "Probably not for hours. But I know where he is, and if you'll allow me, I'll be glad to drive you there right now."

"That's very kind of you," she said, still sounding icy, "but there's no need for you to go to the trouble."

"Trouble, ma'am?" Doc cried. "Why, I'd consider it a privilege." And with that he took the suitcase and practically pushed her into the front seat of the car.

"You must be very proud of your brother," he opened up as I hopped into the rear seat.

She drew herself up. "On the contrary," she said coldly, "I am thoroughly ashamed of him."

"You mustn't say that, ma'am," Doc protested. "You evidently don't know what a great personality your brother's become. How long is it since you last saw him?"

"Thirty years," she said after a pause.

"Oh, well, that explains everything," Doc came back. "He must have been a mere punk—I mean, just a youngster then. You wait till you see how he's developed. I don't mind telling you, John's probably the most dynamic speaker in the entire country today."

"That's a fact," I chimed in. "He's terrific!"

She didn't say a word. There was silence in the car, a prickly silence that lasted maybe three or four minutes. Then suddenly she said in a quiet voice, "I think he must be insane. *Him* attacking the Jews!"

"Why, what's wrong with that?" Doc piped up. "After all, if he believes they're a menace to the country . . ."

"But how *can* he believe that?" she broke in. "He, of all people!" She turned and caught our puzzled expressions. *"He's a half-Jew himself!"*

WE MADE her tell us the whole story. And when she finished, Doc said he didn't dare take her to the place where her brother was. He explained that J. C. was at the German House and there was no telling what might happen if she made a scene there. "You've got to wait till you can get him alone," he insisted.

She wouldn't listen at first, but finally he managed to make her see he was right. Then we drove straight to the Y. W. C. A., parked her there, and we staggered to a bar.

Doc almost collapsed in a booth. "I still can't believe it. *He* should turn out to be the son of a Hebe! It just can't be true!"

But it was. The dame had the documents right there in her suitcase.

To begin at the beginning, J. C.'s real name was Bauer, like his sister's. And by rights it shouldn't have been even Bauer, but Rappaport! Bauer was his mother's maiden name. She'd given it to her two children because their father, a Hebe by the name of Israel Rappaport, had deserted her before the second one was even born.

She'd been nuts about him, but, being the type she was, all her love turned to hate, and she spent the rest of her life trying to blot out the guy's memory. Her worst fright, it seems, was that the kids might learn about him, because she'd become convinced that all Jews were servants of the devil.

John Christian Bauer was born in her father's house. He was a pretty substantial farmer in southern Indiana, and a year or two later she made him settle her on a place of her own over in Kentucky, because she was anxious to raise the youngsters where no one knew about her past.

Nevertheless the kids did catch on to the secret. They got wind of it when a gossipy grandaunt came on a visit and made some remark about "your Hebrew father." Not really understanding what it was all about, the kids went to their mother for an explanation, and an awful scene resulted. That night, when the kids were ready to go to bed, she made them kneel and promise on the Bible that they would never repeat what they'd heard. "It's a wicked lie," she told them, "and God'll strike you dead if you think of it again."

That was the worst thing she could possibly have done, because it left those youngsters haunted. They never brought up the matter again—they were too scared—but it was always there in the back of their heads. The effect was especially bad on the boy, he being the more high-strung of the two. He grew up to be a moody twerp who always wanted to be by himself. He seemed to improve slightly when he entered high school. Then, just when he seemed on the point of becoming almost normal, his mother suddenly started acting up. She'd follow him around, try to pry into his thoughts, and shoo off any friends he tried to make. If he complained, she'd throw a faint, and then cry for him to come and rub her arms and legs.

She'd keep him at her bedside for hours on end, making him read to her or hold her hand. That kept up until the boy was ready to go to college, and she wanted to go with him. He balked and they began acting like a couple of cats in a sack. Finally, one night when the mother threw her usual faint, the boy just stamped out and left her lying there on the kitchen floor. There was no one else in the house, but he was so wrought up he didn't give a damn. He went off into the woods and walked till he was ready to drop. Then he crept back into the house. His mother was still lying there on the kitchen floor, but in a pool of blood now. She'd cut her throat almost from ear to ear.

The sister couldn't understand the way the boy acted at all. She'd expected he'd be frantic, but instead he seemed like a stone. He didn't shed a single tear, even at the funeral. And two days later he disappeared.

His sister tried to trail him. She'd never gotten along with him, but she felt an obligation. Besides, there was the problem of settling the estate, which was fairly sizable, since it included what the grandfather had left on his death. However, when seven years passed the courts declared him dead, and that was that. Most people who remembered him figured he'd probably done away with himself.

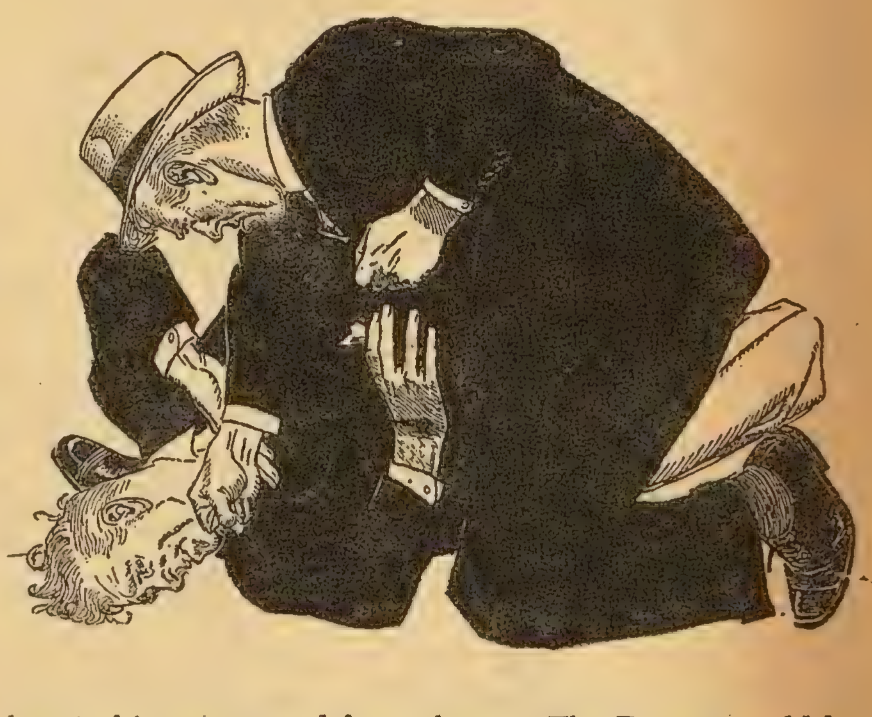
Meanwhile the girl became a professional social worker, and settled on the East Side of New York. It seems she'd found out at last the entire truth about her father, and it had given her an urge to go and live among his people. But after twenty-five years she finally upped and moved to California.

And that's how she happened to get on the track of her brother. The first time she heard the name John Christian Power it sort of rang a bell inside her; but she'd shied away from trying to discover who he was. Then she came across his photo in that magazine article on the American Fascists, and right away she knew. So the next morning she'd caught the bus and kept going till I bumped into her in front of the Citadel.

Doc swallowed his double whisky in one gulp. "I knew he was hiding something, but I never dreamed it would be anything like this!"

"The question is," I said, "what're we gonna do now? I guess this just about finishes everything."

Doc signaled the bartender to hit him again, and after he downed his drink, "If I could just figure out some way to get rid of her," he mumbled, half to himself, "there'd be nothing to it. I'd just hint around that I was hep to his secret, and from then on The Power would be in *my* power. I'd lead him around like a tame bear."



"I can see you doing that," I muttered sarcastically.

He ignored the interruption. "First of all, I'd get him to tone down all this Jew-baiting stuff. I'd follow the policy of those Mankind United boys. They don't even mention the Jews. They just talk about the Hidden Rulers, and that's smart. It's like leaving a blank for each sucker to fill in with his pet hate. The Hidden Rulers can be anything—Jews, Jesuits, Masons, Mormons, Communists, Fascists—anything. See the point?"

"Yeah, but if you think that J. C. would see it, you're crazy."

"But he'd *have* to see it!" Doc yelled. "The way I'd have him tied, he wouldn't have any choice. He'd be scared to death I'd give his secret away."

"Like hell he would!" I said. "You don't understand his case at all, Doc. The fact is, that poor screwball doesn't altogether know what the secret is. He's *repressed* the whole thing, buried it somewhere deep in the bottom drawer of his brain. Look! Why do you think he wants to kill all the Jews? Fundamentally because that's the only way he has of getting back at his own father. See what I mean?"

"But wait a minute," Doc yapped at me. "Didn't you just say he isn't even conscious who his father is?"

"I know that sounds like I'm contradicting myself," I said. "But I'm not. I've been thinking over all that psychological stuff his sister handed us, and I think I've got it clear now. What you've got to realize is that though he doesn't *know* his father was a Hebe, he *feels* it. Now here's the next point. Although deep down he hates the Jews solely because he hates his father, on the surface he has to have a better reason. He says he hates them because they're a menace to the world. Their crime is that they want to run everything. But actually that's his own crime. *He* wants to run everything, and in his heart he knows that isn't right. So when he accuses the Jews of that, he isn't merely creating an excuse for hating them. He's also creating an excuse for not hating himself. See?"

I could tell by the look on Doc's face that he didn't even begin to see, so I gave up.

Finally he stirred uneasily. "Maybe we'd better hop over to the Citadel."

"Are you nuts?" I demanded. "Why the hell do you want to go over there?"

"We don't want to be left out of the rally tomorrow. Don't forget there's going to be a collection."

"Without J. C. to whip up the mob," I said, "you won't collect enough to put in a pig's eye."

"What makes you so sure he won't be there?" he asked. "I'll lay a bet right now that he shows up as if nothing had happened. You just said yourself he'll never admit the truth about his father."

"Not if *you* tell it to him, he won't," I replied. "But coming from his sister, it'll be different. Just the shock of seeing her will split his mind wide open. You know what I'll bet? I'll bet he goes right out and tries to kill himself. Yes, sir."

Doc turned white. "I never thought of that!" he said. "What d'you think we ought to do?"

"I know what I'm gonna do," I answered, getting to my feet. "I'm gonna start packing."

I MUST have been having a nightmare when the phone woke me up. I was goose flesh all over.

It was Doc calling. "Whadye say?" he asked. "Are you coming along with me this morning?"

"Not me," I said. "And if you had any sense, you'd do what I'm doing—get out right now."

"And give up everything I've worked so hard for?" he yammered. "Not without a fight, I won't!"

"O. K.," I said. "If that's the way you feel about it, go ahead. But don't expect me to come along. I'm through . . . absolutely!"

Two hours later I was helping Miss Bauer up the porch steps of the Citadel. Don't ask me why I'd given in. There were sound reasons, as you will soon discover.

"John's upstairs," Doc said to Miss Bauer in a low tone. "You don't want me to go along, do you?" She shook her head, and I caught the look of relief on Doc's face. Pointing to the room on the second floor, he watched her climb the stairs, gripping her suitcase, cross the landing, and disappear through the door.

We listened a minute, then he grabbed my arm. "Come on," he side-mouthed. "We've got work to do." Taking up the valise we'd brought with us, he led the way to his office. He opened the small safe in the closet and handed me the cashbox, the tray of postage stamps, a couple of account books, and the mailing list.

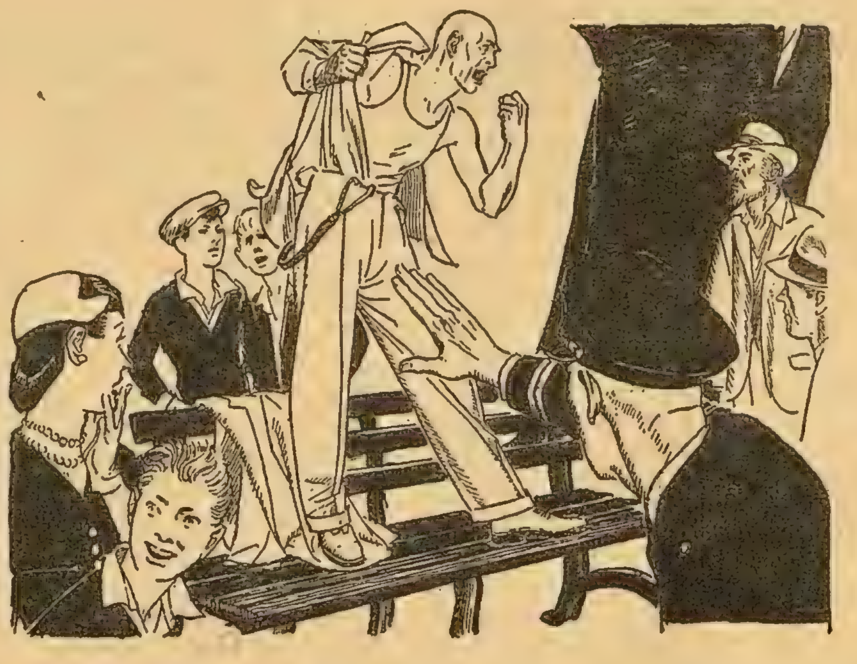
Suddenly I froze. There was a bellow somewhere above us, and a crash like a piece of furniture had been knocked over.

"They're forged!" I heard The Power blast. "Take them away! I don't want to see them!" Then there was another crash. It sounded like he'd hurled the woman's suitcase across the room.

Doc caught my sleeve and pretty near tore it off. "We better beat it out to the car," he said.

"And leave her here alone with him? He's liable . . ." I broke off because The Power was screaming. "It's a lie!" he screamed. "The Jews put you up to this. I know those devils. They'd do anything to destroy me. They sent you—they'd do anything, anything, anything!"

I darted to the umbrella stand where J. C. kept his canes. They were heavy canes with thick nobs on the end.



"Here," I panted, handing one to Doc, "let's take these and go on upstairs."

I could hardly keep my knees from folding under me.

I had no idea what I was going to do when I got upstairs.

Then all at once, as I reached the landing, the woman let out a terrible shriek and I felt myself turn to solid ice.

"No, no, John!" she shrieked. *"Put that away! You wouldn't dare . . ."*

The door opened and there she was, flying toward me, with him after her.

He had an open razor in his hand.

I stepped back, let her pass me, and then brought the club down square on his head. I didn't hit him hard, but the surprise of the blow must have stunned him, because he dropped right at my feet. Doc came rushing up and pushed me aside. "Gimme a hand," he said. "We better put him on that couch in there."

"Think we ought to call a doctor?" Miss Bauer asked.

"Nah, he's O. K.," said Doc. "He's coming to already. What we've got to do is get you out of here right away."

She tried to protest, but between the two of us we finally managed to talk her into leaving. At the front door, though, she suddenly realized we meant to leave with her.

"Somebody's got to remain here!" she cried. "He may need help when he comes to."

Doc threw me a wink. "That's right," he said. "You better stay, Clem." Then, through the side of his mouth, he pig-Latined, "Atkay the usbay."

"Sure, Doc," I said. "If you think that's best." Then, handing him my typewriter—he already had the valise—I opened the door for them.

I reached the hotel half an hour later.

"Boy, that was a close call!" Doc said. "You certainly conked him in time. I've got to give you credit, Clem."

"I'd rather take the cash," I said.

It turned out we hadn't made away with nearly as much as I'd hoped. Including the stamps, the entire loot didn't count up to more than around sixty bucks. Putting my share in my wallet, I prepared to scram.

"I think you're making a mistake, Clem," Doc said as he poured me one last drink. "This racket isn't played out yet, not by a hell of a long way."

"J. C.'s through," I said. "He'll be like a watch with a busted spring, and with that guy gone, the Crusade's dead."

"I know it," he admitted. "But the suckers on that mailing list are still alive." And thereupon he started giving me a song and dance about organizing a new movement with himself as leader and me as the second in command.

Suddenly he broke off and I saw him look toward the door suspiciously. I pricked up my ears and started to tiptoe across the room. I was positive some one was listening at the keyhole.

I WAS just about to reach for the knob when the door flew open and in rushed Cleaver with Flanahan and Kronkhite at his heels.

"What've you done with him?" Cleaver blasted, grabbing me by the lapels. "Come on, talk, you little runt, or I'll knock your teeth out!" He gave me a shove, and I sprawled into the chair next to Doc's.

Flanahan took a stand in front of us. His eyes glowed with a sort of cold fury. "Now then," he rapped out, "you'd better talk fast, both of you. Where is he?"

"He—he must be at the Citadel," Doc stammered. "That's where we left him no more than an hour ago."

Kronkhite started yelling, but Flanahan flagged him to shut up. Turning to us, he said, "He's not there now."

"We're on to you two rats," Cleaver butted in. "You've shanghaied him, that's what you've done. You've been working against us all along." Turning to Flanahan, he held out his fists and begged, "Aw, let me work on 'em! It's the only way you'll ever get 'em to talk."

Flanahan brushed him aside. Looking at us, he asked, "Why didn't you show up at the Citadel yesterday?"

"We might as well tell 'em the truth, Doc," I said. I turned to Flanahan. "We decided to quit, that's all. We happened to find out something about The Power we hadn't known before."

"Yeah?" Cleaver snarled. "And what was it?"

"You tell 'em," I said to Doc.

Doc wet his lips and set himself for the blast. "O. K.," he said hoarsely. "Here it is: J. C.'s a Jew himself!"

Kronkhite hurled himself at Doc.

"It's true!" I screamed. "His sister . . ." Suddenly something that felt like a rock hit me in the mouth. It was Cleaver's fist. Then he was on top of me, one knee holding my legs fast, and his fists flailing my head.

Then he wasn't hitting me any more, and I could hear the phone ringing. I opened an eye, and saw Flanahan dragging his goons away from me. I heard him say, "Go answer that."

I could barely get to my feet, but I managed to reach the phone somehow. It was Tom Duranty. I listened a minute, then I put a hand over the mouthpiece and turned to the others. "J. C.'s been arrested." I tipped the receiver so all of them could hear. "What's the charge, Tom?" I asked.

"They've booked Power on a morals charge," the brassy voice came back over the wire. "The cops caught him doing a strip-tease right in the middle of Pershing Square! It seems he jumped upon a bench and started tearing off all his clothes, and yelled, 'Look, I'm not a Jew! It's a lie! You can see I'm not a Jew!' He's still yelling down in his cell. They've got him in a strait jacket . . ." Suddenly the voice dropped. "Hey, I think I better get out of this booth. Keniston just walked in with a couple of the boys from the F. B. I. Call you back later. G'by!"

"No, Tom! Tom!" I yelled. "Don't hang up. Duck your head out and see what you can find out."

A minute later he was back. "Hey, Clem," he panted, "you guys better scram. Your nut has been raving about guns you've got stored away some place. I think they're gonna pull a raid."

I dropped the phone. "Did you hear that?" I blatted. "We'd better beat it!"

We got away all right, and damn fast. Doc and I lit out for San Diego, registered under pseudonyms at a quiet hotel, and laid low for six days.

Finally, though, Doc couldn't stand it any longer. By that time he'd become convinced there hadn't been any raid after all, because there hadn't been even a hint of one in the news dispatches. There had been lots of publicity about the Crusade, but solely in connection with The Power. Monday's papers carried a long story giving a jumbled account of his history and crack-up. On Tuesday there were interviews with Miss Bauer and half a dozen psychiatrists. They agreed that the judge had done right in committing J. C. to a state institution for the insane.

On Thursday there was no reference whatsoever to the case. Nor on Friday. On Saturday, Doc blew up. He'd been difficult right from the start, constantly yapping that we'd taken a powder for nothing. He'd sold himself on the idea he might be able to salvage the Crusade.

We argued all afternoon long. Finally I suggested calling Mrs. Gunderson, she being the only person I could think of whose phone I felt sure wasn't being tapped.

I felt sure she'd know something that would make Doc see reason, but I was wrong. I returned kind of guilty-eyed and said, "You win, Doc. The coast seems clear, all right." And then nothing could hold Doc back.

I'd learned more than that from Mrs. Gunderson, and he must have sensed I was holding something back, for we'd no sooner got under way than he began prying and pumping till I had to come clean.

"Doc," I said, "it looks like X. Y. Z. have stolen a base on you. They've called a big meeting for tomorrow night to raise hell about what's been done to J. C. They're claiming the warmongers trumped up that story about his being a Hebe. And you and I are supposed to have been in on the plot. She says . . ." I broke off, alarmed at the way Doc was driving. "Watch where you're going!"

But I was too late. Out of nowhere a great big tree suddenly rushed at us, and the next thing I knew I was in a heap under the dashboard.

After a couple of minutes I felt collected enough to get out and join Doc, who was prowling around the front of the car, eying the damage.

It took us fully an hour, but we managed to get it going again. Doc drove slower now; in fact, he practically crawled along. It wasn't from choice, however. The wheel kept shimmying in his hands, and there was a funny scrape in the front hubs.

HOW we got through I still don't know. The only thing I can tell you is that we did, though not until after 3 A. M. And by then we were both so worn out that we could barely stagger to our rooms. If either of us had tried to say even good night, the other would have busted him in the jaw. That's how mean we felt.

Suddenly—it seemed no more than five minutes after I'd piled into bed—I felt noises sort of prodding me awake. A radio was blaring in the next room, and people were jabbering in the corridor. For a minute I thought of calling downstairs to squawk about the disturbance. I snuck deeper under the covers and made another try at getting back to sleep. I managed to doze off a couple of times, only to be kicked awake again by those damn noises. They kept getting louder and more confused, like not one but half a dozen radios had been turned on. Finally I looked at my watch and was amazed to see it was one o'clock.

The way I felt, I needed coffee, so I got some clothes on as fast as I could. A couple of guys got out of the elevator just as I got in. They seemed in a hurry, and almost knocked me over.

Pedro, the Mexican bellboy, was running the elevator, and the minute he closed the door, he turned to me and said, "Ain't it tarrible, what dey done? Dose leedle yaller devils, I hope dey shoot 'em all up!"

I gave my face a wipe like I was trying to sweep away cobwebs. "What are you gassing about?" I asked.

"What'sa matter?" he cried. "You no hear the news? De Japs, dey just bomb Hawaii!"

"Go on!" I snorted. "Somebody's been kidding you. The Japs have got more sense . . ."

"No, Meest' Smullet!" he panted. "It's true! They are telling on the radio since two hour already! You ask anybody!" he cried, opening the door.

I started to rush over to the radio by the cigar stand, but the clerk called me. "Just a minute, Martin," I said. "I want to hear the news. It isn't true, is it?"

"You mean about Pearl Harbor?" he said. "Yeah, it's true all right. But don't worry. We'll have those rats wiped off the map in six months." Suddenly he threw me a funny look. "And that includes those Nazi rats too."

I stood and thought a minute. Then, half to myself, I chuckled, "Well, I'll be damned!" I was thinking what a joke this was on Flanahan & Co. Here we are at war after all, and they couldn't blame any American warmongers for it.

"I guess," the clerk remarked, "there's a lot of guys who're going to be damned now."

I looked at him, suddenly worried by his tone and the expression on his face. I was about to ask what he meant, but turned around instead. Some one had mentioned my name. It must have been Pedro, because I could see him pointing in my direction. He was talking to one of those guys who'd bumped into me a couple of minutes ago. Then I saw the stranger nod and start toward me. He was a good-looking fellow, neatly dressed, and at a glance I'd have cast him for a salesman.

"You're Clem Smullet, aren't you?" he asked.

"That's right," I said.

"Would you mind stepping outside?" He took my arm. "There's something I've got to talk to you about."

I didn't try to resist. I somehow sensed it wouldn't be wise. Once we were out on the sidewalk, though, I faced the stranger and snapped, "O.K. Now, what is it?"

"I'm Kelly, Federal Bureau of Investigation. We have some questions we'd like to ask you at our office."

I felt myself go weak all over. "What kind of questions?" I asked hoarsely. "I don't know anything! You can't arrest me . . ."

"Now, don't get excited, Mr. Smullet. I'm just taking you down to have a little talk with my chief."

He opened the door of the car, but I wouldn't get in. "I haven't had my breakfast yet." I tried to stall. "Can't you come back later?"

"I'm sorry," he said, curling his lip slightly, "but I've got quite a few more people to call on. This has turned out to be quite a busy day for the Bureau."

I opened my mouth to argue some more, but then shut it with a click. There, coming out of the hotel door, was the other guy who'd bumped into me in front of the elevator—and he was leading Doc! I shot a glare at the slob, and then turned and got into the car.

"O. K.," I growled, "let's go. . . ."

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By E. A. PILLER

IN the days before the war any two people engaged in the business of publishing or selling books could always spend a fascinating hour discussing the all-too-frequent phenomena of undistinguished books that had hit the best-seller lists hard and high.

No one could ever decide whether clever promotion or simply an erratic public taste accounted for an occasional bit of fluff or foolishness ringing the sales bell and being bought up into figures that surprised everybody, including the author.

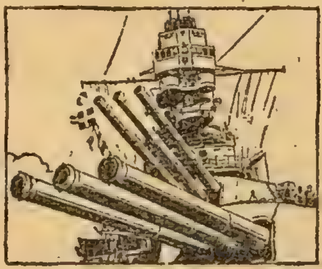
One salutary effect of the war is that this miscarriage of public taste has happened much less frequently—and more satisfying is the indisputable fact that the books about this war which have sold into the big numbers have deserved every last digit of their sales figures.

Lt. John Mason Brown

Books like Guadalcanal Diary and Into the Valley are fine factual reporting which carries a sense of battle's urgency. They ring as true as well minted coin. Captain Ingersoll's The Battle Is the Pay-off, and Ernie Pyle's Here Is Your War give as excellent pictures of the North African campaign as those earlier books did of our first successful clash of arms at Guadalcanal.

Now, to this deservedly distinguished list, add **John Mason Brown's To All Hands.**

It is a series of broadcasts which Lieutenant Brown made at the request (or order of) Admiral Kirk, to the crew of a ship in convoy from the United States to North Africa and then to Sicily for the first breaching of Hitler's Festung Europa. As Admiral Kirk pointed out, this is a democratic war and those taking part in it deserve to know as much as can be told them about what goes on. Since most of the men on a ship must remain below during action, and indeed, most of the time in crossing, they have little opportunity to see.



U.S.S. Pennsylvania

Lieutenant Brown in this case was their "eyes"—and his story of the crossing, his knack for presenting the details, his superb account of the invasion itself provide us with one of the most readable books this war has seen. It has zest, humor, action—and, for soldiers, seamen, and civilians alike, information.

It rates doubly high with me because, through it all, Lieutenant Brown, who had been a drama critic before taking to the sea, displays a high regard for his audience. It never occurred to him, evidently, to talk down to these men and boys. If he thought it fitting, he quoted Matthew Arnold or William Shakespeare (and why not?), and his talk was that of one well informed, urbane mind addressing itself to others equally informed and receptive to it. It is one of the good writing jobs of the war. More power to such.

Published by Whittlesey House, N. Y. Price, 2.75.

WHILE we're in a nautical stretch, I'd like to report on a book which I suppose no self-respecting armchair admiral would be caught dead without, and which real seagoing men must consider secondary only to the Bible in the field of great books. It is the latest edition of **Jane's Fighting Ships,** edited by **Francis E. McMurtrie.**

As the publishers point out, their job was doubly difficult this year, naval authorities, both Allied and enemy, being what they are about disseminating information. Yet, here it is, the fleets of the world from battle wagons to cutters, illustrated, charted as to construction, armor, etc., etc.—the complete dependable job you've come to expect of this annual classic of the sea.

Published by the Macmillan Co., N. Y. Price, $19.

NO LITTLE ENEMY—Continued from Page 30

thing fishy" about Stock, and deplored Nadine's adoration of the "home-front hero." That same night some one tried to smother Tom in his berth. Tom put up a fight, but his assailant escaped, and Tom found himself holding a piece of diamond-patterned blue cloth.

The Caravan was to hold a rally in the yards of a Detroit steel mill. But Daniel Stock was late, so the entertainers were conducted through the plant. It was then that a terrible explosion occurred. Though Stock arrived in time to help with the dead and wounded, Tom wondered if there was any connection between the catastrophe and Stock's tardiness.

When the troupe reached Chicago, Tom decided to do some sleuthing on Mr. Daniel Stock. Also he noted that Lawrence Kenyon had been on their train, which recalled Senator Carlinger. Trailing Stock, Tom found himself in the broadcasting office of Amy Bissell, news commentator.

PART SIX

TOM'S venture into sleuthing was less difficult that night than it had been in the morning. The Caravan had given a performance at the Chicago Stage Door Canteen, which was located in a busy downtown section of the city. Afterward it had been a simple matter for Tom to bid Stock good night as he got into a cab, step into the next cab himself, and let the driver do the rest. After twenty minutes Stock got out in front of an old house in a shabby neighborhood. Tom had his driver go on for a block before he dismissed him. Then he walked back to the corner.

He stood in the rain, coat collar drawn up and his hat crushed down, staring up the street. First there was the stretch of shiny black sidewalk; then the winking neon sign, BEER, LIQUOR; then the outlines of the house into which Stock had disappeared. While he stood there, two men who had passed him a moment before walked under the sign, and then they too vanished.

Tom started toward the place. Ahead of him, a car came to a stop in front of the house, and two men and two women got out and entered the house. Although the sign made everything beyond it seem blacker, Tom couldn't understand why he never saw a door open to admit these visitors.

Finally he was abreast of the house that Stock and the others had entered, and now he understood why they had seemed to drop into the ground. A steep flight of steps led directly down from the sidewalk to the door of an English basement. The window in the door and the wide showcaselike window beside it were covered with drawn Venetian blinds. Glimmers of light shone through the slits. Some kind of sign hung above the steps. The electric bulbs in it were switched off, but Tom could make out the faint letters: JAY'S STEAK HOUSE.

There was obviously something going on in Jay's Steak House that was attracting a large crowd, but what it was concerned with or how he could learn any more about it he had no idea. Then, as he walked on, he heard the sloshing of shoes on the wet walk and a voice said, "Pardon—pardon, if you please."

He turned and saw a thin fellow who wore a visored cap and a black slicker.

"Can you tell me where Jay's Steak House is?"

The rain dripped off Tom's hatbrim onto his chest. "A few doors farther on," he said. "You're almost there."

"You going too? We'd better hurry. It'll be packed again. We won't be able to get in."

Tom fell into step. He hardly heard the whining explanation: "Got lost this time—damn rain and everything. Don't see why we can't meet in a decent place. We're just as good as anybody else!"

The man ran down the basement steps, and Tom followed. He had a half-formulated plan to see what he could when the door opened, and then get away as fast as possible.

A fellow who looked like a waiter swung the door open. The room was filled with people occupying rows of chairs and sitting on tables pushed against the walls. Tom heard some one speaking, but he couldn't see past the solid barrier of bodies that filled the room to the door.

"Good evening," said the waiter. "Squeeze in, if you can. Mr. Jedson's begun the meeting."

The thin man pushed inside, and Tom followed. He noticed with relief that his companion did not remove his cap. The waiter lounged against the closed door at their back. It shouldn't be difficult to get out, Tom thought, if he decided to leave suddenly.

Even Webster's ideas are getting out of date. . . . His unabridged says civilization is: "The culture characteristic of modern Europe."

Although that much was settled, he couldn't give his attention to the voice of Mr. Jedson, coming from up in front, until he had located Stock. Slowly he raised himself up on his toes and peered toward the front of the room. What he saw almost popped his eyes out. Stock was sitting on one of the tables next to the wall and beside him on it was Lawrence Kenyon, the man he had noticed on the station platform before. As Tom watched him, he leaned over to speak to a girl in a chair in front of them. The hair between her hat and coat collar was very blonde.

Tom relaxed with a mixture of relief and anxiety. The relief was because he realized there was no possible danger of Stock or Kenyon seeing him, hidden behind this crowd. The anxiety was because now he knew that his hunches regarding Stock had blossomed into full reality.

Tom listened to the voice of Mr. Jedson.

"They," he was saying, "tell us our boys are dying to save America. Who's threatening America? Think that over, friends. Why must a boy born and bred in Chicago on the shore of Lake Michigan get his head blown off on Guadalcanal? Did we care about Guadalcanal before?" he asked loudly. "Did we ever even hear of it before? They tell us we must save America by sending our sons to die in the deserts and jungles of the world. But you and I know who it is we are really saving . . .

"What happens while we fight? They use the war to steal our real freedom from us. They come into our homes and tell us what to eat and how much to eat and where to drive our cars and how far to drive them. Can this be our America? Our land of plenty? Plenty for who? For the riffraff, the foreigners, the undesirable elements kicked out of every other place on earth—and you know who I mean!"

Tom's companion nudged him. "Why doesn't he come right out and say who?" he whined. "What's he afraid of?"

After about five minutes more of talk along these lines, Mr. Jedson stood up straighter and smiled.

"Tonight I have good news for you, my friends. At last we are going to get the support that we deserve. It's been a hard fight—meeting at each other's places like this without money for halls or offices or printing. Now I want to announce to you that several important people in this country who believe the way we do and sympathize with our struggle are ready to help us. I am not at liberty to divulge their names yet. Some of them are prominent in the radio and publishing fields, some of them are in political life.

"Mr. Lawrence Kenyon, counsel for our national committee, has been traveling about the country visiting our local chapters and laying plans for the co-ordination of our activities. When these plans are completed I will be able to tell you—"

Tom stretched up again to watch Kenyon. The blonde girl had turned halfway around and was whispering to him. She was not a girl, but a woman. The hair that had looked so blonde in that light was really white. She was Amy Bissell.

After a few more words about the good fortune that was to come, Mr. Jedson started a plate along the rows, and Tom realized unhappily that the clatter of coins was not predominating. These people, for the most part shabby and frayed, were contributing bills.

Tom turned toward the waiter, still leaning against the door. "Excuse me," he said. "I have to leave now."

The waiter stiffened. "Not so fast," he said angrily. "Whatcha trying to do—skip out before the plate gets—"

The waiter's belligerent tone would attract attention in a moment. Tom drew back his arm and, lunging forward, crashed his fist into the waiter's jaw. With a grunt, the man slid to the floor. Tom stepped over his body and was out the door and up the steps. There were no cries and no pursuit.

Tom walked rapidly for several blocks until he came to a lighted drugstore. He went in and bought a box of gauze and a roll of adhesive. Then he asked the druggist where he was. "I want to call a cab," Tom explained. "I want to get back to my hotel downtown."

The druggist shrugged and gave him the address. Tom went into the booth and called a cab. Then he dialed the hotel and asked for Miss Hathaway.

"I just wanted to tell you I'm coming up to your room in about twenty minutes."

"Thanks for warning me. I'll be sure not to open the door."

"Listen, damn you," he said. "You get dressed and expect me in twenty minutes." He slammed the receiver down and left the booth.

Just then the cab drew up. Tom jumped into it and directed the driver to the hotel.

HELEN opened her door the instant he rapped. She had on a dress and her bare feet were thrust into backless slippers, but her face looked white and scared without make-up. He went into the bathroom and let the cold water run over his hand. When she saw his bleeding fingers, all the sarcastic questions she had begun asking dried up.

"Get the bandage out of my pocket," he told her.

She wound the gauze around his knuckles until the blood no longer soaked through. Then she lighted a cigarette for him and handed him the telephone from the bedside table as he instructed her to do.

"Just tell me one thing, Tom," she begged. "Was it Tally?"

"No. I wish it had been." Tom dialed long distance. "Don't get it wrong," he said. "Nobody tried to kill me. I only hope I didn't kill a guy." He gave the operator a person-to-person call to a city four hundred miles away. "I'm charging this to you," he told Helen. "I'll pay you for it. Who's in the next room?"

"Judy and Carol on one side. No one we know on the other."

Tom got his connection. "Hello. Senator Carlinger? . . . This is Tom Bonbright. Sorry to disturb you at this time of night, but it's important. I hope I didn't alarm you. . . . Thanks." He grinned at the mouthpiece. "That's encouraging, because I have a tremendous favor to ask you. Could you possibly get away tomorrow? Fly up here to Chicago! I've run into something concerning Lawrence Kenyon."

Helen heard the senator's voice coming crisply over the wire.

"Swell," said Tom. "If I could get to you I would—but there's a bunch of Hollywood stars coming here for a bond rally with us tomorrow and I don't dare back out. Wire me at the Shoreway when you're arriving."

The senator spoke for another minute, and then Tom said, "Just one question for now. Does Kenyon have a big black car and a chauffeur in Detroit? . . . I thought so. See you tomorrow, then."

Helen took the phone from him and replaced it on the table. "All right," she prodded him. "Begin."

TOM lay back on the bed and told her the story. He started with how he had found out that Stock had lied about coming to the McAllister mill in a taxi the day of the explosion. He explained what he had been doing in the radio station that morning. He related his adventures at the meeting a short while before. When he finished, he sat up and unwound the bandage from his hand. The blood had clotted and the cuts didn't seem so large.

"What I don't understand," said Helen, "is why you didn't slip a dollar into the plate and leave quietly."

Tom shook his head. "It's one of my usual misconceptions," he said, "that they deserve a punch in the jaw and not a dollar." He flexed his hand carefully. "Anyhow, Stock hasn't any reason to connect me with that row—but I'd feel easier if we could think of a way to camouflage this hand."

Helen went to the dresser and came back with a round flat box. "Pancake make-up," she announced. "It covers everything. Moisten this sponge and pat it on those cuts. When this stuff dries they won't be noticeable."

Tom looked at her. "I'm glad I've seen you without stuff on your face," he said. "I was afraid you were too theatrical for the wilds of New Hampshire, but I shouldn't have worried."

"What have I got to do with the wilds of New Hampshire?"

"You're going up there with me after this tour is over—aren't you?"

"What is this?"

"A proposal. It just struck me that I have more important things to worry about than whether or not I'll find you angry at me. If we're married, I'll just lean over and ask you."

She slipped the make-up box in his pocket and gave him his hat. "I'm afraid I can't possibly go with you when the tour is over," she said. "They're casting three new plays in New York that week, and Charlie's gotten me calls to read for all three of them."

"Think it over," said Tom. "I'm offering you the lead in New Hampshire."

CHARLIE was in an extremely bad humor the next day. His irritation had been increasing steadily ever since they had first arrived in Chicago and he had seen the billboards and posters promoting the big bond rally that was to take place on their last night there.

These plentiful and gaudy announcements promised an entire evening of brilliant entertainment by a carload of Hollywood stars, two name bands, and the OPP Caravan. Tom Bonbright was headlined as a star attraction along with Bob Hope and Dorothy Lamour. But what irked Charlie was the appearance of Helen's name in unimportant small letters together with the names of starlets and an acrobatic dog act.

His resentment over all of this increased that morning, when a development even more disagreeable was apparent to his trained eye: his client was in love. The thing he had been dreading had happened. What was more, it must have happened at the witching—and thus most potent—hour of the night. He had heard Helen give Tom an icy brush-off when they returned from the radio station yesterday noon. He himself had escorted her to a press party after their show and had not left her until he said good night at her door at midnight. It was after midnight, then, that the thing had happened.

* * *

According to John Gunther, an American journalist in Japan wrote to a friend and added the note: "Don't know if this will ever arrive because the Japanese censor may open it." A few days afterward he received a note from the Japanese post office saying: "The statement in your letter is not correct. We do not open letters."

—*Thesaurus of Anecdotes.*

* * *

It wasn't anything Helen said. It was the way she behaved. She was actually expansive and wide-eyed and delighted with life. It was no show—it came from way inside. He had gone into her room to have breakfast with her and found her flinging herself about like a schoolgirl, her face innocent of make-up.

"What's the matter?" he'd asked. "Don't you feel well?"

"Feel well? Charlie, I feel wonderful! *Wonderful!*"

"You look pale to me."

"That's because I have no make-up on. How do I look without it? I was wondering how I'd look if I were out camping in a forest or something and couldn't be bothered with lipstick and mascara and all that."

"Since when are you going camping?"

"I'm not. But it's nice to hear that you look all right just being your natural self for a change." She studied her reflection in the mirror. "I feel like a different person."

"How, different?" Charlie asked cautiously. But the waiter had knocked just then and wheeled in the two breakfasts and a morning paper. Helen picked up the paper and leafed through it. Then she spread a page out on the bed and flung herself down beside it. It was a full-page ad for the rally, with photographs of the star performers. She was staring at a picture of Tom.

"What a face!" she murmured. "Craggy as a mountain."

It was at this point that Charlie's hopes had stirred slightly. Crags, he thought, were broken cliffs, weren't they? That didn't sound so good.

"Come on," he said. "Eat your breakfast."

She did. She ate everything. Good sign number two.

By afternoon Charlie decided that he was an alarmist. Tom Bonbright hadn't said anything unusual to Helen when they started on their rounds of the war plants, and as a matter of fact he left them in the midst of the tour. An important matter that had to do with his other work, he told Charlie, and promised to be at the Lake Theater at seven that evening. Well, thought Charlie, things were looking up. What difference did it make if Helen was in love? It takes two to make a marriage. It takes a marriage to ruin a career.

AT four o'clock Tom found Senator Carlinger waiting in the room he had reserved for him at the Shoreway Hotel.

The senator explained that it had been impossible for him to get a seat on an earlier plane, and since he was fearful of being held over in Chicago too long, he had snatched at the chance of getting a plane back late that same night. "I figured I could cancel my reservation if there was any necessity of staying over," he told Tom.

"I don't believe there will be," said Tom. "I'll have to do my talking now, and fast. I've an appointment with the local office of the F. B. I. at five thirty, and this big bond rally is scheduled from seven on."

The senator's brows went up. "The F. B. I.?"

"You'll understand after I tell you my story. It was very good of you to come. More than I deserve, perhaps."

"Maybe you'll be interested to know that the reason I came was the same reason I was so hurt by your cartoons concerning me—because I know that, whatever the political difference between us, in the big battle we are both on the same side. Lawrence Kenyon and I aren't. That's why I turned down the offer he made me." The senator leaned forward. "You mentioned his name over the phone last night. Naturally, I'm curious to know your story."

Tom repeated the story he had told Helen the night before, explaining about Stock and why he felt compelled to find out what he was up to.

Senator Carlinger listened gravely until Tom had finished. Then he said, "What do you think of James Landry?"

"I think that any man who owns forty newspapers owns too many."

"Didn't realize there were forty."

"The ones you don't hear about are weeklies. Some of them in one-horse towns are the size of handbills, but they add up to a lot of influence."

"One reason I asked is because I've seen your cartoons in Landry's papers."

Tom nodded. "He gets them from the syndicate. Then he uses up a column next to them to point out the error of my ways."

"You said this Mr. Jedson mentioned that important assistance was coming from people in the publishing field—"

"Landry?"

The senator nodded. "Now let me tell you my story."

The senator's story was shorter than Tom's and not so dramatic.

"When I ran for re-election," he said, "a group of people calling themselves Defenders of the American Way supported me. I received campaign funds from them through their national counsel, Lawrence Kenyon. I didn't know much about them except that they believed, as I did then, in an isolationist policy toward the European war. After Pearl Harbor they melted away, as did all the groups of that type.

"What you saw last night was a meeting of the same people under a different name. Now they call themselves the League of Militant Americans. Landry and Kenyon are the big bosses, as before, and this Jedson and a lot of lesser lights are whooping it up locally. I don't know how they got Amy Bissell with them. Maybe they bought her. They're good at that, let me tell you. When it was announced that I was resigning my job in the Housing Commission, Kenyon hotfooted it down to Washington to see me."

SENATOR CARLINGER ran both hands through his hair and laughed. "I'm just a simple lad from back in the hills—but not that simple. Kenyon made me an offer to join his law firm in Detroit. I knew that just practicing law I couldn't be worth that figure to any one. Pretty soon he admitted I was to be the front for the League of Militant Americans—the flypaper to catch all the little flies to whom my name meant something. I turned Kenyon down. Sabotaging the peace is not my dish."

"Is the League very large yet?"

"They're just getting started again. But they're after every malcontent, every hater, every frustrated fanatic in the country. Can you count that high?"

"What kind of fellow is Kenyon?"

"Brilliant organizer." The senator spoke the words with respect. "Smart, ambitious, impatient. He wants power, and he wants it quickly—but legally! He's too smart to try anything else."

Tom paced the small room.

"I suppose," he said finally, "you didn't get much information about the program he plans—"

The senator interrupted: "They haven't any program. They'll blow with the wind, waiting for some incident to fasten to—then they'll let rip with people like Bissell and Landry and whomever else they've got. It'll be right nasty the day that happens."

"Wonder where my pal Stock comes in," said Tom.

"He doesn't sound like much to me. Local gauleiter for the East Coast, maybe. By the way, that title isn't apt. There are no Nazis mixed up in this."

"Home-grown Fascists, eh?"

"That's right. You know, too many people around here think all villains have heavy accents or slanty eyes. They're wrong."

Both men sat silently for a moment, their faces creased with thought. Then the senator said, "If it's all right with you, I'll go along to the F. B. I. Maybe I can supply some useful details."

"Thanks," said Tom. "I'd be grateful."

FOR the third time in twenty-four hours, Tom repeated the story of Daniel Stock and of the meeting. The

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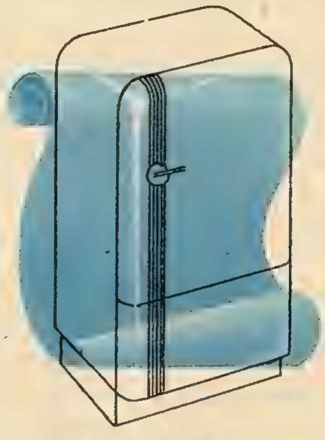

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government men, a Mr. Brooks and a Mr. Rainer, listened intently.

When Tom had finished, Mr. Brooks left the room to get some files. Mr. Rainer, who was in charge, said:

"Since our phone conversation this morning, Mr. Bonbright, I've been checking with Washington and Boston on Daniel Stock. They don't have a thing on him."

"I suppose that means," said the senator, "that he hasn't until now been a member of any of these organizations like the Defenders and so forth."

"That's right. Whatever he's fooled around with up till now, he's been discreet about. Mr. Bonbright mentioned the greeting Stock got from Philip Wald. We know about Wald, of course. He was an active Bundist in New York State until things got too hot. He's truck-farming in Pennsylvania now and, we thought, minding his own business. Evidently he came to the rally to say hello to Stock."

"That ties Stock up with some unsavory company," said Tom.

BROOKS came back with the files and Rainer leafed through them. "We've been watching these organizations you mention," he said. "The trouble is, we can't do much else but watch them. They're careful to operate within the law." He shrugged. "I've been to some of their meetings myself. The stuff they do is foul but legal." He leaned across the oak desk. "One night I heard them boo the President and Churchill—but when Hitler's name was mentioned they were silent." His voice trembled with anger. "It wasn't merely an absence of sound. It was a straining of every one there to keep himself from applauding. They sit there brewing trouble for the rest of us, and until they break a law we've got to let them do it. We're operating under a democratic form of government—luckily for them."

"Senator Carlinger doesn't seem to think that Stock or his friends had anything to do with the McAllister explosion," said Tom slowly.

"Of course not. That's clumsy stuff, and these people are wizards of delicacy. The League had nothing whatsoever to do with it." Rainer pointed to the files. "Kenyon, Landry, Bissell—they know their organization's existence depends on staying legal."

"Bissell was a surprise to me," admitted the senator.

"Ah, she was an easy mark. Flattery and promises. We've known about her for a long time."

"What kind of promises?"

"Power." Rainer stood up and walked the length of the room.

"From what you've told me," he said to Tom, "that's what they're dangling in front of this Stock. The way the man acts, the things he admitted to Miss Hathaway indicate he's a psychopath dominated by a lust for power—wouldn't you say so?"

Tom nodded.

Rainer came back and sat on the edge of his desk.

"Stock's evidently in pretty well with Kenyon, and there must be a reason. They must have a use for him. Any theories, Mr. Bonbright?"

Tom shook his head. "Not an inkling."

"From what you've told me, I gather Stock's been quite interested in you and your belongings."

"I don't know what good that's going to do him. I have no inside information he could use."

"Just the same, be careful. He's a screwball and you never can tell." He shrugged. "Naturally, we're going to keep close track of the activities of the League, but we can't watch every member. I'm going to ask you to keep an eye on this Daniel Stock for the balance of the tour, and to communicate with us at the first sign that he's up to something."

Tom smiled. "That would be a pleasure. I'm beginning to enjoy being a sleuth. Maybe I'll drop cartooning."

"Oh, no, you mustn't do that!" warned the senator. The statement was made with mock concern, but it pleased Tom to note that there was a good deal of earnestness in it, too.

THE bond rally that night was the biggest of the tour. Thousands of people jammed into Chicago's Lake Theater. Top stars from every Hollywood studio alternated with OPP Caravan's acts to make up a program that lasted until eleven o'clock. During the intermissions enthusiastic bond purchasers ran up a total that surprised even the Treasury Department.

Toward the end of the evening Tom thought his right hand would drop off. After the first dozen pictures he drew it was so cramped he had to quit until the circulation started again. They had changed his act so that, instead of drawing caricatures of members of the audience, he drew them of the performers. Then the pictures were auctioned off.

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TEXAS VIEWPOINT

A Texan friend of ours says that speeches are like steer horns: a point here, a point there—and a lot of bull in the middle.

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The rally was to end on a serious note. Stock's stage appearance, together with some seamen of the merchant marine, had been chosen for the final act. While Stock was on-stage, Tom got ready to leave.

"I'm going to the airport with the senator," he told Helen, "and I don't think I'll come back. They won't need me any more."

"But they're going to clear the stage for dancing. The two best bands in the country are here tonight! Come back and dance with me," she said.

Tom shook his head. "I don't dance. I'm no good at these social graces. Dull fellow all around."

"Yes, aren't you?" Her voice was low and unfamiliarly tender. "You were wonderful tonight. I watched their faces. I could see what all these people think of you. Tom"—she put her hands on his arms—"I keep remembering what you said last night. Did you really say it?"

"Are you going to marry me?"

"No, but—"

"Darling," said Tom, "I've got to beat it or we'll miss the plane. I'll spend all the time coming back from the airport thinking up some new arguments for you. Will you give me a ring in an hour?"

"Yes, but—"

He kissed her just as Charlie was coming down the steps to the dressing rooms. Charlie got a smart press agent's view of the whole incident. His attitude had changed since morning. It wouldn't do his client any harm to get her name bracketed romantically with Tom Bonbright's, he thought. Yes, sir, there were angles to everything.

LATER—much later—Helen's enthusiasm for dancing was wet-blanketed by fatigue. She hardly saw the procession of faces that grinned down at her as her partners cut in on one another. Her own face seemed frozen into a smile and her feet moved numbly. Her patriotism would be established if it depended on the number of servicemen she had danced with.

She was shocked out of her weariness when she found herself in the arms of a middle-aged man in a civilian's suit. He wasn't very skillful at steering her around to the music, as he executed a bouncing two-step to every piece that was played. He had small snapping eyes under triangular arches of brows, and a one-sided smile that made him look intoxicated. After a few seconds he said, "That was quite a picture of you that Tom Bonbright drew."

"Yes, Mr. Bonbright's very clever, isn't he?" She grasped at the opportunity of mentioning Tom's name. "He makes the drawings with so little effort, and yet they tell so much."

"Yes, don't they?" Her partner twirled her about ungracefully.

"By the by," he said, "where is Mr. Bonbright?"

"He left long ago."

The man's grin subsided. "I wonder where I could find him." He spoke half to himself. "I wanted to get his autograph tonight. I can't afford a picture—I'm flat broke—but I did want his autograph very, very much."

Helen imagined a situation at once. She'd heard there was a profitable traffic in autographs of the celebrated. Maybe that's what this poor fellow is counting on for his next meal, she thought.

"Come on," she said, with the same expansive generosity toward him she had felt toward the whole world since the night before. "Come with me to the hotel. I'll get that autograph for you."

HELEN phoned Tom's room from the lobby: "Hello. I'm sorry I couldn't get away long enough to call until now. May I come up?"

"Hell, no. It's too late. I'm ready to go to bed."

"You said you were going to think up some arguments for me."

"I've decided it's hopeless. If you have such a passion for dancing that you can't stop once in three hours to go to the telephone, obviously we'd be incompatible."

"O. K. But we'll always have a beautiful friendship, won't we?"

"Good night, my beautiful friend."

"Wait a minute, Tom—listen! I've just finished dancing with a very nice man who collects autographs, and I've promised him yours."

"Oh, my Lord—"

"Tom, please!"

"Who is he?"

"I don't know his name. He's a gentleman fallen on evil days, I think. Please let us come up."

"All right, then. If you're certain an autograph will get rid of you both."

"We'll be right up."

WHEN Tom opened the door and saw them, his expression was so ludicrously startled that Helen wanted to burst out laughing. But before she could make a sound she was pushed roughly against the wall and her dancing partner charged toward Tom. There was the loud report of a gun, and she heard Tom shouting and the crash of a chair as the two men struggled. She screamed—a single piercing scream—and strained against the terrible paralysis that stiffened her limbs and wouldn't let her move. She knew that Stock had rushed out of the next room and run into Tom's. Then doors opened all along the hall and other people in night robes ran to her. She managed to drag herself away from her would-be rescuers. "It's Tom! It's Tom!" she screamed. But by that time it was all over.

Helen saw Tom, very gray-looking, leaning against the bureau. Beside him, on the floor, Stock was kneeling over the quiet body of Tom's assailant. The autograph collector's eyes were closed beneath his triangular eyebrows. There was something peculiar about his head, too. It was twisted all around. It was askew on his neck, like the head of a jointed doll.

Stock stood up, and Helen noticed fleetingly how unmussed his pajamas were, how cool he seemed.

"Guess I broke his neck," he announced.

Tom said slowly, "Thank you very much. He would have killed me if you hadn't come when you did."

"Who is he? Do you know?"

"His name is Roger Tally. He's wanted in New York for the murder of a friend of mine, a writer named Bill Roberts."

THE papers played the story to the hilt and Stock's heroic dimensions doubled. As the saver of Tom Bonbright's life from an attempted revenge murder by Roger Tally, Stock was the most talked about, written about man in the nation. Helen's part in the incident was well publicized, too. Even Charlie could find no fault with the reporters' attitude that her sympathies had been played upon by the unscrupulous Tally, that she was an innocent victim of a tall tale about wanting an autograph, and that her natural kindliness had led Tally to Tom's door. What the papers did not know, of course, and what Tom and Helen knew well, was that only a short time before, in the Public Library, Helen had pored over the Roberts-Bonbright book containing Tom's drawings of Tally, to say nothing of dozens of photographs in old newspapers.

Tom's declaration that Tally had changed, that he had looked completely different in his heyday, five years before, failed to console Helen. They were arguing about it in her room the next noon.

"I saw him on that Washington train and I didn't recognize him," Tom insisted, "and, after all, I'd made a study of the guy. He used to be dapper and overdressed and smooth and slick—not the patchy old souse he looked like to you."

"But his features were the same," moaned Helen, "his eyebrows and that sideways smirk. I should have recognized him from that alone." She stamped about the room angrily. "When I think," she went on, "of the things I said to him! Some people take your caricatures too seriously and want to punch you, I said!"

"He didn't know you'd ever seen that book about him."

Helen brightened. "That's right, he didn't. I couldn't have seemed as dumb to him as I was."

"Is that what's been worrying you?"

"No, Tom." She came and stood very close to him. "If he had killed you, it would have been my fault—my utter stupidity!"

"Don't be dramatic. If you hadn't fallen for that autograph gag, he'd have found another way. I promise to hold it against you, though. You'll have to spend the rest of your life making it up to me." He pulled her to him and kissed her. Her fingers wandered up over his face.

"I'm going to worry about you forever," she said after a moment. "I'll get terrible lines in my face, and people will say what's the matter, and I'll say I'm worrying about a friend of mine. He does very dangerous work with a pencil."

"I'll send a wire to Harmon," said Tom suddenly. "I'll tell him to start getting enough stuff into the cabin for two."

Just then, Charlie bustled in with an armful of papers. He was getting used to seeing what he saw, and it didn't bother him in the slightest.

"Break it up, pals," he said jauntily. "I've got to talk business with my client."

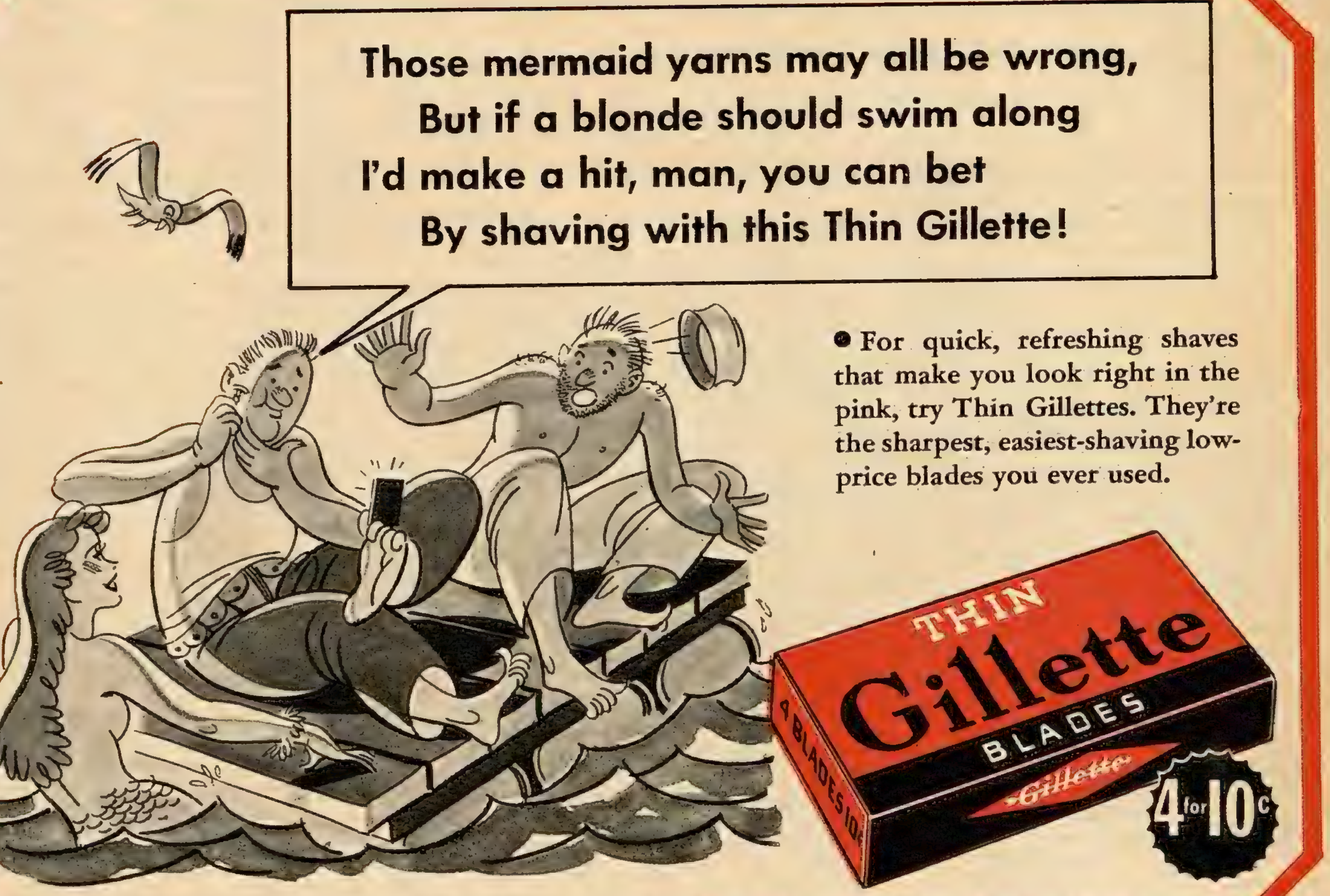
"What is it now?" asked Helen.

"The news has traveled East, of course."

Grandly Charlie waved a piece of yellow paper at her. "It's a wire from Gebhart. He wants you to be in New York next Saturday. He's holding a place for you in his new show. You'll be billed right beneath Geraldine Paul." He thrust the paper at her. "This is the beginning, dear. The tour'll be over Friday in Boston. We'll fly to New York Friday night. It'll work out fine."

"Then we're going on as scheduled?" she asked.

"Yep. I talked to Washington. They feel there is no reason to quit now, unless Tom or the company are too nervous. I talked to everybody and they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all said O. K. They figure there's nothing else left to happen to us. The girls are jumpy, but they want to do it for Kathleen's sake. How about you, Tom?"

"Why should I be nervous now?" answered Tom. He went to the door. "I've got some wires to send myself," he said. "See you later."

"Remember, we've one more session with the police this afternoon," called Charlie. "Coroner's office at two."

TOM sent three wires. One was addressed to his boss, OPP head, in Washington, D. C. It said:

SORRY MISSED YOUR CALL. AM PERFECTLY WELL. WILL CONTINUE WITH TOUR AS SCHEDULED.

The second one went to Jason Woodburn at the Cleveland Inquirer in Cleveland, Ohio:

SORRY TO BREAK PROMISE GIVING YOU SCOOP ON REASONS FOR MY BODYGUARD BUT TALLY REFUSED PERMISSION TO PHONE BEFORE SHOOTING. THANKS FOR LETTER. WILL KEEP YOU INFORMED FURTHER DEVELOPMENTS.

He reread Woodburn's short note before tearing it up. It contained information about Stock gathered quickly by a Boston friend of Woodburn. Details such as the dates of Stock's attendance at Harvard, the number of years he had spent abroad studying art, and so forth, were not very revealing. The personality details were nothing new.

There was only one real bit of enlightenment in the letter. This was an item about Stock's failure to get into one of the famous clubs at Harvard. "It was a great blow to him," Woodburn's friend had written, "as he was a complete snob. One of his classmates whom I questioned said that was the main reason for his leaving Harvard. He felt humiliated and bitter. He vowed that some day he would be in a position where no one would ever dare humiliate him again."

In this flimsy recollection, thought Tom, might well be the answer to all of Stock's actions. If he was after power of a kind, what better way to get it than to hang around with Landry, Kenyon, Bissell, and company? Tom wondered what was Stock's specific assignment. Certainly the man was not going to disappear back into his solitude on the Cape Cod dunes. Charlie had said it was the mention of Tom's name that had made Stock agree to join the Caravan, in the first place.

But why? Tom had asked himself this question a hundred times. Why Stock's continuous curiosity about his methods and his work? Was Stock passing this information on to his friends? They knew, of course, that the moment they stepped out into the open one of their strongest attackers would be Tom Bonbright. Were they preparing a counterattack? Were they going to make him an offer, perhaps?

Tom laughed to himself and tossed the bits of Woodburn's letter into his wastebasket. They couldn't be that foolish. In the meantime, the fact that Stock had saved his life made Tom acutely uncomfortable.

All at once Tom straightened and cracked his fist sharply on the desk. *Why had Stock saved his life?* What better service could Stock have done for his own cause than to allow Tom to be wiped out of the picture? Tom remembered what Stock had told Helen about his rescue of the seamen. "I made the decision. I chose the ones who should live and the ones who should die."

Why had he made the decision that Tom should live? Or had it been merely a reflex action? He'd heard gunfire and a scream, and once he'd gotten into the room he had to go after Tally or be shot himself.

Tom drew the pad of telegram blanks to him and wrote his third wire. It was addressed to a Mr. Elias Harmon at Essex, New Hampshire. It said:

ARRIVING NEXT FRIDAY EVENING. PLEASE PREPARE CABIN AS USUAL. EXPECT TO REMAIN TWO WEEKS.

He had sent this identical message to Harmon for years—every time he had been able to get away in the summers. Any change in it would have upset Harmon terribly. He could imagine what that thorny old bachelor would have said to his cronies at the store:

"Tom's wired he's bringin' a wife along! He always sez he comes up to git away from everything and everybody, and now he's bringin' a female with him! First thing you know, he'll be wantin' a road cut through to the cabin and lace curtains in the windows." Then Harmon would puff a huge cloud of his smelly pipe smoke over the counter and mutter a few picturesque oaths, and the whole cracker-barrel club would agree that Tom Bonbright was slippin'.

* * *

John D. Rockefeller once got down to his office without a cent in his pocket; had to borrow carfare home from his secretary. "Be sure to remind me of this transaction," he said. "Oh, that's nothing, Mr. Rockefeller," replied the man. "Nothing!" exclaimed Rockefeller. "Why, a dime's two whole years' interest on a dollar!"

* * *

The scene melted away. None of it was going to happen.

ON the rest of the tour, traveling toward the East from Chicago, the Caravan was received by enthusiastic crowds wherever it stopped. Stock was by far the most lionized member of the troupe. His name and the story of his two courageous acts were common knowledge everywhere. He was besieged by genuine autograph hunters and fan mail. He received this acclaim in an unexpectedly modest fashion.

Nadine's budding infatuation for him had become full blown since the night of Tom's rescue. She changed from the serious-eyed college girl she had been when they started out to a mooning adolescent. Tom noticed that Stock made no attempt to discourage her. He enjoyed showing off his power over her to the others. She ran errands for him and fussed over him.

Tom wondered sometimes what the basis of her fascination was. He remembered that there had never been a villain, never a gangster or a tyrant who hadn't fascinated some woman. At any rate, Nadine worried him. He spoke to her about it once, and was sorry. She had turned on him.

"If I wanted to be rude, I could tell you that what I do is none of your business, Mr. Bonbright," she had said. "But, besides that, I think such advice sounds pretty crumby, coming from you about a man who saved your life."

After that she avoided talking to Tom.

The Caravan on the return circuit made appearances in Buffalo, Rochester, Albany, and Schenectady with no further unscheduled incidents. Charlie and the pianist kept up a gin-rummy game for four days; two of the chorus girls finished knitting the sweaters they had begun; and when Tom wasn't working on roughs for his cartoons, he practiced throwing darts. The special car began to look like a novelty shop, for the troupe had filled it with souvenirs and gifts.

ON the night they were traveling to Boston, Tom and Helen sat together in the only place they could find to be alone—the dark train platform between their car and the one behind it. Uppermost in their minds was the thought that this was their last night together on the tour. Tomorrow noon in Boston they would start on separate ways again.

Helen moved restlessly in the darkness. After a while she said, "I wonder if subconsciously I could have known I'd meet you on this trip. I worked so hard to get myself taken along."

"My subconscious must be very insensitive," said Tom. "I worked so hard to get myself left h[illegible] He moved the suitcase he was sitting on close to hers and put his arm around her. "Now let's start from the beginning and go all through it again. Why aren't you going to marry me[illegible]

"I didn't say I wasn't going to—ever."

"You mean you will, at your convenience? But, darling, I'm a terribly busy man. I can't think when it will be convenient for me again."

She was silent.

"Go on," he prompted her. "This is where you tell me that you'd be buried alive if you married me—that I'd go on doing all the things I've always done and expect you to stay at home and be a housewife. By the way, you know that's damn nonsense, don't you?"

"But, Tom, can't you understand? That's the kind of wife you should have. You *ought* to come home to chocolate cake in the oven and mended socks in the drawer. You *ought* to have some one to tell you when you need a haircut."

"This is where I interrupt to tell you I haven't a house for you to be a housewife in. Cake makes me fat. When my socks get holes, I throw them away. I picked you because I thought you lacked that horrible female instinct to be constantly taking care of some one."

"You're mistaken. It's very strong in me. I'm afraid of succumbing to it."

"That's no argument. What you're afraid of is missing this Gebhart handout—"

She pulled away from him furiously. "There! You've said it! I knew the truth would pop out of you sooner or later. You think he wants me because of the publicity I got. Maybe he does. And I'm going to accept his offer just to show you and him that I've got more than publicity."

"Calm down, darling. This isn't in the script."

"Well, I'm putting it in right now. And stop laughing."

"I'm not. Should I be?"

"Are you thinking of all those stunts Charlie and I figured out to sell me to the public? That cheap interview in the radio station? I was ashamed of it—that's why I was mad at you."

"I know, darling."

She stamped on her cigarette. "Tom, I

want to tell you something." Her voice was tense. "I've changed since we started on this trip. You see, I never met just people before. Every one was a somebody who had money or position or pull or use. Audiences were simply a lot of four-forty seats."

"I see."

"It began that first day in Pittsburgh, when I looked down from the stage and saw fellows in overalls with grease on their hands and women with kids in their laps, and suddenly I realized they hadn't come because they happened to have the money but because they wanted to—because they liked us. And later there were all the people in the plants applauding and cheering us, when it should have been the other way around. All the people in all the cities everywhere we went—I began to feel that no matter what I did, it would never be good enough for them."

"You found out that people are human beings."

"Something like that. And now that I've got this chance, a good play and a good part, I can't pass it up, Tom. Now I can make sure of myself without any stunts and tricks and press-agent gags. I think I always knew that was pretty trashy stuff."

She sat down beside him again and put her hand on his shoulder. For a few minutes they listened to the rhythmic rumbling of the train wheels.

Then she said, "Will you be working hard up at the cabin?"

"It never seems like work up there."

"What about the League of Militant Americans?"

"As the F. B. I. fellow said, we have to wait until they start something—then we'll do plenty. But we can't snipe at them until they come out of their holes."

"I'm glad this is almost over. It makes me sick to see Stock hailed as a great hero. The fraud!"

"I wish I could forget that he's responsible for my being here."

"Think of it this way: If he hadn't come in, maybe you could have rescued yourself."

TOM laughed. "Peculiar, how things work out. When we first got to the hotel, I was tempted to ask them to change my room because I didn't want to be next door to Stock. Yet if he'd come an instant later I would have been dead." He paused, recalling the scene. "He went after Tally with such sureness, such savagery. Tally's gun didn't mean a thing, once those hands were on him." Tom whistled. "I wouldn't like to have him after me!"

"He might be—when you start pitching into his friends."

"Come now. Very few people actually go out to murder cartoonists. Your viewpoint's all out of whack from what's happened the last two weeks."

Helen sighed. "It's hard to believe that less than two weeks ago we were sitting on a train platform, talking, like this. So much has happened since then."

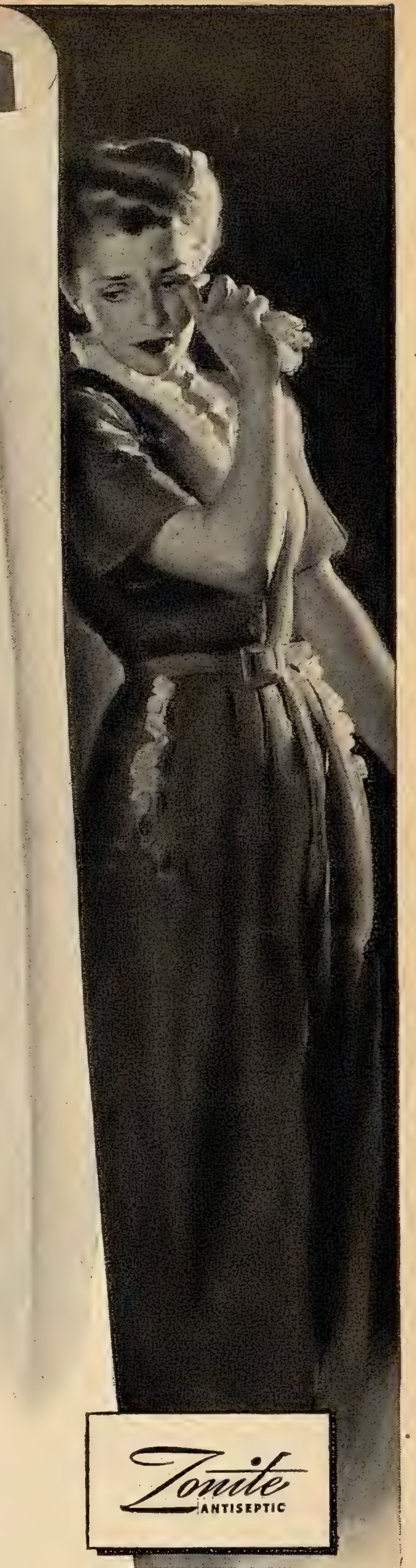
"You've only kissed me once since then."

"There," she said. And then, after a minute, "Now that makes twice."

"This is a hell of a love affair!" Tom said. "No place to be but crowded stations and hotel lobbies and machine shops and train platforms." They stood together and looked up at the unbroken black clouds in the sky. "Why can't I even have a moon, like other guys?"

Nadine's fate and Stock's sinister purpose with Tom are revealed in next week's concluding installment.

Farewell to Happiness!



You may be startled by this frankly-written story . . . But wise wives will see the answer to many an unhappy marriage!

LOOKING back, Mary tried to remember just when it was that Jim had begun to change. That might tell her what was wrong.

It wasn't as if they really quarreled. If they did . . . she might find a clue. But how could you quarrel with a husband who just stayed aloof and silent —and drifted farther and farther away, taking your happiness with him.

DOCTORS KNOW that too many women still do not have up-to-date information about certain physical facts. And too many who think they know have only half-knowledge. So, they still rely on ineffective or dangerous preparations.

You have a right to know about the important medical advances made during recent years in connection with this intimate problem. They affect every woman's health and happiness.

And so, with the cooperation of doctors who specialize in women's medical problems, the makers of Zonite have just published an authoritative new book, which clearly explains the facts. (*See free book offer below.*)

YOU SHOULD, however, be warned here about two definite threats to happiness. First, the danger of infection present every day in every woman's life. Second, *the most serious deodorization problem any woman has* . . . one which you may not suspect. And what to use, as a precaution, is so important. That's why you ought to know about Zonite antiseptic.

USED IN THE DOUCHE (as well as for a simple every-day routine of external protection) Zonite is both antiseptic and deodorant. Zonite deodorizes not by just masking, but by actually *destroying* odors. Leaves no lasting odor of its own.

Zonite also kills immediately all germs and bacteria on contact. Yet contains no poisons or acids. No other type of liquid antiseptic-germicide is more powerful, yet so safe. Your druggist has Zonite.

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Beverly Hills, Calif.

THE JAPS AND THEIR WOMEN

Continued from Page 15

clout on the nose for their impertinence. The sexual acts of young men and boys may provide the subject for family jokes.

The role of the Japanese wife is one of unquestioning obedience. Marriages are usually arranged by the parents of the young couple. Though the wishes of the boy may be considered, the girl takes what has been chosen for her and is presumed to be grateful. The bride is not petted or humored. At her first meal in her new home she will eat the cold rice that is left after her husband has finished, and that will be her portion throughout her married life. The husband makes no pretense of faithfulness. If it is his pleasure to spend a night in a geisha house, he does so, and, according to Japanese ideas, it is none of his wife's business.

Whether one year old or one hundred, the Japanese male is master of all the women with whom he is associated, and will suffer no restraints from them. There is no such thing as chivalry in the Japanese character. The result of this glorification of the male is to give him a conceit, a conviction of his own superiority, that is something outside this world as we understand it. Except when in the presence of superiors, he is boastful and arrogant and something of a bully. He has considerable contempt for Americans and others who humor their womenfolk and are influenced by them.

But the position of the Japanese boy is reversed in the presence of his father and elder brothers. In the face of these symbols of superior authority, the young bully, who terrorized his mother and sisters, is respectfully obedient. He will not disagree with his father in any matter, large or small. His change from one role to the other is as dramatic as a scene from Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, and it is almost a daily occurrence.

THE obedience which the Japanese demand from inferiors and offer to superiors is of a measure which it is difficult for an American to understand. As a result of the rigid classification of authority, there is associated with every Japanese a certain number of people who must tremble and obey when he speaks, and others whose authority he dare not question. In his daily contact with his fellow men every Japanese is conscious of his status and regulates his manner and his conduct in accordance with it. To a superior he may be excessively polite, to an inferior calculatingly rude.

Japanese statesmen habitually refer to nations in terms of sex. For example, when the Japanese launched their attack on China, a spokesman from the Tokyo foreign office told newspaper correspondents that victory was certain, since China was a female nation, Japan a male. At that time Japan looked on Germany as the only other male nation, with the possible exception of Russia, and international policies were formulated accordingly. Until about half a century ago the Japanese regarded the United States and Great Britain as male nations and treated them with respect. But when these two countries took the lead in disarmament conferences and the negotiation of treaties to prevent wars, the Japanese statesmen decided that they were female nations and made preparations for war against them with complete confidence of success.

The cruelties of the Japanese in dealing with American and other foreign prisoners have shocked the civilized world. As a matter of fact they were no more cruel to these prisoners than they are to their own fellow Japanese. When Americans were beaten with a rubber hose or given the cruel "water cure," their tortures were following standard police practice.

Japanese boys are brought up to be physically tough; to withstand pain, hunger, thirst, heat or cold without complaint and with expressionless faces. Any indication of emotion, of pain or of pleasure, is sternly repressed as an indication of weakness. Japanese boys are taught to take pride in their masklike faces. Pictures of the carp are shown on most toys, and on the occasion of the annual boys' festival huge paper representations of the fish are flown from flagpoles all over the country. Every boy has been taught that when a knife is plunged into the body of a live carp, the flesh does not quiver. He is taught to be equally indifferent to pain.

CHILDREN'S books, which are published primarily for boys, are not illustrated with pictures like the Mother Goose characters in our own books. These are regarded as feminine and as having a degrading effect on the characters of growing boys. Everything with which the boys come in contact must be male and martial. Even the covers of primary-school writing tablets and note-books are embellished with pictures of soldiers in action.

Boys and young men vie with one another in feats of endurance rather than in feats of athletic skill. Teams will run or walk long distances until one by one they drop from exhaustion, and the one that keeps going longest will be the victor. In midwinter they will contest to see who can stand longest under an icy waterfall.

Life on the small farms of Japan is so hard that the average farm boy welcomes conscription into the army. The hours are no longer than on the farm and in every way army life is easier. The barracks are more comfortable, the food is better and more plentiful, the clothing is warmer. But young men in the cities—especially the sons of well-to-do families—do not find army life attractive and there are plenty of draft dodgers. One of the favorite devices to avoid conscription is to produce artificial astigmatism by wearing glasses designed for that purpose. These are on sale at all spectacle shops and are worn by many young men in the large cities.

Japan undoubtedly supports more prostitutes per capita than any other country on earth. Their principal patrons are married men. Japanese girls are sold to brothels by their parents. A great many mortgages on the old homesteads are lifted in this way, or money provided for the education of a favorite son. There is no sense of shame on the part of any one concerned. If the girls are sold at a very early age, they are trained by their owners to become high-class prostitutes, known as geishas. The little apprentices, often less than ten years old, are given a much better education in the social graces than Japanese girls of wealthy families receive. Some beautiful and accomplished geishas become as famous as movie stars and grow wealthy through the gifts of rich patrons. When sold at the age of sixteen or more, the girl is too old to receive this special training and becomes merely a low-class prostitute, known as a joro. The fact that a woman has been a prostitute is not regarded as an insurmountable impediment to marriage.

Geishas influence styles in women's clothing. They have their own money to spend, are free from the domination of a husband, and constitute the best patrons of the fashionable shops. Since the dress of all Japanese women consists of a kimono tied around the waist with a colorful obi, or silken sash, some visitors to Japan have assumed that styles are not subject to change, but they are. A Japanese woman can spot a last year's obi as unerringly as an American woman can spot a last year's hat.

While there are a great many well trained diplomats among Japanese officials, there are few whose wives are qualified by social experience to fit into the diplomatic set of a foreign capital. It is common gossip that more than one Japanese diplomat has left his drab and colorless wife at home and gone to his foreign post accompanied by a geisha as a kind of diplomatic wife.

While Japanese art is dainty and graceful, Japanese humor, like the German, is heavy, coarse, and vulgar. The big newspapers publish a great deal of salacious gossip and dirty jokes. In fact, there is not a vernacular newspaper in Japan that would not be barred from the mails by the regulations of the United States Post Office.

Education in Japan is both compulsory and restricted. All children are required to attend primary school, where they learn to read and write and do simple problems in arithmetic. A very large part of the instruction is devoted to what is known as "moral teaching"—that is, to inculcating belief in the divinity of the emperor and the divine origin of the Japanese race. After the child finishes primary school any further educational progress is very difficult. The grade schools and the high schools can accommodate a very small proportion of those who are qualified to matriculate. A system of competitive examinations eliminates many, and as a result there is an increase in the number of youthful suicides. There are more college and university students in the city of New York than in all of Japan.

IN the competitive examinations primary importance is given to "moral teaching." This means that the Japanese youth who cannot expound convincingly on the divinity of the emperor and the superiority of the Japanese race is denied an opportunity for a higher education. The rulers of the country take no chance of future political trouble by educating young men who may develop liberal ideas.

The most severe restrictions of all were applied to students sent in the past to American universities. They had to be so well grounded in Japanese "moral principles" that they were presumed to be safe from all possible contamination with dangerous American ideas. Even so, while in America they were spied on by fellow students and the reports sent home were carefully studied. If there was any reason to suspect that the student was beginning to admire American ways of life, his funds were cut off and he was compelled to return to Japan. As a result, some of the most dangerous and determined enemies we have in Japan are graduates of American universities. Prince Konoye, the former premier, and Matsuoka, the former Minister of Foreign Affairs, are conspicuous examples.

The usual Japanese meal will include rice, fish, and edible seaweed, eaten from bowls with chopsticks. Meat from whales, horses, fish, and a few varieties of snakes is on sale at most of the meat shops.

A great delicacy is a baby octopus, served as an individual portion, with the beady eyes staring at the diner. Raw fish forms a part of the menu at elaborate dinners. Very fine sweet potatoes are grown in Japan, having been introduced by the Dutch several centuries ago, but only the poorest people will eat them, and then only in secret. When Townsend Harris, the first American minister to Japan, was entertained at an official dinner, sweet potatoes formed a conspicuous part of the meal. He did not know, of course, that this was an indirect method of offering a gross insult to him and to his country.

Mixed bathing is the universal custom in Japan. Both sexes get into the family tub together. Men and women who have never seen each other bathe together in the public bathhouses or on the beaches in complete nakedness. When I was living in Japan about thirty years ago, an American missionary complained to the police about the naked men and women who were to be seen on the beach near his home. The police issued orders that bathing suits must be worn, and the Japanese provided themselves with suits. They were careful to wear them on the beach, but always removed them before they went into the water.

THE END

FROM ONE

EXTREME...

Luther isn't a wolf. He only looks that way because he uses water daily to dress his hair—much too much of it. Water tends to rob the hair of natural oils, you know, leaving it dry and unruly. That's why Luther's hair looks so wild and woolly.

...TO THE OTHER

EXTREME

Harry goes to the other extreme. He wants to be sure his hair lays down—so he lays it down with heavy grease. "Plasters it down," is more descriptive. And how it shines! Like old blue serge with patent leather shoes to match.

TRY KREML FOR A HAPPY MEDIUM

Kreml is never drying to hair or scalp—never sticky, greasy or gooey. That's why thousands declare, Kreml is *right* for better-groomed hair. *Right* for making hair easier to comb, removing dandruff scales—and to help make a hit with the ladies.

KREML HAIR TONIC

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

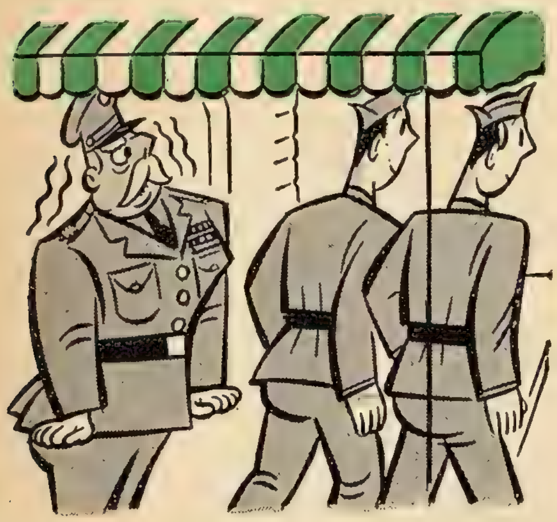
Makes hair feel softer, more pliable, easier to comb. Removes ugly dandruff scales and relieves itching of scalp they cause. Kreml also relieves breaking and falling of hair that's dry and brittle due to excessive use of water as a dressing. Use Kreml daily as directed on the label. Try Kreml today!

THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

A LADY defense worker who signs herself "E. C. B." and gives her address merely as "Idaho," has written me the following gripe—in poetry, no less. Well, maybe there's grounds for it and maybe there isn't, but I can't resist a gripe that's set in verse.

The title of the poem is Sarge, When Do I Get My Allotment? Here goes:



That major

I gave up my home,
I gave up my man,
I gave three brothers to Uncle Sam—
Now, Sarge, when do I get my allotment?

I loaned my money,
I paid my taxes,
I'm working like heck to lick the Axis—
But, Sarge, when do I get my allotment?

I got rationed shoes,
I got wartime hose,
I got plenty of these and plenty of those.
I read a love story to get my lovin'.
When it comes to streetcars,
I don't mind the shovin'—
But, Sarge, when do I get my allotment?

It's been three months since I got my job;
I proved I had parents,
I proved I was born,
I proved I was married,
To this I was sworn—
Sarge, when do I get my allotment?

I heard it said, but I don't know,
That they're payin' people to keep our dough—
Sarge, no kidding, when do I get my allotment?

They broke up my home,
So I left the little town;
I came down here to make the wheels go round—
Sarge, when do I get my allotment?

Things aren't very bright,
And the Ration Board's getting pretty tight,
So I guess I'll quit my job and join the fight.
All the time I can, sir, I want to save.
Which would you advise—a WAC or a Wave?
But please, Sarge, when will I get my allotment?

I hate to answer a question like that without poetry, or at least a violin accompaniment, so I'm going to suggest you write to the Office of Dependency Benefits, 213 Washington Street, Newark, New Jersey. They'll check up your case and give you the answer—not in rhyme but with reason.
OLD SARGE.

* * *

A major here at this base stood in front of a hotel the other night, underneath the marquee, for the sole purpose of catching G. I.s not saluting him. Not far from the street he had M. P.s stationed to catch them and take them to the brig. Some had girl friends with them and others had their wives. Upon not saluting the major they were caught red-handed.

When asked why they didn't salute, their answer was that they were under cover when passing beneath the marquee and thus didn't have to salute. Where they right, or was the major?

"Obviously Anonymous,"
Air Forces Technical Training School,
Sioux Falls, S. D.

Accepting the facts as you state them, my blood develops a pretty high temperature. The major was technically right, since the marquee does not constitute cover in the sense of being out of public view. But, in this man's opinion, planting a trap like that is pretty low business. A major who can't teach Army courtesy any better than that should go back to O. C. S.

* * *

We are constant readers of your department, Sarge, and can't help noticing all the gripes that soldiers in the States are making when they can't get a furlough after being in the Army for six or eight months. We really feel sorry for those boys, because they're having a tough time. They should be at home—tied to their mothers' apron strings, the poor boys. We've been in foreign service twenty-six months without a furlough, a pass, or even a village to go to. We have not seen a woman, other than a few Army nurses (we're not officers) and U. S. O. girls, in all that time.

"The Fog Busters,"
Somewhere North of Seattle.

I gather you fellows are in the Aleutians. Maybe some of the apron-string boys, as you call them, will read your letter and take the hint. The fewer the furloughs now, the sooner everybody gets the best furlough of all—the one that follows victory.

* * *

In the November 6 Liberty you suggested "Keep the heart fires burning" as a motto for soldiers' sweethearts in this war. That's a darned good motto, Sarge, and lots of us girls have adopted it. I'm glad you told that professor where to get off. He had his nerve, telling American girls not to wait for their soldier boys!

I'm in love with one, Sarge, and I'm here to tell you that when a gal says she'll wait, she means she'll wait. Sure, there are times when the letters are few and far between and it gets pretty lonesome. But there's a certain pride a girl feels in knowing she has a soldier fighting for the U. S., and she considers it an honor and a privilege to be true to him.

The happiness of shopping, saving, planning, and making things for a hope chest and a bright, glorious, not too distant future is a wonderful feeling.

Miss P. P., Seattle, Wash.

Somewhere in This Man's War there's a very, very lucky soldier. I mean the guy who's got a wonderful girl like you.

* * *

When was the United States Coast Guard founded and by whom?

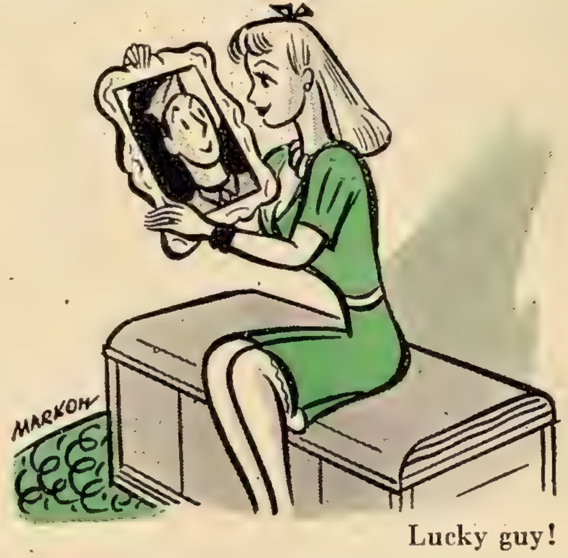
J. T. C., S3/c,
Coast Guard "Invaders,"
Mediterranean Theater.

Alexander Hamilton founded the United States Coast Guard in 1790. In the Tariff Act of 1790, of which Hamilton was the author, provision was made for the building of six revenue cutters. Their primary purpose was to police the coasts and prevent smuggling.

* * *

If a man is discharged from the Navy for a sickness he had prior to his induction, is he entitled to any benefits or compensation? In the case I have in mind, the man served only forty-five days, but his sickness was made worse through training in boot camp.

M. R. F., Jersey City, N. J.



Lucky guy!

A pension claim would be in order only if the man's sickness was made permanently worse as a result of his service in the Navy. If it was merely aggravated while he was in service, and if his condition now is the same as before he entered the Navy, he obviously would not be entitled to benefits or compensation.

This department of Liberty is for the men and women of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42d St., New York 17, N. Y.

POSTWAR JOBS

Continued from Page 17

other billions of dollars of machinery that now are, or upon cancellation of contracts will become, the property of the government must be moved out of existing plants before reconversion can be started. War goods in process and materials usable for peace purposes must be disposed of. Planning now what to do about these matters is important.

The cost of reconverting plants is a legitimate cost of the war effort. Reserves for that purpose should be permitted as a business expense. Such reserves, limited in use to expansion or betterment or the specific cost of reconversion—in other words, used to expand job opportunities and to increase efficiency—would be the best national investment we could make.

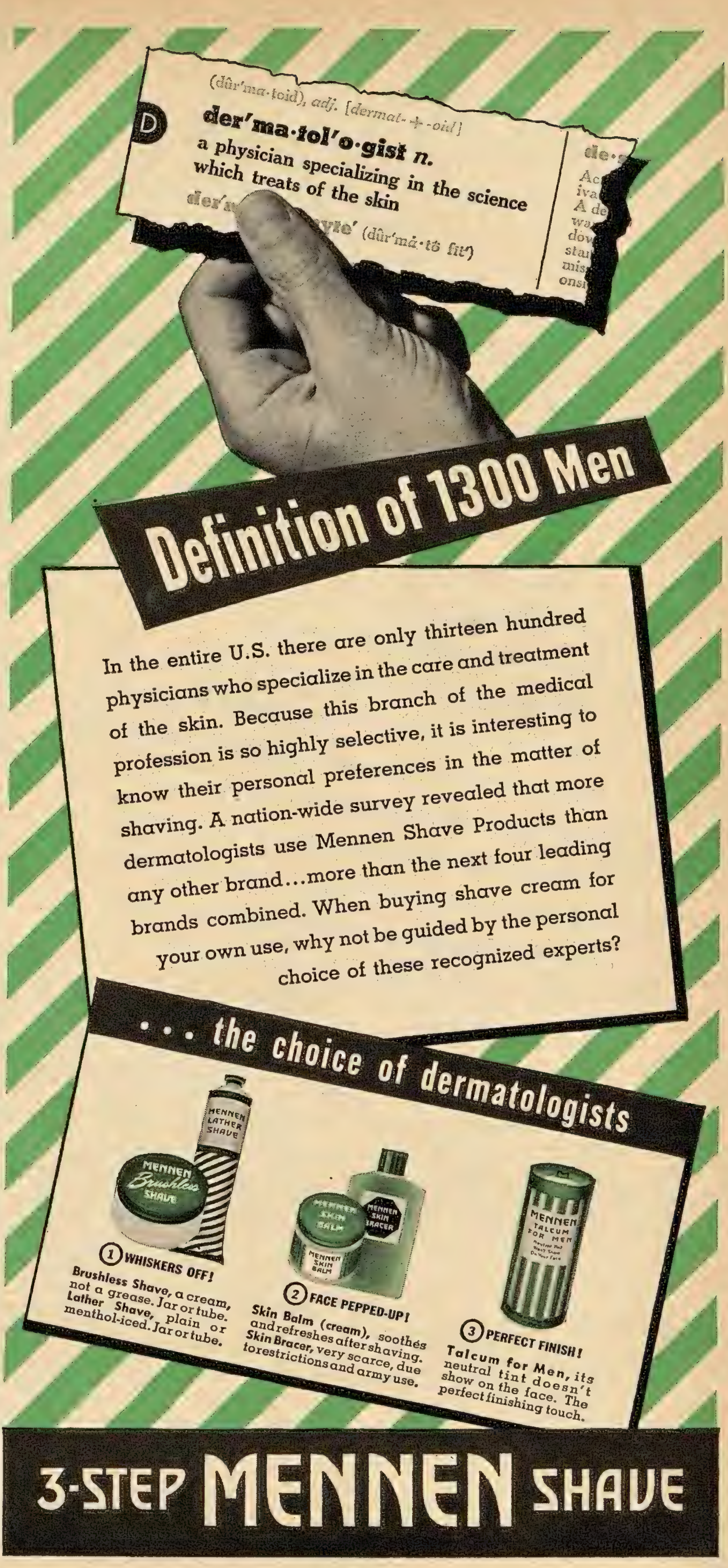
SOME industries have no real reconversion problems. Their contribution to the war effort has been to make more of what they always made. On the other hand, our mass fabricating industries—motorcar, for example—are producing products entirely different from the needs of peace. Such industries provide a real problem of reconversion. Its effect on employment may be cushioned by the fact that inventories required for the production of many peacetime goods must be built up again. Management should place orders promptly to build up stocks of supplies and parts while plants are being rehabilitated, to enable raw-material suppliers to continue production and thus reduce the problem of shifting employment into peacetime channels.

Obsolescence and depreciation have increased at an accelerating rate during the war. Normal replacements have been impossible. Better instruments of production are now available. Better techniques are known. Maintenance has been deferred due to lack of materials and manpower. Management should plan to release orders promptly to modernize equipment and to bring maintenance up to normal standards.

If we are going to get into peacetime production quickly, the limitations as to new designs and new products in the early postwar period are self-evident. Yet we must move forward as rapidly as circumstances permit. Technology has advanced in the war years, and the eventual application of these better techniques should enable us to lower prices and thus stimulate consumption and employment. If industry could now be assigned material for research and engineering development in those instances where it would not detract from the war effort, it would help speed up the introduction of new designs of existing things as well as of new things. The amount of material required for this purpose would be negligible in relation to the total.

The problems I have identified are merely illustrative of the many points of attack. They must be met sooner or later. Delays are both costly and dangerous. But the most vital question that faces us is whether, after the deferred accumulated demands for goods have been satisfied, we can continue to maintain a rising national income with expanding job opportunities. Or must we accept a shrinkage, perhaps an economic collapse?

The answer as I see it involves five


(dûr′mȧ·toid), *adj.* [dermat- + -oid]

der′ma·tol′o·gist *n.*
a physician specializing in the science which treats of the skin

der′m… phyte′ (dûr′mȧ·tō fīt′)

Definition of 1300 Men

In the entire U.S. there are only thirteen hundred physicians who specialize in the care and treatment of the skin. Because this branch of the medical profession is so highly selective, it is interesting to know their personal preferences in the matter of shaving. A nation-wide survey revealed that more dermatologists use Mennen Shave Products than any other brand...more than the next four leading brands combined. When buying shave cream for your own use, why not be guided by the personal choice of these recognized experts?

. . . the choice of dermatologists

① **WHISKERS OFF!**
Brushless Shave, a cream, not a grease. Jar or tube. **Lather Shave,** plain or menthol-iced. Jar or tube.

② **FACE PEPPED-UP!**
Skin Balm (cream), soothes and refreshes after shaving. **Skin Bracer,** very scarce, due to restrictions and army use.

③ **PERFECT FINISH!**
Talcum for Men, its neutral tint doesn't show on the face. The perfect finishing touch.

3-STEP MENNEN SHAVE

major points: (1) the policies of government toward enterprise, (2) the intelligence with which enterprise conducts its affairs, not only as to itself but in relation to the economy as a whole, (3) the relations of business with labor, (4) the success with which inflation is controlled during the war, and particularly during the period of shortages, and (5) foreign relations as affecting international commerce. Let us consider these problems from the objective of expanding job opportunities over the long-term position.

To reach our objective of high employment with a high national income, we must have constructive action on the part of both management and government. Government regulates the field of opportunity. Management discharges its operating function within that field. These relationships are by far the most important of the five points I have mentioned as affecting long-term job possibilities. First, let us identify the more important problems related to maintaining maximum opportunity. We can well start with the highly important question of taxation.

Our prewar revenue policy was a hodgepodge of inconsistencies resulting from emergency demands, compromises, and political expediency. It embraced no long-range, farsighted plan designed either to meet the increased demands of government for revenue or to expand the sources from which such revenue might be collected. Its effect was to penalize rather than to encourage the expansion of production. It entirely ignored the concept that lower tax rates may increase total dollar revenue through promoting greater business activities, just as lower prices of goods will increase consumption by bringing into the market a greater number of buyers.

War taxation has little in common with peace taxation. Profits tend to expand because of war, and the excess may be taxed to the limit, and justly so. But peacetime conditions are different. High taxes, such as existed in the prewar period, tend to destroy incentive. It is no longer worth while to risk capital in new ventures or expand existing ones if the tax collector takes too large a part of the profits while the investor assumes the entire risk of loss. That is not the way to encourage the expansion of enterprise. Taxes on individual income must be sharply reduced when the war is over, and rates established which do not destroy the incentive of profit.

BECAUSE of the urgent need for expanding enterprise and thus providing job opportunities, we should examine the possibilities of some form of tax advantage to encourage the modernization of all instruments of production and service.

For years we have had double taxation at increasing rates. Taxes are collected on the earnings of corporations and again on the stockholders as individuals. We should find a satisfactory substitute for this system. Profits should be taxed but once. Business taxes should be reduced sharply to nominal rates to encourage expansion of enterprise. Beyond that amount the profits of business should be taxed only after they are distributed to business owners as individuals.

Capital should be free to flow from one type of investment to another. This is hampered by the capital gains tax. Investors should be encouraged to move their capital from one investment to another with a minimum of restriction. The net revenue from the tax on capital gains has not for several years been important, hence we restrict the freedom of capital to little purpose. England, whose approach in such matters is far more experienced than ours, does not tax capital gains. Tax rates on long-term capital gains should be reduced, preferably eliminated.

The existing national policy regarding the relationship of labor and business is unfair. Both sides should be treated as equals in relation to their responsibilities and privileges. Every right-thinking business man should support the principle of collective bargaining. But, in recognition of the privileges labor now enjoys, there must be a corresponding degree of responsibility for its acts. No man should be required by law or as a matter of national policy to pay for the privilege of having a job.

Such are a few of the components which determine the field of opportunity as established by national policy within which the enterprise system must operate. We must expand that field by adopting such economic policies as will enable us to progress. But grasping the opportunity is essential. That is the responsibility of management. I have already made the observation that business leadership cannot limit its action to the physical production and distribution of goods and services. It must have the courage and understanding to integrate its policies into the economic and social structure as a whole.

Business must have customers. More customers mean more jobs. But customers must have money to buy. Hence, an expanding purchasing power is essential to expanding job opportunities. Approximately 85 per cent of our total national income comes from wages, salaries, and other forms of compensation to employees or self-employed persons. Nearly 70 per cent of the total is actually wages and salaries, mainly wages. Too many believe that by increasing wage rates we increase purchasing power, thus creating more customers and, therefore, more and better jobs. This is not true if the result is to increase costs. Costs largely determine selling prices, and with increasing selling prices increased wages may buy no more goods and services. Increasing wages must be justified by improving our efficiency through technological progress—better machines and better production techniques.

If we increase wage rates among certain groups and do not offset such increases by improved efficiency, we raise selling prices out of balance with the purchasing power of other groups whose wages have not been correspondingly increased. Wage rates of workers in one industry higher than in other industries may be supported, in an economic sense, by greater productivity made possible by a higher degree of mechanization. Even so, there is a point where even a reduction in hourly wage rates will actually increase workers' annual income or increase the number of workers employed because total employment is expanded through the resulting influence of lower prices. To contribute to the goal of high employment wage rates must be set at such a point that the resulting selling prices will ensure maximum consumption.

Men are not created equal in their willingness to work or their ability to produce effectively. Those willing and able to produce more should be given the opportunity to earn more. That, after all, is the American way—opportunity to progress according to one's ability. Such a philosophy is contrary to the concept of some labor leadership. I would urge adoption of some plan that would do justice to those workers willing and able to produce more. Speaking in generalities, the economic result would be to lower costs and prices and thus expand job opportunities.

WE have heard a good deal about the restriction of enterprise through monopolies of one form or another. Any monopolistic practice tends to destroy the very foundation of free enterprise. This must be recognized as a fundamental concept. It applies with equal force to monopolistic and restrictive practices of all types—whether indulged in by labor, management, or any other group.

Since the war of 1914 there has been a trend in many countries toward economic self-containment. I look for this trend to be accelerated as a result of this war. Our motorcar industry, for example, increasingly will have to decide whether to enter the industrial scheme of other countries and manufacture locally, or lose such markets to the home enterprise of foreign countries.

Normally, international trade is constantly expanding or contracting in line with the general state of the world economy. Its trend is affected by many influences—political, financial, and economic. It will always be so. But I am convinced the trend will be downward unless helped by corrective measures. Stabilization of international exchange, adjustment of tariffs, elimination of quotas, more intensive promotion of foreign markets are needed. As the countries of the world improve themselves economically, trade with other nations increases. Here is an opportunity. We can help others and earn a profit for ourselves by judiciously exporting our know-how and our capital through establishing productive enterprises. By so doing we benefit through the resulting general stimulus to international trade and through the profit return on our capital.

But one factor must be re-emphasized. Whether we export our goods, our services, or our capital and know-how, we can be paid only by accepting goods and services in return. There is no other way. As our national income expands we shall need more of the products of other countries, for no nation is entirely self-contained. If we buy more we can sell more in return. There is no avoiding this fundamental principle.

I stated at the beginning of this dis-

WHAT EVERY EDITOR KNOWS

Poetry is corny stuff—
I don't know why we need it.
To write it down is bad enough,
But hell to have to read it.

—JOHN T. MURRAY.

cussion that the leadership of American enterprise can make an important contribution to the winning of the peace by holding as a prime objective the creation of jobs for those who are willing to exchange their time and talents for a proper wage. It is not an easy task. It will not just happen. It will require a recognition of the various forces, economic and others, that bear on the problem. An attempt has been made to identify certain of these forces.

It must not be assumed that this postwar objective of expanding job opportunities is the responsibility solely of management. It is not. It cannot be attained by management alone. It requires the co-operation of government. It calls for the co-operation of labor. It requires an understanding on the part of management, government, and labor as to how the components must be reconstructed in order to take their proper part in the picture as a whole. It necessitates a recognition of the fact that the pressure group approach, political expediency, and a narrow viewpoint must give way to thinking based upon the concept that we must seek what is best for the greatest number.

Such an approach does not contemplate a redistribution of wealth as it may exist today or tomorrow, but rather the creation of more wealth—the marshaling of manpower, raw materials, production facilities, and know-how, to the end that more and more things are made available to more and more people. This is the theory of plenty, with expanding job opportunities for all.

THE END

AT LAST—SIMPLER RATIONING

Continued from Page 10

goes past the dead line—something he doesn't intend to do.

The reason for awarding the contract to a single company was that security from counterfeiting demanded absolute uniformity of size, color, and process. Since there will doubtless be some attempts to make counterfeited tokens, Secret Service is supervising the entire production, and WPB controls all materials going into the manufacture of the tokens. What is more, the secret composition of the yellow core of the token provides a quick means of detecting phonies.

Federal Reserve was next to be heard from. How were tokens to be brought to the ration banks systematically? The answer was a design for a standard box holding 250 tokens.

Secrecy and rumors always have been a big problem in any rationing program. Leaks from "secret" meetings on this newest program started rumors flying months ago—rumors that ran the gamut from reports that everything under the sun was to be rationed to the story "on good authority" that the country was going onto a glass-money standard. But no rumor, this time, is the assurance that rationing is going to be a lot less painful from here on. OPA officials swear by their sainted aunts that this is the rationing program to end rationing programs for a long, long time; that Book IV will last at least a year, possibly two, and that it will be many a moon before we'll again have to plod over to the Ration Board.

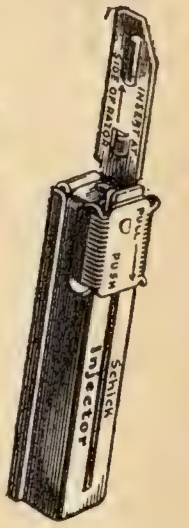
Peace, it's wonderful!

THE END

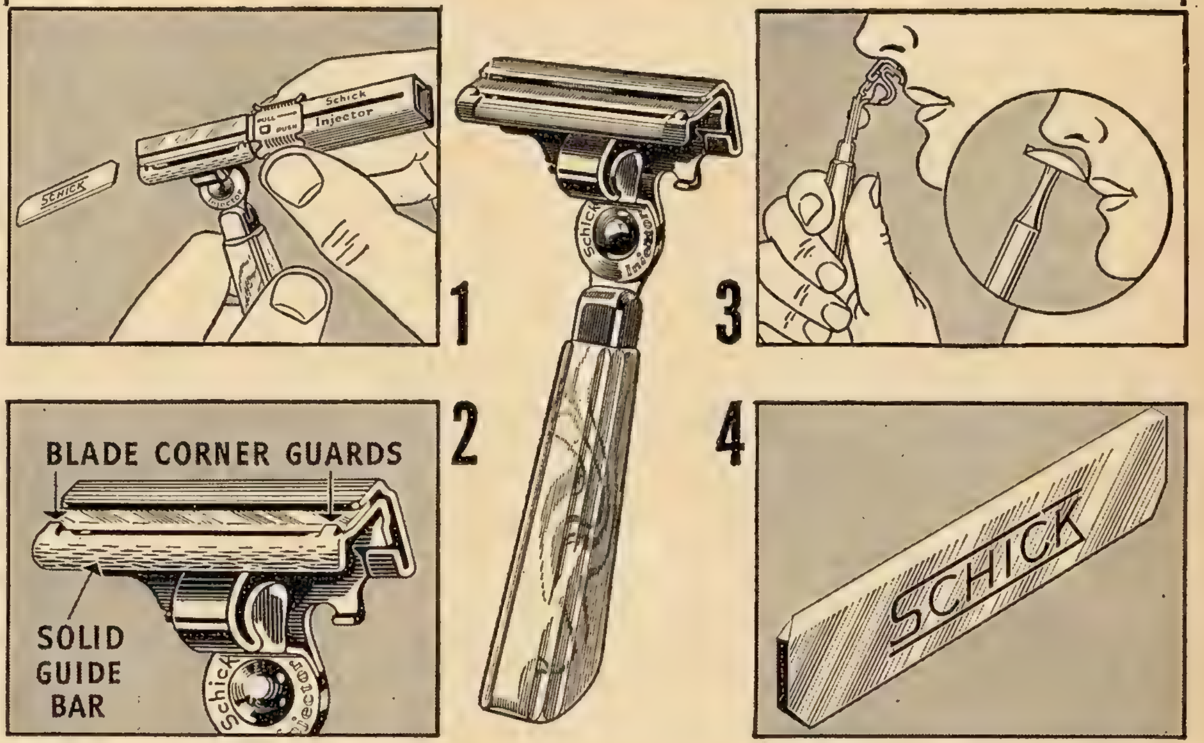
If you own a Schick Injector Razor
YOU CAN START CHEERING—

SCHICK INJECTOR BLADES ARE BACK! *Yes, those quick-shaving, easy-going Schick Injector Blades are back*... at your dealer's.

Months ago many of you had to lay aside your Schick Injector Razor. At that time, Government Priorities required all the blades we could make for the armed forces. But now our production is sufficient for both military and civilian needs.



So tomorrow morning reach for your Schick Injector Razor.



Discover again the revolutionary Schick Injector features

They are the only basic improvements in safety razor design and construction in over 40 years. See what they can do to make your shaving a pleasure instead of a punishment. Once more you can—

1 **Enjoy the automatic blade change**... an exclusive feature of the Schick Injector Razor that changes blades *automatically*—quick as a wink! A pull and push on the Injector shoots out the old blade, slides in a fresh one *instantly*. Nothing to take apart. Nothing to re-assemble. No fumbling with sharp blade edges . . . or messy paper wrappers.

2 **Shave skin-close—with comfort** . . . the Solid Guide Bar has a sure-grip surface that stretches and flattens the skin just ahead of the blade. It pops up your whiskers for a closer and more comfortable shave. Its corner guards protect your face against nicking and scraping.

3 **Shave dangerous and hard-to-get-at spots** . . . the compact head, smallest of any popular razor lets you reach those difficult spots with surprising ease. The reason is simple . . . it shaves just as wide an area but is only half as deep. Note difference between Schick Injector Razor and old fashioned razor head as shown in circle of picture 3 above.

4 **Enjoy Double Thick Blades again** . . . and remember—Schick Blades are just as long but twice as thick as ordinary blades—and 3 times as thick as paper thin ones. So they take and hold a really keen edge. Oil-packed in a special cartridge, Schick Injector Blades have their cutting edges suspended in space.

SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR and BLADES

Magazine Repeating Razor Co., Bridgeport, Conn.

Tell your friends that these blades are back. And, if you have a spare Schick Injector Razor, give it to a friend so that he, too, may know real shaving luxury. For, 'though a sufficient number of Schick Blades are now available, we still can't get the material for new Schick Injector Razors.

Which Deodorant wins your vote?

☐ CREAM? ☐ POWDER? ☐ LIQUID?

For ordinary uses, you may prefer one type of deodorant, your neighbor another. But for *one* purpose—important to *you* and to every woman—there's no room for argument.

Use Powder for Sanitary Napkins

For while creams and liquids are suitable for general use, *a powder* is best for sanitary napkins. That's because a powder has no moisture-resistant base; doesn't retard napkin absorption.

There is ONE Powder

. . . created especially for this purpose—QUEST* POWDER—soft, soothing, safe. It's the Kotex* Deodorant, approved by the Kotex laboratories. Being unscented, it doesn't merely cover up one odor with another. Quest Powder destroys napkin odor completely. It's your *sure* way to avoid offending. Many months' supply, only 35c.

QUEST
THE POSITIVE DEODORANT POWDER
DISTRIBUTED BY INTERNATIONAL CELLUCOTTON PRODUCTS CO. CHICAGO, ILL.

QUEST POWDER

The Kotex Deodorant

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY ★ Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

CRAMPS?

Curb them each month with . . .

Kurb

Kurb
12 tablets
Kurb

A KOTEX PRODUCT

COMPOUNDED ESPECIALLY FOR THIS USE!

Take KURB tablets only as directed on the package and see how KURB can help you!

AS THE ENGLISH SEE US

Continued from Page 27

extend the compulsory school age, now fourteen, to sixteen; to employ at least 60,000 additional teachers; and to make university training available to all who want it.

Children ask American soldiers whether it is true that we serve free milk to our school children. Mothers, highly skeptical, ask American lecturers in undertones whether boys and girls really are taught in the same classes in America. There is something about co-education that strikes oddly at the British moral fiber, and to this day each sex is carefully separately educated. Questions are also asked about medical care, meals, clothing and shoes for school children.

Although among the earliest protagonists of woman suffrage and active in politics for many years, British women tend to think of American women as economically and legally freer than themselves. They assume that in America there is no discrimination whatever between men and women in the professions. In England, women are not admitted so readily into certain professions as women are in America. For instance, the arrival of American women war correspondents in England created a mild flurry in newspaper circles. British news women wanted to know why they, too, shouldn't be accredited to their Army, and why they were restricted from foreign assignments in war areas. The war, however, has sent many women into the professional world and the trend toward professional equality between men and women in England is growing stronger.

The British seem divided on the question of our national manners. Those who have visited America are enthralled by our good humor and our pleasant customs. They are struck by our cheery habit of saying "You're welcome" in reply to "Thank you." They testify it is a positive pleasure to make even a telephone call in the United States, for the service is not only swift but the operator is charmingly polite. They are impressed by the hospitality of our big hotels, where the staffs "aim to please" at any hour. Such things give the English visitor the feeling that as a people we place a great deal of emphasis on manners.

BUT to that vast majority of Englishmen who have not visited America, but who instead have been visited by Americans, our courtesy is not so apparent.

It is impossible to tell now just what kind of impression the present American doughboy is making in England. Some would agree his manners are far superior to those of his father in World War I, when doughboys insisted brashly that "America won the war." Britons sharing that favorable opinion have probably had American soldiers in their homes. Soldiers invited to dinner in a British home today often take along Army rations as their contribution, or take gum or candy rations for the children—some of whom, war-bred, haven't really known what candy tastes like. Such soldiers have digested the handbook issued by the American Army, and conscientiously carried it out to the last paragraph.

On the other side of the picture, sins of discourtesy are being committed daily. For the intentional, there is no excuse, although the British incline to put them down to our national youth, since the young are notoriously impolite. They assume that we brag because we have a national inferiority complex; that we, whose founding fathers had cause to dislike the Old World, still carry a chip on our shoulder and take it out in bad manners. Perhaps they are right.

But the unintentional discourtesy springs from a difference in customs, geography, and climate, and undoubtedly could be done away with by a better understanding on both sides of the Atlantic.

The Englishman is reticent and has learned, simply by living in close confinement with others on a small island, that he cannot impose himself upon his neighbor. While to us he seems cold and indifferent, to fellow Englishmen his aloofness is just plain good manners. Consider the impression the breezy Texan, bred in the wide open spaces, makes in England. His approach is one of open good will, and picking up a conversation on a train with his neighbor is as natural for him as it is unnatural for the British. They view him with lifted eyebrows and consider him lacking in good taste.

THE rocky road to perfect Anglo-American relations will be considerably smoother when Englishmen become sufficiently acquainted with the United States to realize that etiquette, like accent, varies, and that internationally there can be no such thing as a single standard of manners.

The English view of our system of government is one of confusion and puzzlement. The division of powers among our President, Congress, and Supreme Court, and between the federal government and the forty-eight states, looks almost like anarchy to a people whose Parliament is supreme. It is, for instance, all but inconceivable to the Briton that the President and Congress could differ publicly. Yet he has come to learn that it is so, and, especially, that the President of the United States cannot commit us to a treaty without the approval of the Senate. President Wilson's plight in the League of Nations wrangle impressed this indelibly upon his mind. Therefore, in considering the biggest question in his mind today—that of our possible return to isolationism—he will turn his attention toward our Congress, whose antics he will not understand but whose decision will be of vital importance to him.

The Englishman does know that the United States is young, eager, economically powerful, and war hating. Yet when he asks, "Does America want our colonies? Will America try to take Canada and Australia after this war?" it is out of sheer lack of sufficient knowledge of us.

Thus the British do not quite understand us, whether from lack of knowledge, divergent customs, or seeds of doubt implanted by Nazi propaganda.

If we are to undertake full measure of co-operation with them in solving the world's problems, it is important that they should understand us. With world peace at stake, it is possible that we could never find better use for our press, books, radio, and lecture platform than in making a real friend of our wartime ally.

THE END

MARRIAGE IS A STATE—Continued from Page 29

"Well," he said, "it practically is. I meant to tell you."

"How much of it?"

"Well," Hank said, "half."

He took out a coin before she could ask any more questions. He poised the coin on his thumbnail and looked at Thelma.

"Heads or tails?" Hank said.

Thelma looked at him blankly. "What's that for?"

Hank said, "It's for the bedroom. Dip and me, we always settled arguments on the farm thisaway. If what you call comes up, we get it."

"And if it doesn't?"

"We get the divan."

"No, we don't," Thelma said firmly. "I don't sleep on any divan. My things are in the bedroom, and I'm half unpacked already."

Molly pulled at Dip's arm. "But that's our bedroom, Dip!" Molly said. "Make her get out."

Dip patted her hand and he looked at Hank. The boys were getting confused.

"Reckon we better have a cup of coffee," Dip said in his slow drawl. "We got to remain calm about this here thing."

Hank put the coin back in his pocket. His forehead was wrinkled.

"Yep," Hank said, "reckon we better sit down and cope with the situation."

The girls felt better over the coffee. They sat in their white dresses and drank the coffee the boys made and looked at each other across the table.

Hank appealed to them: "Won't you be a good sport and flip a coin just this once?"

"We can find another place tomorrow," Dip said.

Molly looked at Thelma over her cup. Thelma put down her cup.

Thelma said, "Just this once, then."

Dip brought out a coin and flipped.

"Heads," Thelma said.

The coin rolled over the floor and came to rest under a chair. It was tails.

"BACON and eggs," Hank said, "would sure be mighty fine."

They were all up early. Hank made up the divan because he had got the hang of it. Thelma's shoulders inside a ruffled peasant dress shrugged slightly and her little nose went a shade higher.

"If it's Molly's bedroom," Thelma said, "then Molly can do the cooking."

Molly, her bright head radiant over a yellow linen dress, stopped in the doorway. You could see Thelma put her on her uppers. "I'm no camp cook," Molly said.

Dip said, "Reckon we better flip a coin again."

"You and your coin," Molly said scornfully. "That won't change the situation any."

"I'll find us a place today," Hank said.

"Why us?" Thelma said, looking at him reproachfully. "We were here first. You said this was your house. You married me under false pretenses."

Saving words, Hank brought out a coin again. The girls both grumbled a little. Hank looked at Molly and he flipped the coin.

"Tails," Molly said.

The coin rolled under the sofa and they had to move the sofa out from the wall to see what it was. It was heads. Eventually the four of them sat down to biscuits, eggs, and coffee of Molly's making. The boys had come to the table all neatly combed and washed, and as they sat down, Hank turned to Thelma.

"Honey," Hank said, "will you say grace?"

Thelma looked at him blankly. "Grace?"

"Yep," Hank said. "We promised ma we wouldn't ever forget it."

"But I don't know how."

Molly looked at Thelma levelly across the table. "I know how," Molly said. "I'll say it."

The breakfast was good. Everything went pretty well until Thelma called the biscuits bride's biscuits, and the girls had to be held forcibly.

Unable to break a further deadlock, Dip and Hank did the dishes themselves. In the kitchen the boys felt pretty blue about things.

Cleaning the sink, Hank said, "Reckon flipping a coin ain't going to prove enough to meet this situation."

Silently Dip polished a plate. "Maybe we can get some advice off somebody," Dip said. "Grunsteed on the wing jig; he's been married forty years."

Hank wrung out the dishcloth and hung it on the end of the sink the way they did on the farm.

"We got to find a place today somehow," Hank said.

THE boys took turns writing home regularly, and before they went to work Dip wrote a note. He never wrote very much. Dip wrote: "Dear Ma, Yesterday Hank and me got married. Your loving son, Dip Meekham."

At the airplane plant the boys asked everybody they knew about a place to live. At noon they bought a paper and scanned the want ads, and anxiously called up the few places offered. But they had all been rented. In the end they decided to seek Grunsteed's advice.

Grunsteed's laugh roared out above the machinery while the boys, having confided their problem, stood before him with long faces.

"Boys," Grunsteed said, wiping the tears from his eyes, "you ought to have come to me before you got yourselves hog-tied. From there on in it's every man for himself."

When they got home after work, the boys found their brides seated in the living room waiting for them. Molly's bright curled bangs were topped with a red bow, and a neat red and white jumper followed her curves. Thelma's long dark bob swept to her shoulders from a blue bow, and she wore a cool-looking blue dress. On the surface the atmosphere was peaceful. But it was only a stalemate.

Right off, the boys broke the bad news. There was not a place to be had and they all might have to get along together for some time. Hank said hopefully, "So if one of you wouldn't mind cooking the dinner—"

"Reckon," Dip said, "we better—"

Thelma jumped to her feet. "No, you don't!" Thelma said. "None of your flipping coins for me. And I've had enough bad cooking."

Molly jumped up too, her eyes flashing. "I'm not having my cooking insulted," Molly said. She gave Thelma a pointed look. "And, anyway, I never bargained to cook for boarders."

"Boarders!" Thelma cried. "Well!"

When they got the girls separated and planted on opposite sides of the room, the boys went outside and talked over the situation.

Dip said, "Maybe we ought to take them to a restaurant."

"Yep," Hank said. "Maybe. Then

The Finer Sloe Gin
DuBOUCHETT
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Heart of the Sloe Berry
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The Spirit of the Ol' South
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DuBOUCHETT
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again, might spoil 'em. Ma always said—"

Dip said alternatively, "Reckon we could cook supper tonight ourselves. Tomorrow we can look for a place again."

Hank and Dip made the supper, and they washed the dishes afterward. After Hank had washed out his socks and his shirt he wrote a letter home, it being his day. Ever terse, Hank's letter was even briefer than usual.

"Dear Ma," Hank wrote. "I guess Dip told you we got married. I guess it will come out all right though. Your loving son, Hank Meekham. P.S. If you know anybody who has got a trailer to sell kindly let us know."

AS if anything could add to their unhappiness, when Dip and Hank came out of the airplane plant that day they saw a dark roadster parked outside the wire fence. As the boys started toward their parking lot a muscular figure got out of it and came toward them.

"Hello, Moxie," Dip said.

Moxie wasted no words. He looked threatening. "I told you," Moxie said, "if you didn't treat Molly right, I'd smash you. Brother, you're getting smashed."

He took hold of Dip by the shirt front and he swung back with his right.

"You got it wrong," Dip said. He said it like a person to whom everything has happened and to whom one more misfortune will matter little.

"Listen," Moxie said. "I haven't got it wrong or any other way. How do I know what's the matter? All I know is, Molly was in my place today crying her eyes out and looking wan as a calla lily. Two days after her wedding!"

Dip didn't struggle, and that seemed to surprise Moxie more than anything else. It was as if Dip just didn't have any fight left. Moxie looked at him as if he had kind of lost his bearings.

Dip said, "So help me, Moxie, if you can rightly say it's my fault, you can smash me. Come on home to supper and see for yourself."

That was how it happened that Moxie, with his hair slicked down closer than ever and his company manners on, sat down to supper with the four of them. As Moxie ate the supper the boys had cooked and watched the boys take out the dishes and clear the table, Moxie grew thoughtful.

When he left, Dip went out with him to his car. Moxie never said a word until he got in his car, then he opened the window and he looked at Dip.

"Brother," Moxie said, "you have my sympathy. You're beyond human aid." And he said, "If you boys ever need a place to sleep, I'll take you in."

And he drove off.

A STATE of deadlock held for three days. Dip and Hank cooked, did the dishes, and made the beds. They also washed their socks and shirts, ironed them, did the marketing after work, and wrote home regularly. But they didn't make any headway in their efforts to establish peace between their brides. The boys began to look reduced.

On the third day Dip wrote: "Dear Ma, Marriage is sure a state. Guess the house is too small or something. Your loving son, Dip Meekham."

In the late afternoon of the fifth day a dust-covered sedan drew up at their door. Dip, sweeping the front porch, yelled to Hank, who was peeling potatoes in the kitchen.

The sedan door opened to erupt an enormous woman, whose wisps of sandy hair struggled from under a large brown straw hat framing her flushed face. A small weather-beaten man got out after her.

"Ma!" Dip cried.

Hank came out then, and the boys rushed down the walk. Mrs. Meekham, smiling largely, put an ample arm around each of them and smacked them soundly. She looked them over critically.

"Glory!" Mrs. Meekham exclaimed. "What have you been doing to yourselves?" She said over her shoulder, "Bring the bags, pa."

"I'll help," Dip said.

The girls had come to the living-room window and were staring out. Once inside, Mrs. Meekham seemed to fill the living room. Mr. Meekham and the Meekhams' four large suitcases made it fairly bulge.

"Married!" Mrs. Meekham exclaimed, looking around her. "Mercy, the letters you boys write ain't fit to light a fire with. Who did they marry? I ask pa. Well, we decided we'd never get a decent answer, so we come to pay a little visit and find out for ourselves."

* * *

A celebrity hound approached Groucho Marx at a party.

"You remember me, Mr. Marx? We met at the Glynthwaites' some months ago."

"I never forget a face," Groucho replied, "but I'll make an exception in your case."

—*Thesaurus of Anecdotes.*

* * *

The girls, introduced, were shy.

"This is Molly," Dip said, taking Molly by the hand.

Hank said, "And this here is Thelma."

The girls smiled and said, "How d'you do."

Mrs. Meekham gave them a keen but noncommittal glance, a quick nod, and her bright eyes traveled on around the room.

"You got a real nice place here," Mrs. Meekham said. "Kind of small though, ain't it? But I reckon we don't mind do we, pa, if it's convenient to the girls?"

The girls spoke up eagerly. They seemed anxious to win favor. Molly said quickly, "We'd like to have you, Mrs. Meekham! You and Mr. Meekham have simply got to take the bedroom, and—and—" She glanced around.

"And Molly and me can sleep on the divan," Thelma finished.

Mrs. Meekham said, "Well, now, I hate to put you out like that. Yes, I do."

The girls said together, "It's no trouble at all."

ABOUT nine o'clock Dip and Hank showed up in Moxie's lunchroom. Moxie, having his supper at the counter, gave them a glance while he pumped catchup on his scrambled eggs.

"Oh," Moxie said, "it's you."

The boys sat down next to him and ordered beer.

"Brother," Moxie said, "if ever I saw two stray puppies, you're it."

Dip asked, "Will you put us up like you said?"

Moxie did not look at them. Moxie was busy eating. "Sure. I got a back room. Upstairs." He said after a minute, "How come?"

They told him. The beer came. Hank swallowed some and said to Dip, kind of wistfully, "Remember when we had the house all to ourselves?"

Dip nodded gravely. "Those were the days all right."

Moxie said, "Quit it. You're breaking my heart." He nodded to the waiter. "What these babes need ain't beer. Bring them two straight, on the house."

The waiter brought it, and the boys kept the beer for a chaser. They began to pick up a little.

"Moxie," Dip said, "were you ever married?"

Moxie was quiet a minute, munching. "Yeah," Moxie said. "Once." He bit off a half piece of toast, thoughtful. "Only trouble was," he said, "she talked too much. Je-rusalem, she talked an arm off me!"

"That ain't our problem," Hank said.

"Everybody gets their own," Moxie said dourly. "You got to find a system. Me, I had a system. When she got too wordy for me I went out and slept in my car."

Hank looked at him. "What would you do if you were us?"

Moxie swallowed a mouthful.

"I'd find the deep end of a nice lake," Moxie said.

THE boys tried not to think about anything much. They slept in Moxie's little upstairs back room that night, which was still hot from the afternoon sun. They got up and went to work the next morning. But they felt pretty low about things.

They had dinner at the house. The girls seemed anxious to make a good impression on Mrs. Meekham. They had divided up the work. Molly was doing the cooking and the dishes for three days and Thelma was doing the marketing and the cleaning up.

The boys had a real good time with their parents. Mrs. Meekham did most of the talking. She told how things were on the farm. The girls didn't get much out of it, likely, but they sat quietly and nodded.

When the boys were leaving that night Molly followed them out to their car, and all of a sudden Molly was in tears.

"Why, honey, what's the matter?" Dip said.

Molly wiped her eyes on his handkerchief and sniffed. Molly said, "It's your ma. Oh, Dip," Molly said. "I hate to be complaining, but your ma, she just fills that whole house so there's not a speck of room left for anybody else in it."

"What do you know," Dip said. He shook his head. "Well now, I'm real sorry about that."

Molly sniffled.

"I mean," Molly said, "even the kitchen isn't mine. Your ma came to the kitchen while I was cooking and she just bossed everything I did. Seems like nothing I did was right." Just thinking of it, Molly's tears flowed faster.

Clumsily Dip patted Molly's head against his shoulder. Hank said, "Now that sure is a shame. Ma always was kind of managing, but I reckon it don't show up so much on a farm. She can spread over three hundred and twenty acres."

Molly blew her nose and determinedly blinked back the tears. "I didn't mean to upset you," Molly said. "I like your ma. I do, honest."

The boys did another night in Moxie's upstairs back room, and they got through another day. They certainly enjoyed sitting down to dinner with their parents. Mrs. Meekham seemed to have moved right in and settled down. Some of the contents of her suitcases had overflowed into the living room, and some washing she had done was strung across the kitchen. Molly's eyes were red again, and when the boys left later on, Thelma went out with them. Thelma was hopping mad.

"Just look at her," Thelma said. "Look at poor Molly. And no wonder, with your ma nagging her all day long. And me too." Thelma was standing very straight. She held her head high. "Hank Meekham, I'm telling you this house isn't big enough to hold your ma and us. As if it wasn't enough to squeeze us against the walls, what do you think she did? Your ma came along with me to market today, and your ma found fault with everything I picked and made me buy something else!"

Thelma struggled with her resentment. She was not through. "And your pa," Thelma said. "Your pa just whittles all day. All around the house he whittles," Thelma said, "and I have got to go after him and clean up."

"Now I'm real sorry about that," Hank said.

Thelma's anger swelled to the point of tears as she delivered the ultimate piece of bad news. "And," Thelma wailed, "your ma and pa, they're staying three weeks!

"And you," Thelma said, unable to keep her tears back any longer, looking at the boys—"you are looking simply awful. Turned out of your own house and sleeping in an attic—"

"Oh, we don't mind," Hank said, "much."

Angrily Thelma wiped at her tears. "Well, I mind. I won't stand it another day. I won't!"

The boys shifted around, getting ready to leave. Hank said, "Sure is a hard mattress over at Moxie's."

"Reckon the girls'll think something up," Dip said.

Hank kissed Thelma and the boys clumped down the steps to their car. Thelma watched them drive off.

DIP paused in the shadow of the administration building. He rolled a cigarette and lighted it.

"Sure is odd," Dip said. "It ain't like ma to make trouble for anybody."

"It sure ain't," Hank said.

Dip squinted off in the distance at the late afternoon sun slanting across a low mountain range. "Ain't like ma to squeeze in on a person," Dip said. "She's right thoughtful when it comes to that."

Hank said, "She sure is." And he said, "It's the consarndest thing, but I never yet saw ma wash out a heap of underwear and string it up across the kitchen. That's plumb unlike her."

"You're dead right," Dip said.

The boys were quiet while they walked between the buildings toward the main gate, and then Hank said, "I been thinking."

"Me too," Dip said. "What have you been thinking?"

"I been thinking maybe ma's a heap smarter'n we give her credit for."

"That's what I been thinking," Dip said. Walking along, he said, "I got a hunch the girls are outside the gate waiting. If they aren't, it's another night at Moxie's for us."

Dip took a slow pull on the cigarette and then the boys stepped briskly around the last building. Outside the gate the girls were waiting. They were laughing and waving at the boys.

THE HOME FRONT

"Watch your language, Mr. Frolingsbusch!"

When they were near enough, Thelma said, "Guess what? Your ma and pa are going home tonight!"

Molly giggled. "Buy us a soda and we'll tell you."

In the drugstore the girls smiled at each other wisely across the little blue table of the booth.

Thelma said, "Molly and me, we got together and we figured it all out."

"We were very tactful," Molly said, "I think."

"And ma was a dear. She understands," Thelma said. "We just explained to her that while the house is plenty big for the four of us, we simply haven't room for any more."

The boys listened to them with wondering faces. The girls were gay. They fairly bubbled over. Thelma said to Hank, "We've decided until we can find a house, you and I get the bedroom every other week, and I'll cook. It's our week next week."

Hank looked up from his soda. "Why next week?"

Molly giggled. "We flipped a coin," Molly said.

IN the gathering dusk Dip and Hank walked with Mr. and Mrs. Meekham to their dust-covered sedan. The four large bags were already piled in the back seat. The boys stood dutifully while Mrs. Meekham lifted her large self into the front seat. She opened the window and put out her flushed smiling face.

Mrs. Meekham said, "Boys, we had a real good time, and that's the truth."

Dip said, "Sure sorry you're leaving so soon."

"Yep," Hank said.

Mrs. Meekham settled herself. "I reckon I know a polite fib when I hear it," Mrs. Meekham said. "You aren't a bit sorry. But everything worked out all right, and that's the main thing."

There was a little silence. Dip shifted on his feet. "Ma," Dip said, "I reckon we'd never of climbed around this here situation without you."

"Yep," Hank said. "Reckon not."

Mrs. Meekham smiled warmly at her sons. She said in a satisfied tone, "Now that's mighty good of you boys. For I will admit I was the cussedest mother-in-law two girls ever found themselves saddled up with. Glory!" Mrs. Meekham chuckled. "They no sooner got the living room tidied up mornings than I dumped the duds from a couple of suitcases in it and sent pa in to do a little whittlin'. At the market I picked out the worst-looking stuff that was offered and criticized their buyin' ability. The laundry I hung in the kitchen I brought special, so the girls'd have to duck under it—pa and I ain't wearing long-legged union suits any more."

"And I reckon that ain't mentioning all," Dip said.

Mrs. Meekham smiled. "Law! It's a credit to their manners and upbringing they didn't tell me off proper. I reckon that's what's meant by relativity—I was aiming to make things so bad they'd think how well off they were before, and get together just to find a way to get rid of us."

The boys looked at her admiringly.

"That was plumb smart," Hank said. "When you arrived they weren't hardly speaking to each other."

Dip said, "We sure owe you a heap."

They stood modestly and respectfully beside the car. Mrs. Meekham's warm smile enveloped her sons. She put her head out of the window and smacked each of them squarely. Her eyes were moist, but there was no worry in her round pleasant face.

"You're good boys and you picked out two fine girls," Mrs. Meekham said. "You might give 'em my love when I'm gone. Don't forget to wash behind your ears, and rinse out your socks every night, and say your prayers regular. Start up the motor, pa."

THE END

SEA DUTY

Continued from Page 24

pose by demonstrating my judgment not unsound."

"I will do my best, sir."

"Yes, of course." Once more the captain let that soft grunt issue from his chest. For a moment the fierce old quarter-deck twinkle touched his eyes. "I warn you, Harby! I'll be there. I mean to watch you like a hawk all the way from here to Pearl."

"You—!" Harbinson's eyes lit up. "Lord, sir, I'm glad!" His elation was genuine; it came thoughtlessly bubbling out of him. "I know how you feel about being beached. Well, no man would want any better luck than to serve under your command at sea. I'm delighted, sir! Really, I am."

Captain Bartlett looked at him from under shaggy brows. The twinkle was gone from his eyes. They glittered now. "You misunderstand me," he said with dry precision. "I shall be a passenger in Commander Febrill's ship. I am to assume command of a college in Punahou for advanced instruction in the science of naval tactic. My orders," he finished coldly, "are for transportation only."

"Oh," the lieutenant commander murmured with his sea orders in his hand. He hesitated an instant; then he came erect. "May I congratulate you, sir?"

"Thank you."

Those two words dropped from the captain's lips like heavy stones. And that's how Harbinson left him, ramrod-stiff behind an office desk, dressed in his spotless blues, fists rammed deep in his pockets, his gilt-scrolled cap square as a die across his steady eyes. It was a familiar posture. Harbinson saw it often again on the destroyer leader Jones. Even at sea Captain Bartlett stood like that behind the thin steel dodger, chatting with Commander Febrill or the officer of the watch. And yet sometimes he moved away. Suddenly he would stand alone, looking aft, a solid figure darkly swinging with the ship against a sky of brilliant blue, drinking the cold keen wind, the glitter of the running seas, the loud wild rushing sound.

AT a time like that his eyes would glow like coals and they would sweep the whole wide wilderness of foam-laced ocean hills. For this was the place he remembered. This was the place Captain Alfred Bartlett chose for his own long years before, and here were the ships he had given his life to understand. These were the tools of his profession, the well known weapons, cutlass-keen and ready. Here they were! Small wonder, watching the lean gray shapes rock their spray-swept armament in column, pale smoke wisps flat against each funnel lip, the fever of old conflict touched the captain's eyes: he heard again the rolling thunder of the heavy guns, flame splashes on a North Sea sky, the voices of his naval brothers speaking the idiom of his craft. Small wonder he was taken off his guard!

"Don't they make you feel like singing, sir? They make you feel like you're alive!"

That was Harbinson, standing unnoticed beside him, saying a thing like that. The captain was unconscious of his presence. He merely heard the voice of his profession speaking and, hearing it, he had to give reply.

"I'd give my life to see my battle signals at the yardarm and once more lead the ships in—!" He stopped abruptly. "I will thank you, Mister Harbinson," his voice whipped savagely, "not to come prowling behind my back like that!"

He strode off at once, hands rammed deeper than ever in the pockets of his coat. And he was not taken by surprise like that again. Not even toward evening of the third sea day when the raucous speakers cried out general quarters, tumbling the men to battle stations. Not even when the two black specks circling against the cloudy northeast sky were identified as hostile.

"Hydroplanes, sir!" Lieutenant Commander Harbinson had his glasses glued aloft. "I believe they intend to attack!"

"Do you really?" Commander Febrill's face was set in a gaunt dry smile. "Graham! Signal the division: 'Speed four. All sky guns fire when ready.'" He glanced quickly at his wrist watch; then turned to Captain Bartlett, saying pleasantly, "One—or both—of those Jap cruisers is on the prowl all right. If this is their dusk patrol, they can't be far away. Maybe, captain—maybe we will have some fun to show you after all."

The captain merely nodded, knowing he did not belong to this ship or to this force. He was a passenger here, no matter if he was the ranking officer aboard. But behind that deceptive quiet his mind raced instantly to meet the battle problem. Two cruisers throwing six-inch shells was a deadly force; could hammer these unsupported destroyers into twisted rubble if they could choose their own effective range. The torpedo was a destroyer's weapon. A short-range weapon. With enemy scouting planes aloft, freedom of maneuver was denied. If the Jap sought engagement on such terms as that, refusal of the action was the soundest strategy—no matter if young Harbinson had so firmly said that he would attack. Unless those planes aloft could be induced to . . .

The captain's head snapped up. He heard the crash of gunfire, felt it rock the racing ship and the hot blasts sweeping past his face. All down the division column the batteries were elevated, snouts aloft and smoking, the quadrupled muzzles of the one-point-ones spitting tracered flame to join the louder thunder of the five-inch guns. He saw the heavy shellbursts taking sudden shape aloft, black cloud puffs with fiery orange hearts, while the enemy bombers came hurtling down. Screaming. Then they flattened and their noise became a loud wild roar.

"Execute!"

The commander's voice snapped sharply. Course alteration pennants streamed down the signal halyard of the Jones. Instantly the ships hurled round together in a thirty-degree turn to starboard. Their bows knifed combers from the wine-dark sea, their wakes steep-curving paths of foam. The bombs fell astern, pocking the ocean in an instant of startling silence before the savage waterspouts leaped up. But aloft, from one enemy plane pirouetting a drunken struggle for altitude, a dark smoke plume burst.

"Two more aircraft, sir!" the talker called: "Three-five-oh."

COMMANDER FEBRILL glanced quickly at his watch before looking aloft on that bearing. Captain Bartlett saw the swift movement of the senior officer's head and he understood it. These were the enemy's two remaining scouts, indicating the presence of both Jap cruisers, and by the interval of time they could not be far away. He, too, was watching this second flight. He knew the eyes of Jap observers up there would be infinitely more dangerous in a surface action than their bombs. It would pin the movement of these destroyers in the hour of sunlight that was left. But they flattened out suddenly, nosed over, came roaring down their shallow bombing dive. Their decision, too, was to attack!

It made Commander Febrill's lips smile broadly. The captain saw that, and it dawned on him how that man's thinking was the same as his! It was an arresting thought. But the captain had no time to pursue it. The guns were thundering again, streams of tracered steel hurtling like red arrows at the attacking flight. One of them exploded in mid-air long before it reached the point of bomb release. It simply disintegrated in erupting smoke, splattering débris. Then the ships spun on their heels as Commander Febrill once more timed his signal skillfully. They were expending fuel recklessly up there; their stings were drawn. If they had

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

(Unabashed)

IGLUE: Where an Eskimo gets stuck for the winter.

ALCOHOYLE: According to how it should really be used.

SOOTCASE: Chimney sweep's valise.

RESIPIENT: Guy who receives a little taste of liquor.

POORCOLATOR: One that makes punk java.

LILI PEEW TIANS: Tiny skunks.

CAMPLIFY: To increase the size of the bivouac.

WHYS-GUY: A twelve-year-old boy.

SILLYSTRATIONS: The comics.

IMPOSSUMBLE: No chance of pretending you're dead.

been aloft on their patrol for any length of time their usefulness to the enemy was near its end. No wonder the commander, pursuing his evasive action, smiled like that.

"Director reports smoke, sir," Commander Febrill's battle circuit talker droned. "Bearing one-five, relative. Estimated range two-five-double-oh."

The commander put his glasses there. The ships of the division were plunging north and west, blowers whining, the senior officer's blue pennant windstiff at the yardarm of the Jones, her doubled five-inch rifles angularly muzzling at the sky. Aloft, the two planes remaining to the enemy, bomb racks empty, were swinging astern in long steep banks, gaining position and altitude for a gunning run. But Commander Febrill looked that way no longer. He knew the enemy, over-anxious in the face of a force he took to be weak enough to certainly run from him, had made serious blunder in the tactical use of his aircraft. He dismissed them altogether.

Captain Alfred Bartlett saw the column lashing through white water. Some moments later, on converging courses at that speed, he saw the shape of the enemy shouldering battle towers black and pencil-sharp above a bright horizon line. They grew up massive over there. Fierce orange fire blossomed suddenly along those distant hulls. Long before the thunder reached him he remembered how the voices of the heavy guns could sound. It made the captain's dark eyes burn. Once more the fever of sea duty seized him. It was like an anguish in his chest. And he stood there bleak and haggard-faced, a man of weapons who was weaponless.

Still his instinct understood Commander Febrill's tactic when the signal flags streamed down. He approved of his maneuver; he would have done the same. The column turned fifty degrees in succession to the left, opening the range, paralleling the course of the enemy, bringing the wind across their own port quarter.

"Target bearing eight-four, relative," the talker droned. "Range two-two-five-double-oh. Estimated speed three-one."

"Clock it, Nelson!" Commander Febrill snapped. "Time from now! Graham!" he went on sharply as the enemy's first salvo sent up waterspouts to port. "Signal the division; 'Speed five. Zigzag Baker. Make smoke!' "

JUST as the first brown oily clouds began to belch from the funnels, Captain Bartlett saw the gun flames of the distant enemy again. Forward turrets only now. Then they turned to close! These facts of battle and their meaning kept on ticking in the captain's brain without his knowledge or volition. The heavy shells went over, rumbling. Aloft, the planes came shrieking down their gunning dive, the sky guns crackling at them. They came over with a roar like rending metal, splattering M. G. shells against the thin steel plating of the Jones. Then, fighting for altitude, their engines sputtered as they banked steeply off. They were out of the action now at its crucial stage.

"Two minutes, sir!"

Nelson was calling the time elapsed in a hard flat voice. Two minutes? No more than that? Captain Bartlett thought it half an age. All of an instant he wondered if his hands were trembling now. Suppose—suppose they weren't! That wild, fierce hope splashed through his mind. Suppose that paragraph in Washington was wrong! Suppose he lifted these offending hands from his pockets now, and found them steady. He would try! A man's profession is his life. Try! Now! But he didn't. Because Lieutenant Commander Harbinson was close beside him. And suddenly he heard what that man said:

"Will you assume command of the division, sir?"

The captain's head slashed round. He saw Commander Febrill prone on the bridge, his battle helmet gone, blood at his nostrils, a pharmacist's mate on one knee preparing to carry him below. Then command passed to the executive! To Harbinson! And here was that man saying again in the taut dry voice no one else could hear, "I can request it of a ranking officer, Captain Bartlett. Will you take command of the division, sir?"

The captain did not look at him. He surveyed instead with blazing eyes the long-remembered battlefield. The ships astern were already vague gray shapes, rushing through the drowning smoke of their funnels, the heavy stinking pall coiling toward the enemy in the north. Under his feet the destroyer leader Jones was trembling with her power, slicing the ocean with her knife-like bows, her fantail flat against a rearing stern wave foaming aft, the whine of her blowers shrill and high.

* * *

If you are ever in doubt as to whether or not you should kiss a pretty girl, always give her the benefit of the doubt.
—Thomas Carlyle.

* * *

It was like a tocsin, wildly ringing in the captain's brain. This was his place. Over there were his enemies. And here—in the grasp of his hands again!—the weapons. He had only to reach out. He had only to speak and he would see once more his battle orders snap aloft. He would feel again the fierce, high, culminating flame of combat and command. Was a man who had given all his years for it entitled to a lesser thing? Bitterness touched the captain for the only moment in his naval life. What did Washington graybeards know about a man's capacities? How could they calculate his deepest hope?

They read the papers in a folder, saw a paragraph appended—and by the solemn wag of their heads they drowned forever the ultimate, well earned reward. Well, here it was! Thoughtlessly offered by a junior who forgot to count its cost because he wished to pay a debt of respect and gratitude. Didn't Harby know what it would mean to his future? No matter! Seize it. Seize it now!

In that instant when that great blind surge weltered fiercely in the captain's chest, he stood face to face with all the admirals who had ever walked the flag decks of the battle fleets in a fatal moment of decision. Then slowly his head turned. His eyes were bleak. He understood there was no time now for discussion. The words he spoke must hold finality. His voice rang like iron because he must do a cruel thing and it was distasteful to him.

"Do you feel incompetent, Mr. Harbinson?"

"Why, you . . . !" The lieutenant commander's eyes blazed with anger. He knew what he had offered; he understood its cost; his impulse had been generous. Now his voice was icy, biting off these scornful words! "I thought you were hungry for sea duty. I'm sorry, sir. I was mistaken." He spun instantly around. "Mr. Graham! Signal the division: 'Prep one one corpen. Stop smoke. Next astern to lead torpedo attack when enemy in sight.' Repeat that with the lamp. Acknowledge when understood."

"Three minutes, sir!"

"Very well."

CAPTAIN ALFRED BARTLETT stood wide-footed on the bridge of the Jones, hearing that. He held a grim unblinking stare. The hoists snapped to the windward yardarm, signaling the three ships astern to prepare for a turn in column one hundred and ten degrees to the left. He understood the meaning of that preparatory signal, its intention. Commander Febrill would have made it. So would Captain Bartlett. And now the executive, fierce and confident, stepped instantly to the place of command. There had been no break in purpose or its execution. Watching Harbinson, icy and efficient, the bitterness drained slowly out of Captain Bartlett's eyes.

The division raced on, a dense brown pall pouring off to leeward from each swinging funnel lip. At the enemy's speed from his last known range, they had eighteen minutes left before those six-inch cruisers would come roaring through the smoke screen into sight. Meantime their shells came over, whining. Plainly the enemy considered these destroyers intended to break the action off in flight, for the splashes were dropping long two thousand yards. Lieutenant Commander Harbinson judged them with a sharp quick motion of his head. Salvo patterns now. Both enemy batteries bearing. That meant they had turned to the eastward. Then the Jap would cut through the smoke deep astern! A cold smile slipped along the lieutenant commander's lips. His eyes were narrow, gauging the sun's position low against the western board.

"Thirteen minutes, sir!"

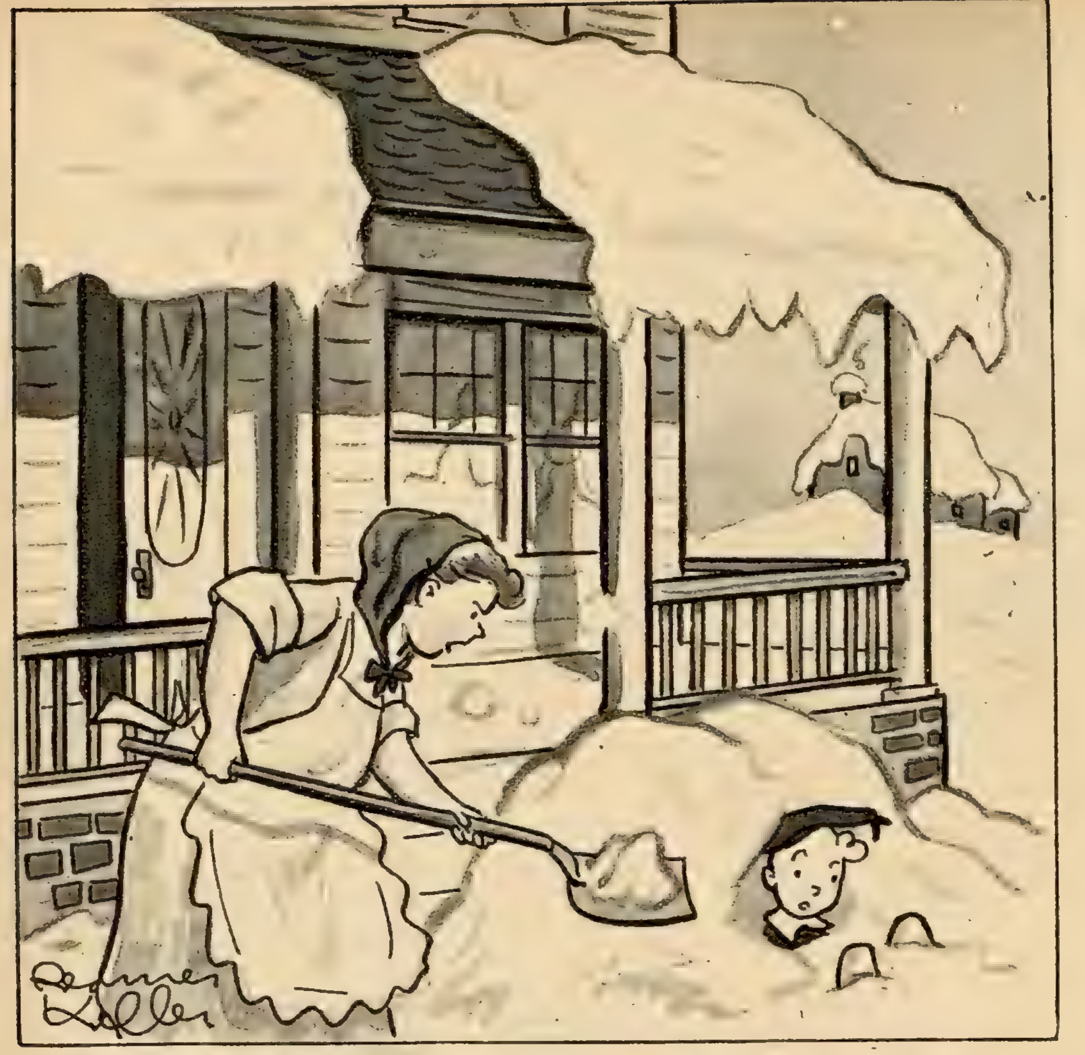
Harbinson merely nodded. "Execute," he said in a flat dry tone.

The hoist streamed down. Astern, a knifing bow reared from its position with angular violence. It leaped sidewise, slicing a great steep of foam as it hurled itself to clear the coiling smoke. One by one the other two ships appeared, turning in succession in that boiling wake. The smoke belched an instant more from their funnels and then ceased. Lean and gray, they were racing angularly back out of blinding sunlight now behind their screen while the Jones plunged on alone.

"Fourteen minutes, sir."

"On the director!" snapped Harbinson. "I am going to turn left one-two-oh degrees. In about three minutes you should have the enemy in sight. He will bear about three-one-five, relative. You may open when ready. Guns. Divided fire. Forward section take the leading target." The orders crackled on! "Stand by torpedo tubes. Stop making smoke. All ahead emergency full. . . ."

The guns started sluing round at once. A moment later the Jones dipped steeply down in a curving arc of foam, hurling the spray of her turn masthigh. Behind the smoke pall drifting gently off to leeward she, too, raced back, standing down out of the blinding eye of the sun to cover the main



"I told you not to slam the door!"

attack with divertive fire. To starboard her sisters plunged in column, rushing angularly to close the torpedo range while there was time. Speed, surprise, confusion of the enemy—these they must use when the Jap came into sight with those deadly six-inch rifles. And the time was short. The moments splintered off. Suddenly the heavy pall to port ahead blossomed with smoky orange flame. There they were!

"Range six-five-double-oh. Scale oh-four-seven. . . . Range six-three-double-oh. Scale . . ."

THEY loomed up huge, smoke coils still trailing from their battle towers. The next instant they plunged altogether free, guns elevated, drooling. The doubled rifles of the Jones slammed out. She rocked with concussion, the hot blasts slapping past her bridge. To starboard the column of three bored in, sheeted in gun flames. The Jap salvo smashed again. Still over! This wasn't what they expected, close-range targets at divided points and boring closer at high speed out of blinding light. It took time to meet surprise, depress the guns, correctly estimate audacity like this. And the Jones was hurling shells with precision, splashing flame bursts up against those distant battle masts.

These things the captain saw. Three ships of the division, sheeted in foam and shell splashes, launching accurate attack across the track of the enemy. He saw the torpedo salvos dolphin. Flashes of sunfire caught them as they leaped clear of the water and then fell back, the ships curving steeply away, their five-inch batteries aflame. He saw the monstrous shapes of the enemy turning bow on to dodge the rushing fan of torpedo wakes. And he saw the look of Lieutenant Commander Harbinson as that maneuver brought them flush across the torpedo range of the Jones. That man was quiet in the midst of fury; his eyes held a thin exalted fire. This was the culmination of his tactic. The Jap was mousetrapped. The blue ready lamps were lit at the director stand in the bridge wing of the Jones. The torpedo officer was swiftly setting up the problem there. Harbinson nodded to him sharply—and one by one the firing circuits closed.

That too the captain saw. It brought his head up. It made his dark eyes shine. He had never looked like this before behind his office desk, fists deep-rammed in his pockets, the hunger of sea duty bitter in him as an open wound. Pride touched him suddenly, a hot fierce wave. Not his own. Not even Harbinson's. These plunging decks were proving grounds for admirals. And an admiral belonged to all of them, the men ashore and the men afloat. They were *all* a part of him. Multitudes held the ladder only a chosen few could climb. So in the deafening battle thunder and the cordite stench, suddenly Captain Alfred Bartlett smiled. It had serenity at last, the captain's smile. Because he knew that if a man named Harbinson should one day fly a flag of white stars on a field of blue—a part of it would certainly belong to him.

His eyes still held that strange proud smiling when the tin fish salvos struck the column of the enemy. He saw the enormous water fountains rise, pillars of flame gush up against the twilight sky. He heard the crash of each explosion, dull concussion shuddering the deck beneath his feet. Columns of dense smoke mushroomed heavenward. Underneath, the two Jap cruisers stood out black and motionless, holding gigantic torches of fire aloft. Their gun flames stumbled, altogether ceased; their magazines took hold instead. Their upper works a mangled ruin, they started settling swiftly, bows upended, filling the ocean with a fierce high boiling roar. Until at last, from that place where it had waited patiently, the quiet came again. It was a startling thing, the stillness. It seemed unnatural, beyond belief. All at once there was nothing left of chaos but pools of floating débris and the clear loud washing sound of running swells.

In gathering night the destroyer division was reforming, damage control parties patching gruesome wounds. And the ships were steaming in column again, limping south and west for Pearl beneath the stars, when Harbinson and Captain Bartlett stood face to face again on the battered bridge of the destroyer leader Jones.

"It seems," the captain said, "that my judgment in recommending your return to sea duty was not in error. May I congratulate you, Mr. Harbinson?"

"Thank you, sir." The lieutenant commander's voice was hollow; he had a drained and haggard look. Remembering what he had offered and what this man had flung back at him, he added with a bitter scorn, "I am happy, sir, to know you approve."

STILL Captain Bartlett smiled. Harbinson saw it plainly now. He had never seen the captain smile like this before. It puzzled him. Till very quietly Captain Alfred Bartlett took his hands from his pockets. Like a man performing a ritual. It was the first time he had ever done a thing like that in the presence of a junior. He did it slowly. Deliberately. These hands could not offend him any more. They gave him shame no longer. He seemed to think that even hands like his could give support and sustenance to the vital function of his fleet. So he held them up for Harbinson to see. They trembled. The paragraph in his Washington folder was correct. They trembled fiercely. He couldn't help it; they just did.

Harbinson stood there, staring. He stood in silence while the truth gushed over him. He was young and full of fire. Renunciation is a difficult thing for the young to understand. And yet some inkling touched him of its import. He sensed that in it some strange glory lurked.

"You will bear in mind," he heard the captain say—"you will bear in mind that personal considerations have no place on the quarter-deck of naval command. Allegiance belongs to nothing less than the fleet entire." This time the voice was cold and hard. "I will expect you to remember that, Harby, when you fly a flag of your own."

A flag of his own? Harbinson frowned severely. There the Old Man went again, bouncing off on tangents. Why, he spoke as though he gave himself in hostage freely, renouncing every secret hope, offering an admiral to a future fleet in its time of need! Could he really see that far ahead? For a silent instant they faced each other in the stillness full of the wind's low moan, the slap of starlit seas, the faint murmuring on the lower deck of weary men. And Harbinson noticed suddenly a most amazing thing. The peak of the captain's gilt-scrolled cap was no longer square across his heavy brows, the way it always used to be. It had a startling tilt! Roguish as any youngster on sea duty proud of his calling, content with the service of his choice, Captain Alfred Bartlett's cap was tipped at a rakish angle over across one eye.

Harbinson relaxed his frown. "Yes, sir," he said. "I will remember it."

THE END

DIMPLE IN HIS CHIN

Continued from Page 21

musical called Polly. Polly flopped. Discouraged, the Hammersteins sold his contract to the Shuberts.

Cary finished his second season under new management with the satisfaction of seeing his price go up to $500. He had also had the Broadway-coveted opportunity of turning down a Hollywood offer, made during the run of Boom Boom.

Whereupon, as the story goes, he got into his Packard and went to Hollywood for a rest, sometime dining with Marion Gering, a Paramount director.

"Mrs. Gering would like to get into pictures," said Gering. "I was wondering if you would help her make a test."

It had been a superlative dinner. "Sure," Cary said.

Paramount officials who saw the test, while unimpressed by Mrs. Gering, grew excited over Cary.

The upshot was that he signed with Paramount for forty weeks, beginning at $450. It was a comedown, but Cary thought he saw a future for himself in Hollywood.

"And as long as I was stuck," he says, "I figured I might as well learn the business."

WHEN Cary Grant hit the screen for the first time he had several inherent screenable assets which assured his acceptance by the public and without which, even now, despite his erudition about the industry and the profession, he would pass unnoticed.

The first was his infectious vitality. In any group of players, in any scene, he was the man who was gladdest that he was alive. He could, and still can, put bounce into a deathbed scene.

Another was an uncontrollable left eyebrow. Even when his face was in repose it seemed to wear a quizzical, amused expression. When he registered surprise, one eyebrow shot high and the other stayed where it was; when at the same moment he smiled, lowered his head, and looked up from beneath the brows, their horizontal S formation sent (at least, to female audiences) an implicit warning of dangerous curves ahead. And not to be forgotten, of course, is the dimple in his chin. One uninhibited woman, reviewing a Grant picture for a small weekly paper, remarked blissfully that he was "big and male and graceful, capable of anything, like a Nemesis."

His marriage to Virginia Cherrill shortly after his introduction to film somewhat blunted the impact of this facet of his personality upon housewives who read the fan magazines, in which he was represented as being a supremely happy husband. That was a misconception. Always susceptible to lissome blonde women, he had encountered Miss Cherrill at the home of Marion Davies.

Virginia was an inexperienced actress (eventually she became the Countess of Jersey instead), but she was gay, intelligent, and chic. She was also the first girl Cary had ever met who had as much energy as he had. But, whereas his was the energy of bursting good health, hers was more emotional, as he discovered after their marriage in England (described as "madcap" by the press).

Their domestic squabbling made column news for a year. Then it broke

Here at last, was the rum we had been searching for: a "mountain rum" of rare excellence!

We had heard, from native Puerto Ricans, that high up in the mountains of the island, there was a small distillery making a unique rum that had never before been exported to the States. We found the distillery, we tasted the rum, and discovered it to be truly superb. That was three years ago. Today this discovery, Ron Merito, is known to Americans from coast to coast. Enthusiastically they agree that rum drinks taste better when made with *mountain-distilled* Ron Merito.

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over onto the front pages with a typical Hollywood divorce.

On the afternoon the settlement was reached Cary returned to his apartment to find the late Otto Winkler and several cronies waiting with a case of Scotch to cheer him up. They succeeded, putting him to bed shortly after dawn. He took a sleeping tablet. A few hours later, Virginia, hearing by grapevine that he had been in a gloomy condition the night before, phoned his apartment to speak a word of comfort.

He did not answer. Miss Cherrill suspected the worst. "Foolish, foolish boy!" she said, and rang up a doctor. Upon catching the victim's name, the doctor immediately ordered an ambulance. Behind the ambulance came the police, and behind them assorted reporters and photographers. This little cavalcade assembled outside the apartment while the door was being broken down, later standing respectfully aside to let the body pass downstairs. Cary weaved back into focus at the hospital just as the stomach pump began to work.

Miss Cherrill was weeping softly in the background, but when it became apparent what was, or had been, the matter with Cary, she departed angrily, feeling with justification that somebody had been made a fool of. It turned out to be Cary. Editions announcing his attempted suicide were already on the street.

ONE of the last pictures Paramount made with Cary was also Mae West's first, She Done Him Wrong. It earned a lot of money, chiefly because of its pre-Hays Office treatment of sex, and it tagged Cary as the "tall, dark, and handsome guy what takes his time." At the conclusion of his contract he was getting $2,500 per week. Papa Adolph Zukor offered him $3,500 to begin with, on a new contract. Cary said he'd take it if he could have final choice on stories.

Papa Zukor looked pained and told Cary to think it over. Cary thought it over. Then he talked with Frank Vincent, once vice-president of the Orpheum circuit but by now a hugely successful agent-manager. Vincent went into immediate action, and, according to the records, bought the screen's greatest potential property for $11,800.

Meanwhile, Hal Roach had been a frequent visitor at the Grant-Randy Scott beach house. Strictly a two-reel comedy producer, Roach had just purchased Thorne Smith's Topper, the most insouciant ghost story ever written.

In the game of casting it Roach and Cary had chosen Jean Harlow for the girl and W. C. Fields as Topper. "I wish you'd play the husband," Roach said wistfully.

"I know I can get $50,000 for a picture at Columbia," Cary told him. "You can't afford me."

In the end, however, his own confusion about the Paramount deal, plus Roach's insistence, plus also his guess that Topper as a film might be a money-making fool, caused Cary to make what looked like the silliest business move of his life.

"Oh, what the hell," he said to Roach finally, "I'll do the picture for nothing. If it makes dough, you can pay me my price." Having gone so far, he even sacrificed his cherished top billing to Constance Bennett. By the time half the script had been shot it was obvious what Topper was going to do at the box office, and Roach began paying Cary off.

That same year, 1937, Grant made The Awful Truth, a title with special connotations to Papa Zukor.

With Destination Tokyo cleaning up, Once Upon a Time and Arsenic and Old Lace waiting for release, None But the Lonely Heart in the works, and a new piece in the process of being written for him by McCarey along the lines of The Awful Truth, Cary is in the curious position of being too successful, of making too much money. The current ratio of his income tax allows him to keep in the neighborhood of $12.60 from each hundred dollars he earns. However, with this residue, accumulated through the months, he manages still to present a front to the world.

His own earlier, sometimes ruthless preoccupation with making money and achieving fame has mellowed, he believes, into an enjoyment of work for work's sake and a theory that he could be happy in a one-room walk-up if he had to.

Certainly there is little of the Archie Leach who came to America almost twenty-five years ago visible today in Hollywood's and Barbara Hutton's Cary Grant, except an unendurable morning grouch and a healthy liking for fine feathers. (He once ran a haberdashery in Manhattan and even now will give any one the price of a complete wardrobe before he will so much as lend a tie from his own collection.)

"I'm a simple man at heart," he says, summing himself up. "Perhaps, too, a simple mind."

Like a fox!

THE END

* * *

A merchant in a small town, who had lost most of his help to war industries and the draft, placed this sign in his window: "Clerk wanted. Full or part time. Experienced or inexperienced. Man or woman." After the sign had been up for several weeks with no takers, a helpful passer-by added a line: "Dead or alive."

* * *

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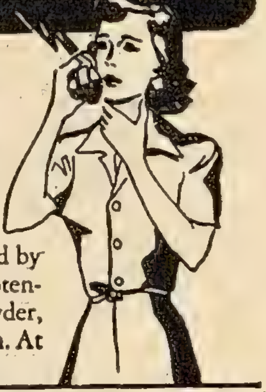

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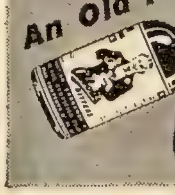

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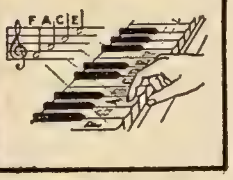

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Z IS FOR ZEAMER

Continued from Page 23

them well. In a frenzy he broke away from Johnston, grabbed his .50, and through a haze of blood started firing. Joe was going out, but he was going out with gun blazing. . . .

He remembered New Year's Day, the day he'd sunk a Jap ship. He remembered the painstaking months at Melbourne, where he'd trained hundreds of bombardiers, the men who received their baptism, as he did, in the Battle of Bismarck Sea. He remembered how proud he had been the week previously when he'd finally received his lieutenant's bar. He remembered the thousands of times he had squinted through the sights of this gun and how many Zeros he had downed with it. He remembered his parents in Carbondale, Pennsylvania, his pretty wife in Richmond, Virginia. And he remembered that he was dying.

A Zero came in from the right and Sarnoski let it have a long burst. As he watched it flame, its dance of death begun, Joe sighed. It was all right; he had gotten his two.

But his was the only silent gun aboard Lucy. Even Zeamer's gun was spitting.

Now hell had broken loose in heaven!

When Sarnoski had torn himself away, Johnston had gone back to his gun and brought down his second Zero. But another broke over the left wing and found its target. He was hit in the forehead and the left eye, temporarily blinded. Simultaneously another explosive shell from a Zero burst in the nose, blowing him through the door back into the catwalk under the cockpit. Feeling his way, Johnston clambered back and up to the pilot's compartment.

ZEAMER was sitting in a pool of blood. Both arms and both legs were afire with lead and steel. But he was still holding his course with what was left of his left arm and firing the .50 with the other.

"Don't be a fool, Cap!" Johnston cried. "Let me help you!"

"I'm all right," Zeamer grunted. "Go back to your position and get me a couple of Nips. Those are orders."

With that, Zeamer went into a dive, 275 miles an hour, to an altitude of 6,000 feet, his eyes trained on a falling Zero. He gave two short bursts. They were enough. Zeamer had his second Zero.

He was a madman now. The men knew he would never turn his back on the Nip now, not even if they sent up a hundred Zeros after him.

Not one man left his post. Not one man put on a parachute.

The Nips were up in the clouds and Zeamer went after them, up to 10,000 feet, where the dogfight really started. It was impossible to call clock positions as the Japs revolved in two circles on each wing. A shell exploded in the radio room, creased Vaughan's neck behind the right ear, and holed the fin. That meant five of the nine members of the crew were wounded.

There was no possibility of further fire power to the front except from the ball and top turrets, so Zeamer skillfully continued evasion action in a steep dive, the remaining Zeros doggedly, constantly attacking.

Despite his pain, Zeamer stubbornly held his course. He had made up his mind to outlast the Nips, and he did. Nearly an hour later the fight was over.

They say a hero is one who knows how to hang on one minute longer. Zeamer held on fifty-five minutes after losing 50 per cent of his blood volume!

After the Nips quit, the men's first thought was of the captain.

"Sarnoski," Zeamer gasped, when the co-pilot, Lieutenant J. T. Britton of Woodland, California, reached him.

Pugh and Britton crawled down to the bombardier's compartment. Joe Sarnoski was slumped over his gun, his finger on the trigger. He died in Puggy's arms five minutes later, his lips on his rosary.

Meanwhile the others were bandaging one another, Britton doing most of the first aid. They tried to lift Zeamer from his seat, but he refused to surrender the controls. "I don't move," he said, "until the mission is ended."

Finally he had no alternative—both arms and both legs were paralyzed. Britton couldn't take the controls—he was too busy running to the radio room for bearings from the operator—so Able took the stick. Zeamer never really gave it up, though. He passed in and out of a coma the rest of the way home, and in every second of consciousness he guided the kid.

Zeamer always was particular about who took Lucy home.

As they came over Dobodura at twelve fifteen, Britton took over, and set her down without brakes or flaps.

Britton, Dillman, Pugh, and Kendrick, the only ones not wounded, were taken to Port Moresby. The rest were rushed to the hospital.

Zeamer was not given much chance. For fear of malarial reaction, the doctors did not give him a transfusion that first night—just gave him plasma. He was in a delirium all night. Next morning Captain Gusack, the medical officer and Zeamer's friend, gave his blood for the first transfusion. He wanted to give more but they wouldn't let him, so he called Zeamer's squadron on the phone:

"Send down some Type O donors."

The squadron was at lunch when the word came. Ten seconds later the mess hall was deserted, and in five minutes a cavalcade of jeeps was churning up the dust to the hospital.

FOR three days Zeamer lingered on the edge; then his indomitable will to live won another dogfight, although it would be many months before he could walk again. Johnston would be a long time recuperating, too.

But they were luckier than Joe Sarnoski. Joe was buried on a sun-baked knoll, and six of the eight men who were with him his last day in the sky were there at the end. Able and Vaughan begged for permission to leave the hospital for the funeral and, with Britton, Dillman, Kendrick, Pugh, and half a hundred others, stood at attention, weeping unashamedly, as the corps said good-by to Sarnoski with a seven-round salute. Only Zeamer and Johnston were missing, and they didn't even know Joe was dead.

As for Lucy, they found five huge cannon holes and 178 machine-gun perforations in her when she limped home that memorable day in June, but after they grafted a new nose and a tail on her she was as beautiful as ever.

Even so, Lucy wasn't the same. She missed the blue-eyed boy who had sung songs about her in Polish.

THE END

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LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

BY HARRIET GOULD

The captain (Cary Grant), the reserve officer (John Ridgely), and the crew of the Copperfin sit out a depth-bomb attack in Tokyo Bay.

DESTINATION TOKYO

(Warner Bros.)

Cary Grant, John Garfield

DESTINATION TOKYO is one of the most exciting films to come out of the war, because it tells a story so strange as to be almost unbelievable. Yet it might have happened.

Rarely has a Hollywood set been so closely guarded as the Warner lot was during the filming of this picture. Rarely has a script been so fine-combed for censorable information that might give "aid and comfort to the enemy." Because Destination Tokyo purports to tell the story behind the bombing of Tokyo.

The story of how the aircraft carrier Hornet catapulted death and destruction from her decks into Hirohito's capital broke last summer, but the background of Jimmy Doolittle's venture stayed a secret. It was obvious that months of preparation must have gone into that daring feat—but nobody knew how audacious the groundwork really was. The Navy remains adamantly silent on the subject, but Warners (working closely with Navy officials) presents the interesting thesis that a submarine was ordered to sneak through the mine fields, submarine nets, and Jap fleet right into Tokyo Bay.

Its objective was to land a specially trained crew just outside Tokyo. Loaded with meteorological instruments and a short-wave radio, these men were to determine the weather conditions and broadcast them to the approaching carrier. To delay suspicion, the broadcast was coded to sound like a Jap stock report. By the time the Nips' tricky little brains began to function, the broadcast was over and the men were rowing back to the submarine. The sub then lay on the bottom of the bay until our bombers came over the next day and began making scrap of the Jap fleet. When the sub nets were lowered to let the ships out to scatter, the undersea representative of the American Navy left too. And that, in outline, is the story of Destination Tokyo.

But, in addition to telling this fascinating tale, Warners' version of the episode devotes a good deal of time to character portraits of the men involved. Cary Grant departs from his usual light role to play the grim businesslike captain of the Copperfin, the tin fish of the story. John Garfield is fine as a boasting smug torpedoman whose detailed accounts of his amours serve as a constant source of irritation to the rest of the crew. John Ridgely (Air Force) is excellent as the officer who does the broadcast, and a newcomer, Bob Hutton, makes his movie mark as the Kid on his first cruise. The rest of the Warner crew, which includes Alan Hale, Dane Clark, and William Prince, are swell, whether they are firing torpedoes or playing a comedy sequence.

The Navy, represented by Lieutenant Commander Phillip Compson, saw to it that the details in Destination Tokyo were as accurate as possible. The entire crew of the Copperfin spent several days at the Mare Island submarine base learning the lingo of the pigboats and how to handle the thousands of intricate gadgets that make the submarine effective.

The exact-to-the-last-detail sub in the film is not a contribution from the Navy. Since the Navy had other uses for their undersea craft at the moment, Warner Brothers' technicians built their own—out of laminated wood, cardboard, plastics, and glass—and you'd have to be pretty smart to discover the hoax.

True or not true, Warners has come up with another swell war film. It may not be the best picture of the year, but if you miss it, you'll be missing the story of one of the most dramatic events of the war.

(Liberty ran Destination Tokyo as a serial two months ago, so regular Liberty readers will have the edge on other moviegoers. The only difference between serial and film is that the intriguing love story in the serialization is not used in the film. Warner Brothers' handsome all-male cast was only interested in the bombing of Tokyo—not romance.)

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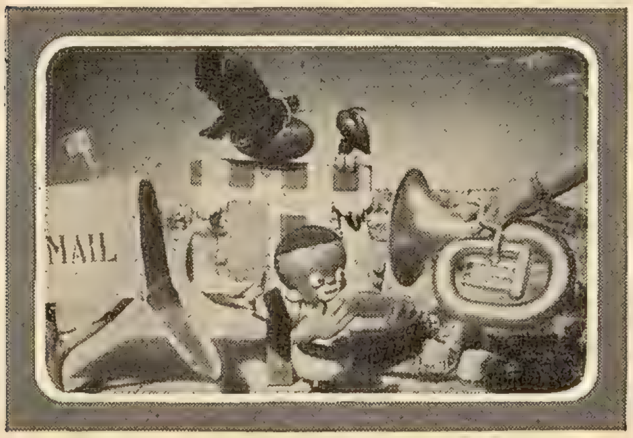
SHORT SUBJECTS

ONCE designed to notify the customers that the show was over, short subjects have definitely moved out of the stepchild class. Produced on hefty budgets by top-notch personnel, a few are pioneering in visual education, others are heavy with social significance, and some are just entertainment—but most are better than the average B picture. They may yet be the answer to the double bill. Here are some of the best of the new crop.

THE justifiable pride of the RKO shorts department is the series titled This Is America. Dealing with the varied problems of wartime living, they are exciting and often important little films. The topics already covered range from Army training to child delinquency. As an indication of their factual value, the latter, called Children of Mars, is being used in a Congressional investigation on the subject. (20 minutes.)

UNIVERSAL'S Person-Oddity series resembles a newspaper feature page, dealing with personalities in the news, their unique hobbies and inventions. For example, the last release pictures the intricate carpentry work of Alvan Macauley, chairman of Packard Motors. Along with Macauley's adze and awl, you can see Mrs. Lowell Thomas' fur farm, and get to know Golfer Gene Sarazen's alter ego, gentleman farmer. (20 minutes.)

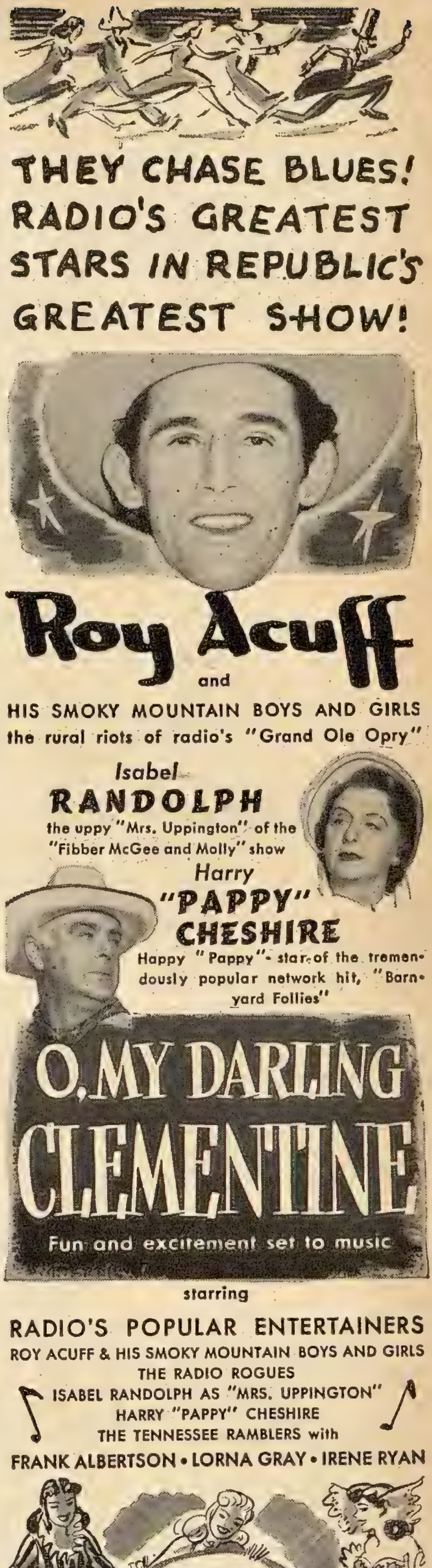


PLAIN old-fashioned entertainment is Paramount's contribution in the shorts field. They have two series: a group of Musical Parades—a thread of story set to music (20 minutes)—and an amusing feature called George Pal Puppetoons. These are three-dimensional novelties made on miniature sets with small animated figures. It takes 9,000 models to make one syncopated sequence that will run seven to ten minutes. Good fun.

WARNER BROTHERS, the flag-wavers of the industry, have been making patriotic shorts since 1936. They are maintaining that reputation in a bang-up series called Technicolor Specials. Many of these are made in co-operation with some branch of the armed forces and deal with the activities of that branch. Women at War (the WAC recruiting film), the last release, is a fine example of how good a short can be. (20 minutes.)

PICTURES WORTH SEEING

BATTLE OF RUSSIA (U. S. Army—20th Cent.-Fox). Documentary.
CLAUDIA (20th Cent.-Fox). Dorothy McGuire, Robert Young, Ina Claire. Comedy.
CRY 'HAVOC' (M-G-M). Margaret Sullavan, Joan Blondell, Ann Sothern. Drama.
FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS (Paramount). Ingrid Bergman, Gary Cooper, Paxinou. Drama.
GIRL CRAZY (M-G-M). Judy Garland, Mickey Rooney. (Gershwin.) Musical comedy.
GUADALCANAL DIARY (20th Cent.-Fox). William Bendix, Lloyd Nolan. War drama.
HAPPY LAND (20th Cent.-Fox). Don Ameche, Frances Dee, Harry Carey. Drama.
HIS BUTLER'S SISTER (Universal). Deanna Durbin, Franchot Tone. Comedy-musical.
LOST ANGEL (M-G-M). Margaret O'Brien, James Craig, Marsha Hunt. Drama.
MADAME CURIE (M-G-M). Walter Pidgeon, Greer Garson. Drama.
NO TIME FOR LOVE (Paramount). Claudette Colbert, Fred MacMurray. Comedy.
PRINCESS O'ROURKE (Warners). Olivia de Havilland, Robert Cummings. Comedy.
THE NORTH STAR (RKO). Ann Harding, Anne Baxter, Walter Huston, Dana Andrews. Drama.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When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may also cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

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Woman-Talk

By MARGARET FISHBACK

FOR BUTTER OR WORSE: Margaret Wilson of McKeesport, Pennsylvania, fainted while waiting in line to buy butter. Store Manager Rudy Munas retrieved her from the floor, lugged her out of the gawping crowd, got the butter for her. And later married her! That's known as bringing home the bread and butter.

OUT OF THE MOUTH OF A BABY DEB: Overheard at a cocktail party bristling with Washington's younger (but wiser) set: "If you get him by himself, he's not nearly so dangerous as in a crowd." There's a carload of truth in that little morsel. Lots of the boys think all sorts of monkeyshines will be considered just good clean horseplay if perpetrated with an air of childish naïveté in the midst of a strawberry festival. Alone with a toothsome girl, they'd be afraid of getting slapped—or caught.

THEY TALKED THEMSELVES INTO IT: If you've always had a yen to glitter among the sophisticates of Café Society instead of slaving over the cradle and the double boiler, read Ilka Chase's In Bed We Cry. Though gifted and prosperous, her smart-cracking ladies make pans and panties seem pretty satisfying companions. Their lives are a not-very-merry-go-round of emotional complications and crises that net them next to nothing. One thing they *do* appear to have solved is birth control. The patter of little feet is almost entirely missing from a symphony of bon mots and innuendoes. It seems a shame that such sparkling ladies don't have children. The fact is, however, they probably wouldn't be such glib conversationalists if they had kiddies underfoot. Besides, children keep their parents wholesomely humble. Probably if the Chase ladies *had* reproduced, they wouldn't have talked themselves into a book. And that would be a pity, for it's good reading.

KITTENS FOR BRITAIN: Mickey Grove, a black Manx cat, both handsome and literary, is president of the Findlay, Ohio, chapter of Kittens for Britain, which is the largest chapter of this auxiliary of Bundles for Britain. The main office of Kittens and Barkers is at 475 Fifth Avenue, New York, where Scoopy, national secretary, presides and enrolls cats and dogs for fifty cents each. Members receive a letter and a tag—for the barkers a metal disk, and for the kittens a disk and bell. The half dollars buy milk for refugee youngsters in England. Fala Roosevelt is president of the Barkers, and General Gray, Elmer Davis' cat, is national president of the Kittens. Our furry friend Mickey of Ohio has enrolled more than 300 members.

WAR BABY STRIKES NOTE OF CHEER

My son's an optimistic dear,
His view of life is sunny—
Whene'er I shed a furtive tear,
He thinks I'm being funny.

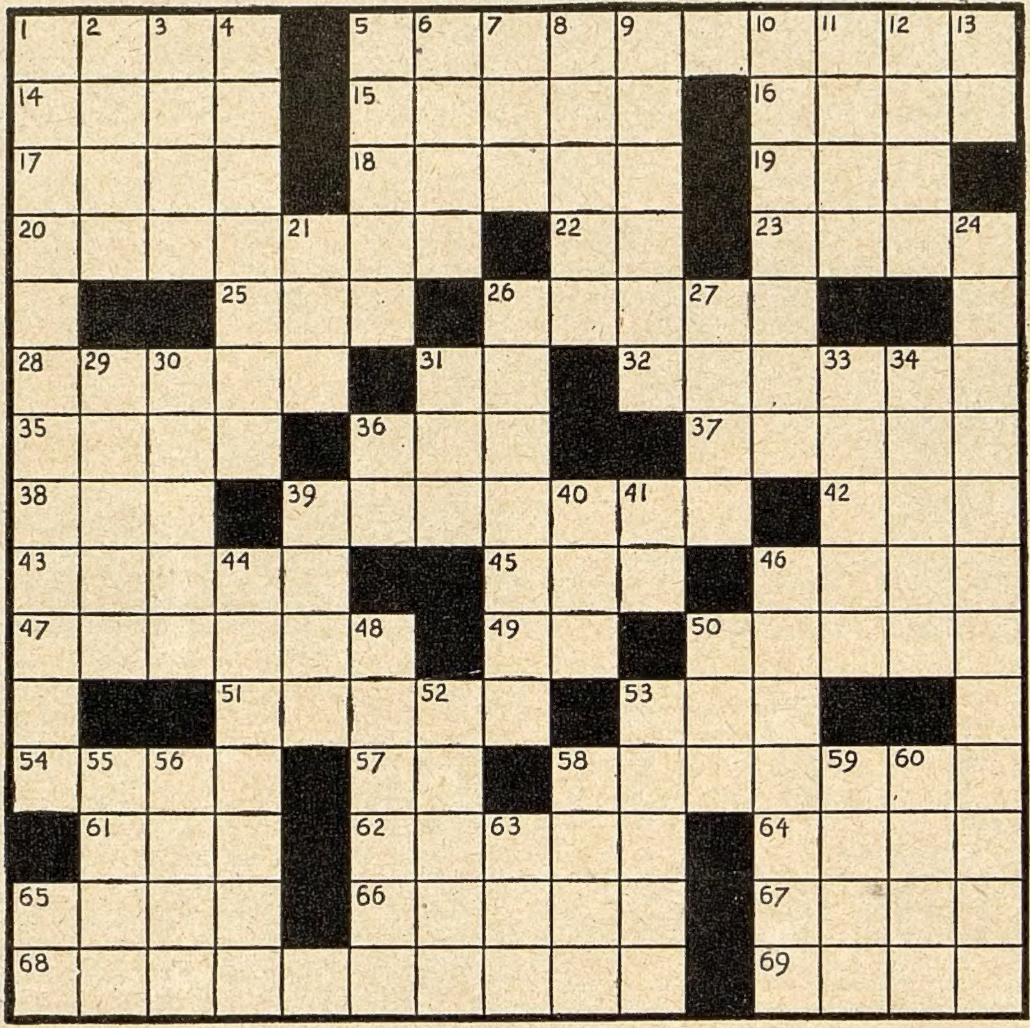
Of Pop he babbles joyously,
Although he's far away;
Sometimes the child convinces *me*
He's coming home today!

A WHALE OF A MEAL: The Fish and Wild Life Service of the U. S. Department of the Interior recommends whale meat as a point-free substitute for beef—if you can get it. Not fishy in flavor, it is dark red, and tons have been consumed in San Francisco. Steaks from the soup-fin shark are also relished on the Pacific coast, while shark fillets are well received in Washington society and many cities in the South.

HEADS UP: Eight women are stewardesses on transatlantic American planes. . . . Forty women have completed the eight-month course in aeronautical engineering at New York University, and are now junior engineers in the Vought-Sikorsky aircraft plant at Stratford, Connecticut. . . . There are more than a thousand women flyers in the WASPs. Aviatrix Jacqueline Cochran, director of the Woman's Airforce Service Pilots, says their jobs might be called aerial dishwashing, as it embraces many exacting and repetitious missions which lots of men dislike. Some ferry planes; others break in new engines by slow time in the air. Still others tow targets for antiaircraft batteries. Nearly a hundred women are joining up each month. . . . Elizabeth Hooker, Teddy Kenyon, and Barbara Jayne test fighter planes for the Navy at the Grumman Aircraft Engine Corporation on Long Island, where more than a third of the 25,000 workers are women. Mrs. Jayne's husband is a Navy combat flyer; Mrs. Kenyon's is a Grumman flight research engineer who taught her to fly in 1929. The three are said to be the only women in the United States employed to test fighter planes.

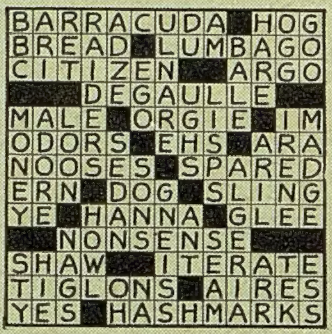
COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

BY TED SHANE



HORIZONTAL

1 Vanishing American (fem.)
5 The Secretary the Big Boss likes to sit on; Mr. Billions
14 Napoleon's retreat
15 May not agree with you, but it makes scents
16 It's in a state of eruption
17 Real dough in Portugal (pl.)
18 People can get this without being any wiser
19 Mohammedan of the streets
20 X -- C (charade: it's a pleasure, folks!)
22 Mitiest member of the Union (abbr.)
23 See Num. 21:13
25 Peer's ma
26 Musical Union, sounds like a dunce's headgear
28 Portable parking places
31 Printer's widget
32 Asinine song of the Rocky Mountain canary (you'll get a kick out of it!)
35 In the same place (abbr.)
36 Wobble water
37 What women flounce around in
38 New England steak
39 Down in the mouth, when you're down in the mouth
42 Nudists Don't Itch (abbr.)
43 Ten-thumbed
45 Cry of the cold looking egotist
46 Race's starting point
47 Pearl Harborer
49 Small piece of change
50 Was in there pitching
51 Glorified hog-calling
53 Manufacture baloney
54 Skin she loves to touch you for
57 Terrible Etchings (abbr.)
58 The song that brings home the bacon
61 Do you call the kind that makes you bleary-eyed, glass-this?
62 A motor works when it does this
64 It's a ducky tale, when it's shuffled around (anagram)
65 Unfairy tales are what?
66 Ground a shell-fish wants
67 Will the hauto hever replice hit agine?
68 Comedian's reply to: "Anything you say will be held against you!"
69 What Ellie calls Mr. Big



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BARRACUDA HOG
BREAD LUMBAGO
CITIZEN  ARGO
   DEGAULLE  
MALE ORGIE IM
ODORS EHS ARA
NOOSES SPARED
ERN DOG SLING
YE HANNA GLEE
  NONSENSE   
SHAW  ITERATE
TIGLONS AIRES
YES HASHMARKS
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Last week's answer

VERTICAL

1 Vulgar show, *cf.* -------------, Happy New Year!
2 Mr. Smarty Pants
3 It was a crime to kill this bird
4 Dirty dog!
5 The head of the hunting lodge
6 Solely
7 Boot out
8 Men in motion
9 Make money, money, money
10 He puts one thing after another and goes places
11 A divine beanie
12 Tojo's bad dream world
13 Huh's sidekick
21 Common carrier, pre-Pearl Harbor style
24 Home of the rolling pin (2 wds.)
26 The World of Magic
27 American Expungers of Fascism (pl.)
29 Oak with Hahlem blood
30 Generals swear by and at them
31 He'd die for dear Old Ale
33 Man with three sheets to the wind
34 He was told to speak for himself
36 News peddler (abbr.)
39 This should be watched when making parachute jumps
40 Hitler's I is growing weaker
41 No corny Cobb, he
44 Mr. Cleopatra
46 Every American's one
48 This coat's an eyeful
50 Prehistoric clothes tree
52 To Dnieperpetrovsk again
53 The Axis will be a sore and sure one
55 It's waiting for the war to end, to take on the winner
56 Worry water, indigestible variety
58 Mrs. Kraut gets in her huspand's vot?
59 Plane dynamic beginning
60 Bonnie biddie
63 Love Conquers All! (abbr.)
65 Get Hitler! (abbr.)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

Anytime..Anywhere

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SAYMAN SALVE

JAN. 15, 1944

PAUL HUNTER
Publisher
EDWARD MAHER
Editor

WHERE'S ALL THE SACRIFICE WE TALK ABOUT?

WHEN we first got into this war we all agreed we would have to tighten our belts and make considerable personal sacrifices on the home front in order to win it. The idea was generally accepted that American living standards would have to come down temporarily. In the first fine fervor of patriotism we all resolved to eat less food, do less driving, get along with the clothes then in our wardrobes, and postpone the acquisition of all nonessential attributes of living until the dawn of a brighter and sunnier day.

Many were the speeches made and the resolutions passed attesting to the willingness of the American people to sacrifice for victory right down to the last crust of bread and the final threadbare rag.

Something has happened to this attitude in our two years of war. Apparently we don't feel so patriotic when the time comes to put up or shut up. When we're really faced with sacrifice we wriggle and squirm and seek some other way out—any way, just so long as we're not required to undergo any personal hardship.

At the present time there is great agitation over the fact that the cost of living has increased and that everybody in the country ought to have a raise in order to meet this increase.

We're not prepared to argue in detail the justice or injustice of these demands. Maybe everybody ought to have more money in order to support themselves in the style to which they have become accustomed.

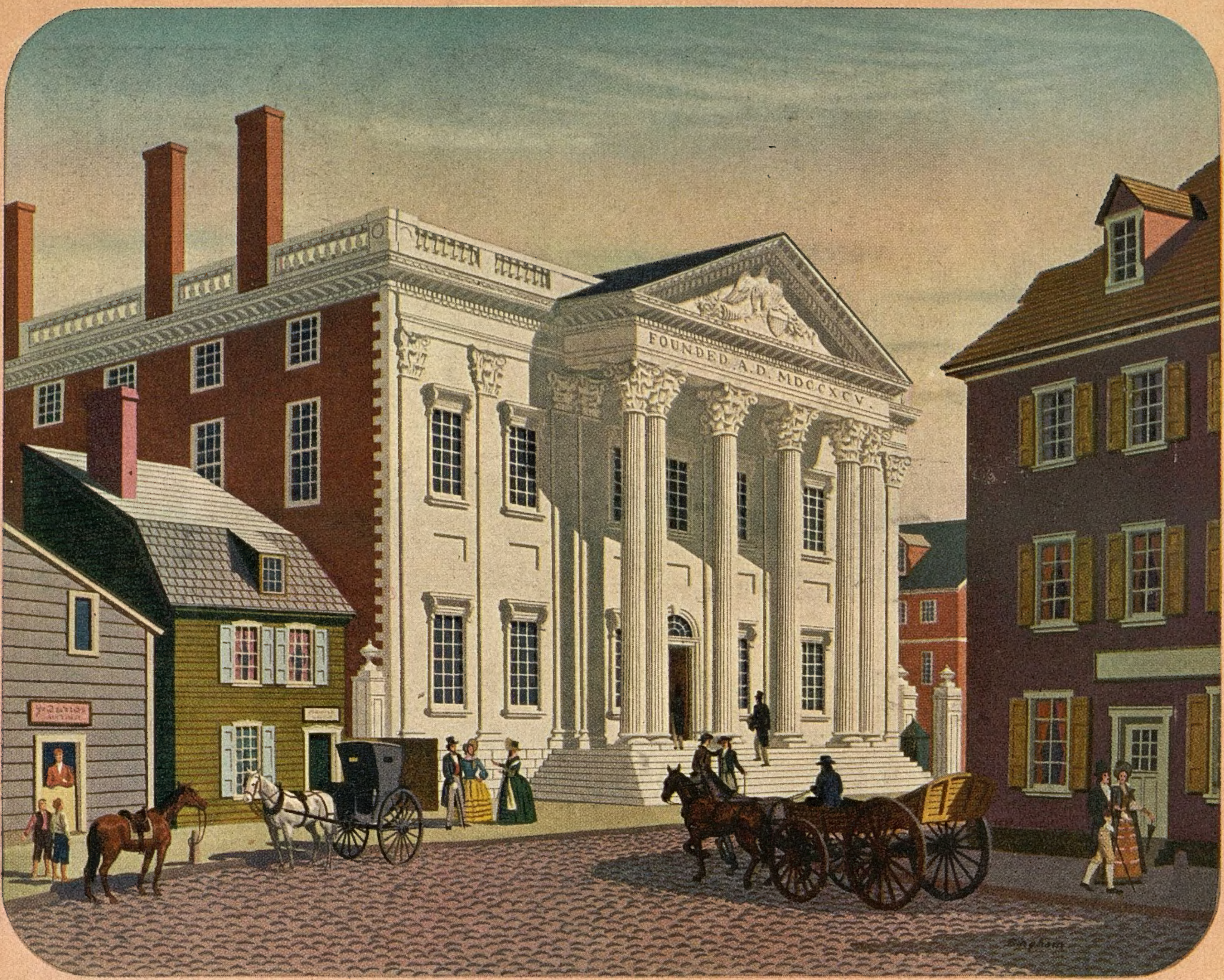
The argument is advanced that business is making more money and therefore ought to pay higher wages. But it is seldom pointed out that any profit business makes over a relatively small percentage goes to the government in taxes. The higher the wages that are paid the less money the government gets with which to fight the war.

Perhaps it is possible for America to fight the most terrific war in our history without any one getting hurt except the boys in the firing lines who are catching the bullets. But we ought to realize how hypocritical it is to insist on a peacetime standard of living and still talk about patriotic sacrifice. Actually, if each of us in civilian clothes asks what hardship we, as individuals, have actually undergone to win this war, the answer can only be "Damn little." We're eating more, buying more, entertaining ourselves more than we ever did in peacetime. We're supporting thriving black markets in gasoline and other vital war products and it doesn't seem to bother our consciences very much. Meanwhile, we think that loaning a small portion of our surplus funds to the government at good interest rates is the acme of patriotism.

As we said above, maybe America is strong enough to fight a war and still give each of us a better living than we had in peacetime. We don't know who can answer this question definitely, but we do think it's a little cynical to talk of patriotic sacrifice while we are arguing about it.

Paul Hunter

Liberty
... FOR ALL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Rich in Tradition

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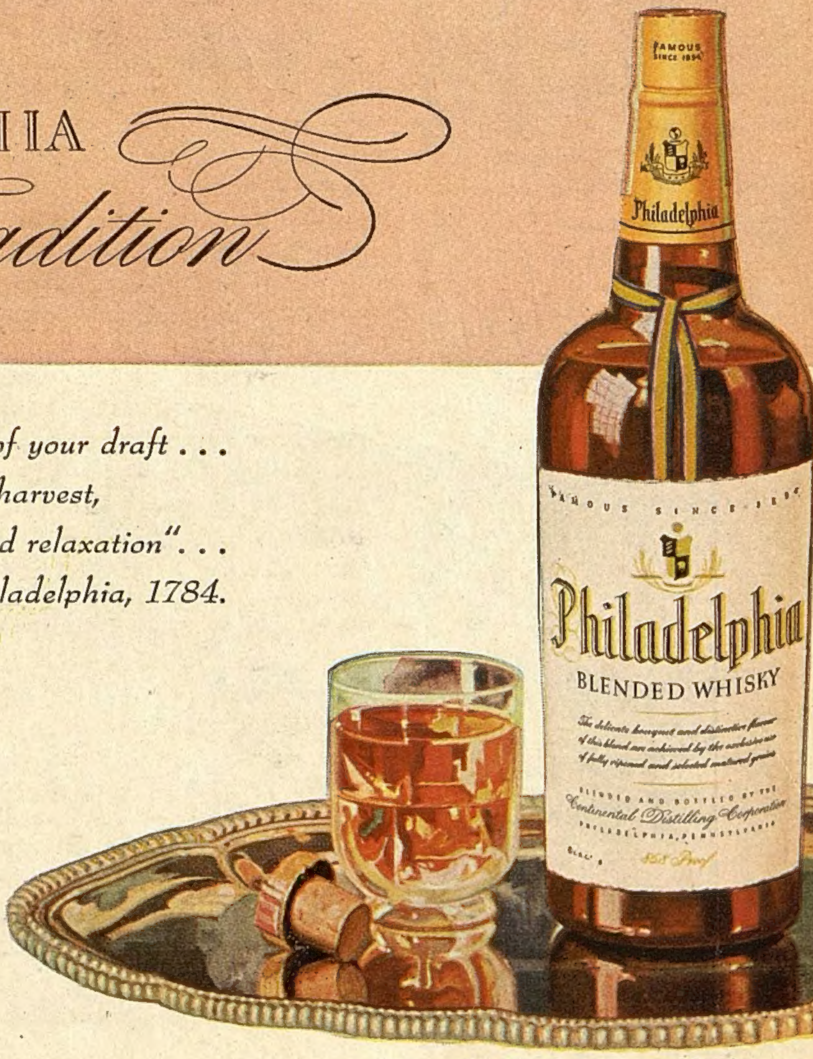
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FAMOUS SINCE 1894
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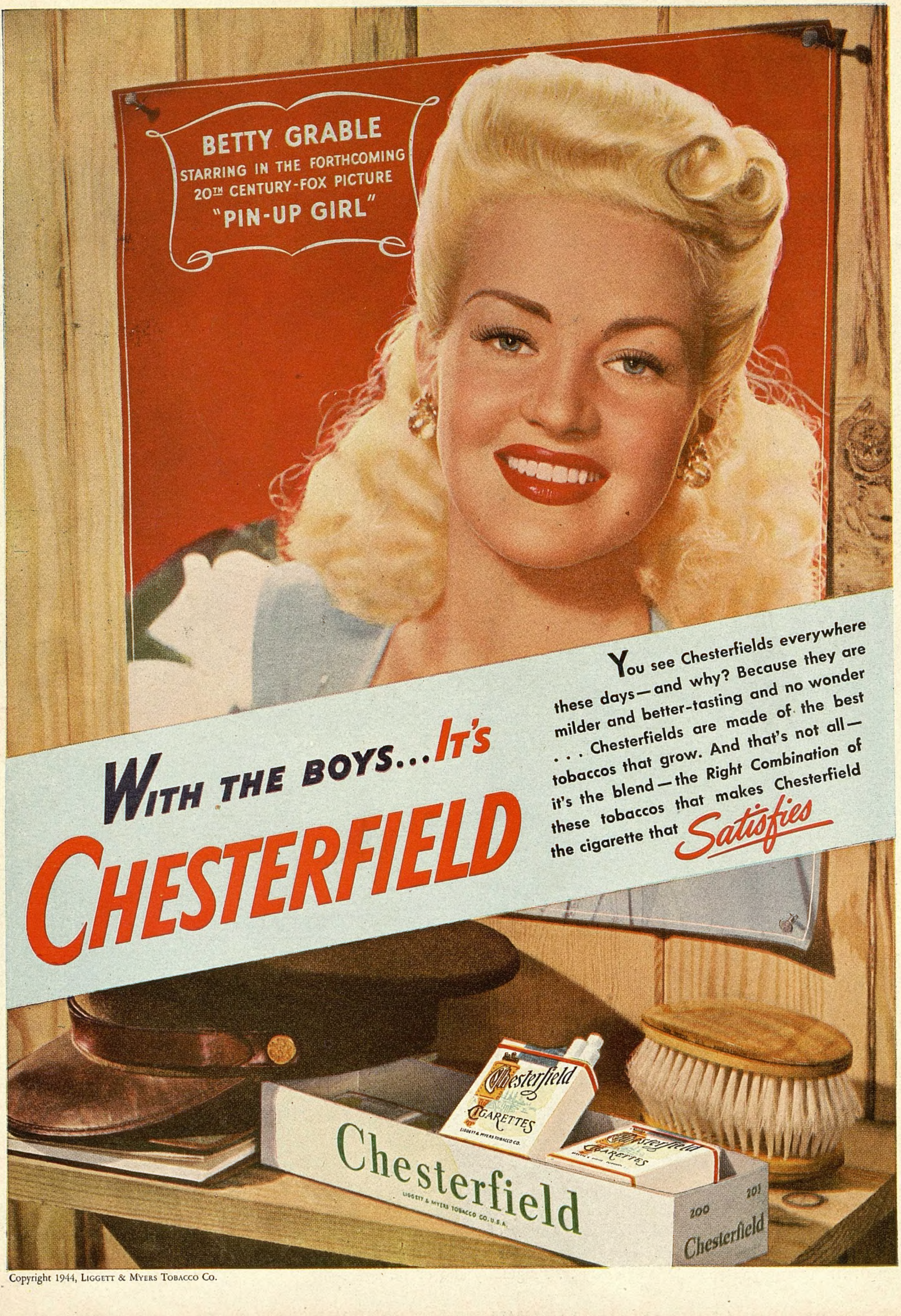
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